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IN THE KAISER'S CAPITAL

J. F. DICKIE

M. Jackson

IN THE KAISER'S CAPITAL

This One

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THE EMPEROR REVIEWING HIS TROOPS

In the Kaiser's Capital

By

J. F. DICKIE, D.D.

Pastor of the American Church, Berlin, 1894–1908

NEW YORK

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1912

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Published October, 1910

DEDICATED
BY ROYAL PERMISSION
TO
HIS MAJESTY

William the Second
King of Prussia German Emperor

IN ADMIRATION OF HIS CEASELESS DEVOTION
TO THE DUTIES OF HIS LOFTY STATION
AND IN PROFOUND APPRECIATION
OF MANY KINDNESSES
EXTENDED TO
THE AUTHOR

Berlin, 1910

PREFACE

Wär ich geblieben doch auf meiner Heiden
Da hätt' ich nichts verspürt von all den Leiden!
Wär ich daheim doch nur, wär ich geblieben,
Da hätt' ich nichts gewusst von all den Lieben.

Paraphrased in English

Had I been but content within mine own land to remain,
Those pangs I ne'er had felt that fill an exile's heart with pain.
Had not the courage to respond to duty's call been given,
Such honours ne'er had come that make mine exile seem like heaven.

***Berlin*, May 1910**

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patients she came to the bedside of a little girl ten years old who was dying of consumption. The Empress spoke comforting words to the little sufferer and gave her a few flowers. Some one whispered to the child that this was no other than the German Empress. The child was so touched that she said, "What! my Empress!" and great tears of joy ran down the child's cheeks. No wonder that all people love and venerate the Empress. One afternoon in the winter of 1895, we were walking along the edge of the Thiergarten, when we saw a great concourse of people standing near Rousseau's Isle, where many skaters were enjoying themselves. The older Princes were sharing the sport of the day, and a great crowd of onlookers were regarding the animated scene with delight. All at once there was a movement in the crowd, and the Empress alighted from the state carriage that had brought her. With shouts of joyous surprise the Princes hurried towards her and cried out with unspeakable joy: "Mutti! Mutti!" which is the most endearing form of expressing the word "Mother" that the German language contains.

At the country estate at Cadinen, where the royal family spend a part of the early autumn, one day as the little Princess was walking with her governess she met one of the old women who live on the estate. The old woman was weeping bitterly. The Princess asked the cause of her great grief. The peasant woman answered, "My cow is dead and we have no money to buy another." At once the Princess said,

CHAPTER I

THE ROYAL FAMILY

THE inhabitants of the Kaiser's capital have many opportunities to obtain glimpses of the beautiful relations that subsist between the royal parents and their children. It is well known that the Kaiser is so imbued with a sense of duty that the burden he carries shows itself in a countenance that is usually earnest. One of those nearest him says that he frequently smiles, yet only once had he been heard to laugh so loud that the sound thereof might have been heard on the street. All the children took hold of him, and though the Crown Prince was only twelve years old they all joined together so effectually that they were able to throw His Majesty on the floor and to hold him down. What joy was theirs as they accomplished their purpose! What a domestic picture!

In the Zoological Gardens one day in 1895, we saw the Empress with all the children going from cage to cage and viewing the wild animals, whilst the children were holding on to her dress, as children that are not royal are wont to do. Every parent felt deeply moved at a sight that brought the Empress so near to them and endeared her to their hearts.

On her visit to England a few years ago the Empress visited the German hospital. Among other

patients she came to the bedside of a little girl ten years old who was dying of consumption. The Empress spoke comforting words to the little sufferer and gave her a few flowers. Some one whispered to the child that this was no other than the German Empress. The child was so touched that she said, "What! my Empress!" and great tears of joy ran down the child's cheeks. No wonder that all people love and venerate the Empress. One afternoon in the winter of 1895, we were walking along the edge of the Thiergarten, when we saw a great concourse of people standing near Rousseau's Isle, where many skaters were enjoying themselves. The older Princes were sharing the sport of the day, and a great crowd of onlookers were regarding the animated scene with delight. All at once there was a movement in the crowd, and the Empress alighted from the state carriage that had brought her. With shouts of joyous surprise the Princes hurried towards her and cried out with unspeakable joy: "Mutti! Mutti!" which is the most endearing form of expressing the word "Mother" that the German language contains.

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"Dry your tears; when mother comes, everything will be made all right again." The little Princess had come to know that the Empress, like a good genius, had the will as well as the power to bring comfort and sunshine into the homes and hearts of those who came within the reach of her beneficence. Straightway the woman dried her tears, and the faith of the child Princess in her mother was abundantly justified.

When my brother visited one of the palaces at Potsdam with me one day in 1896, the guide, in showing us through one of the rooms, said, "The young Princes are coming here in a few days, and this is to be their playroom." My brother, who is so fortunate as to have a houseful of children, asked, "Do you leave all this lovely furniture here when the little Princes arrive?" "Not much," said the guide. "I am delighted to hear that," said my brother, "for that shows me that the little fellows may have a good time like my children."

When my good friend Dr. Frommel was giving religious instruction to the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Frederick, it had happened that the two for the first time had seen, or at least noticed, a clap-hat or opera hat, that folds into small compass. Shortly after Dr. Frommel was sent for to confer with the Emperor. In his absence the boy Princes began to inspect his silk hat. They tried to fold it together as they had seen some one do with an opera hat. They experimented in every imaginable way, but the hat refused to fold as they wished it to do. Accord-

ingly they tried force and sat upon it to the utter ruin of the said hat. Dr. Frommel saw with dismay the condition of his headgear, and I cannot quite remember how he was equipped for his journey from the Palace to his home.

During the course of Dr. Frommel's term of instruction, the good Empress, taking all her children with her, honoured Mrs. Frommel with a visit at the parsonage. After she had been a few minutes in the house, she astonished Mrs. Frommel by telling her that they had come for afternoon tea. Mrs. Frommel said, "Your Majesty, I am in great trouble, for I have permitted both my maids to go out for the day." "That does not matter in the least," said the Empress. "You will go into the kitchen, and when the kettle boils we will lay the table, and when we are seated the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Frederick will wait upon us." No sooner said than done. And it is hinted that the two Princes acquitted themselves of their new task as though to the manner born. The High Born afternoon tea party was a marvellous success.

Some time afterwards a concert was given at the Palace by the princely children. The audience was made up exclusively of the immediate *entourage* of the Imperial family. One solitary professional musician assisted. At the close of the musical evening this musician, having forgotten some of his musical scores, returned to obtain them. To his amazement he found the two elder Princes busily engaged in the work of gathering up and putting the sheet

music in order and laying it in its proper place. "What," cried he in astonishment, "do you not leave this task to servants?" "No," said they, "mother wishes us always to keep everything in the place assigned for it." Thus order is taught in the Kaiser's house.

At the home of one of the Prussian ministers of state I saw a pen-and-ink sketch which interested me greatly. It represented a reading circle, composed of several ladies who had their sewing and knitting work in their hands, a number of officers, and a group of children. The Emperor and Empress were easily recognised as sitting in the centre of the little company. Some one was reading to the company. The picture was made by one of the ladies-in-waiting, and enables us to look into the everyday life of the royal family. The picture is entitled, "An evening in the Kaiser's house." The Kaiser occasionally interrupts the reader to catechise the children, that he may discover whether they have been giving their attention to the reading. The children are older now, and some of the Princes have homes of their own, but the picture is a pretty memento of the childhood days of the royal children.

About two years ago a little fellow who had been sent out by his parents to sell toys for Christmas, was soliciting every one—especially officers, who were passing by at that hour in great numbers—to buy his wares. The night was dark and very cold, and the boy's voice had a strongly appealing tone, if not a whine, as he plied the passers-by to patronise him.

"Ach, Herr Leutnant," was his invariable salutation, "buy a lamb—ten pfennig apiece." The Crown Prince, who happened to pass by, also was addressed as "Herr Leutnant." "How many have you?" said the Crown Prince. "Five." Straightway a shining thaler lay in the boy's hand, and the Crown Prince had bought the whole supply. The boy looked as if he had suddenly been raised from penury to the heights of fortune. He seemed hardly to realise that this was a reality and not a dream. With many thanks to the Herr Leutnant he scampered away as fast as he could to tell how fortunate he had been, and to share in the good cheer the thaler would bring into the home of poverty at Christmastide. It is good even for a Crown Prince to experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

On Sylvester Night—i.e., the last night of the year—it is the custom of the Emperor to go out towards eventide and walk almost unattended in the Palace grounds or along the road leading to Potsdam. He is dressed in "civile," as he is wont to lay aside his uniform when he goes out on that last night of the year to see if he may walk the streets without being recognised. Some years ago a beer peddler recognised him, and leaping down from his wagon, wished His Majesty a happy New Year. He was rewarded with a bright new three-mark piece for his greeting. Another year, as he passed the sentries in this semi-disguise, some of them allowed him to pass without according him the honours due to royalty. However, as he came to the front of one of the barracks in

Potsdam, he was saluted, and the sentry added: "God greet Your Majesty." The Emperor offered the soldier the three marks which has come to be known as the reward he gives to the first person who recognises him in his incognito. The soldier said, "Your Majesty, I am not allowed to take it." His Majesty was about to depart when the soldier added: "But if Your Majesty puts it down on that wall, when my watch comes to an end I am permitted to pick it up." "You will be sure to drink it," said the Emperor. "No, indeed, Your Majesty, I will have it pierced by a jeweller and will wear it on my watch chain as a memento." The Emperor laid the money on the wall, and the soldier wears the Emperor's gift with becoming pride. It is not every common soldier who is able to say that he has had a conversation with Emperor William.

Last Sylvester Night the Emperor, attended by a single adjutant, took his usual walk, and no one seemed to know him. At last he came to the Brandenburg Gate at Potsdam, where he was attracted by a company of boys who had adorned themselves with the helmets and breastplates and swords they had received as Christmas presents. The German boy is nothing if not military, and so to play at soldiering is the greatest joy of his heart. The Emperor, attracted by the earnestness with which these children entered into the game, approached them, saying, "Children, what are you doing?" "We are holding a review," said a little mite of a chap, "and I am the Kaiser." With this he drew himself

to his full height, conscious of his dignity. The Kaiser duly saluted the little Majesty of an hour, and nearly bent himself double with laughter. He took a handful of silver money from his pocket, and every boy received a gift, the little pygmy of a Majesty being, of course, more highly enriched as befitted his high and mighty station, of which he was fully sensible. His Majesty enjoyed the comic humour of the scene in the highest measure.

When Andrew Carnegie was presented to Emperor William, the Emperor remarked, "Mr. Carnegie, I hear you do not like Kings." "No, Your Majesty, but I like the man behind the King when there is one." I think Mr. Carnegie found, as every one who comes into contact with the Emperor, that here is indeed a man—a man of brilliant natural talents, of wonderful versatility, a many-sided man of the broadest culture and alive to every new direction of modern achievement, and emphatically a man of the twentieth century. The industry and energy of the man are remarkable. I wonder not that he must enjoy long, long holidays in the Far North in order that he may be strengthened for his arduous year of unceasing toil. He is as much a votary of the strenuous life as Theodore Roosevelt. He is almost as familiar with the minutest details of a subject as is the painstaking German professor. For example, when the late Louis J. Magee delivered a lecture on Electricity and astounded the electrical experts by taking into his bare hands a wire that was so heavily charged with electricity that it had power enough to have

electrocuted ten men, Mr. Magee told me that the Kaiser asked questions of such a nature that he saw that the Kaiser knew as much about electricity as he, a specialist, did himself.

In relating his experiences, when visiting Edinburgh, to a certain Scot of great military reputation who was then a military attaché in Berlin, Emperor William spoke of his astonishment at seeing so much misery in so religious a country as Scotland. "Never in all my life," said the Emperor, "have I seen so many drunken and debased women as I saw one Saturday night in the Cowgate in Edinburgh." As a patriotic Scot the said soldier answered, "Your Majesty, they were all Irish." Quick as a flash, and showing that, as with Ithuriel's spear, he touches the very heart of a question, the Emperor replied, "The trouble with you men of Scottish blood is that you seek to load all your sins and iniquities upon the poor Irish, who have sins enough of their own."

The Emperor is commander-in-chief of the greatest army the world holds. There is no military problem so great that he cannot master it. There is no detail so small as to escape his far-glancing eye. He is chief admiral of the fleet, which has developed so wondrously under his fostering care, that to-day it excites the jealousy of Britain, the boasted mighty mistress of the seas. He is "*summus episcopus*" of the state church, and as such he exercises his high ministry whenever he is far off on the great deep with his sailors. As may be seen, there is nothing he touches that he does not adorn. That our readers

may judge for themselves, we insert one of the many sermons that he has delivered at sea.

The Praise of God from the Book of Nature

(Sermon on Psalm civ, preached by the German Emperor)

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who spreadest out the heavens as a curtain. Amen.

Now we are once more upon our Northern sea voyage—Sunday on the high seas; does not our Lord speak plainly to us here? He has taken us apart from the people, far from our own, from our home, far from the multitude of those who go up to the house of the Lord. Still His hand is over all. "If I take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there will thy hand lead me, and thy right hand will hold me." Thus is He in the midst of us, especially on this His holy day, in this sacred hour at our good ship's service. At home the church bells are ringing now and the organ is pealing. Here there is another ringing and another sound round about us. And yet it is only a ground tone that comes through the melody there as here, viz.: "Come and let us worship and bow down, and let us fall upon our knees before the Lord our Maker." On the high seas we learn this more em-

phatically, and who does not learn it here will never learn it at all.

The praise of God out of the Book of Nature —that is written all over our text-Psalm, to which we attach our ship's meditation on these Sundays, God being gracious to us. When does man learn the praise of God from the Book of Nature more forcibly, where does it ring more powerfully in our ears, " Praise the Lord, O my soul," with which our Psalm begins, than on the high seas and here especially where God's wonders stand all round about us?

So then we will open our hearts and give good heed to this Book of Nature which God hath set before us. Truly they do not understand the mind of the Lord who would sever this Book of Nature from the Book of Books, the precious word of God. Nay, this book rather leads us thither: it is only the outer court that leads us into the holy place, only the hem of His garment, that fills the whole temple. The same God who in our redemption has revealed His whole heart to us has in the outward creation thrown His house wide open to us His children. Not that we should stand merely at the threshold, but that with joy we should draw near to the footstool of His grace. The same Jesus, who has proclaimed and brought the blessedness of the kingdom of heaven near to us, has preached to us by the fowls of the air and by the lilies of the field. The same Paul Gerhardt who sings to our inmost souls as no other has done, " O sacred Head, now wounded," and " Commit Thou all Thy ways," has enriched our

country by that inimitable song of Summer, found in all our hymn-books:

> Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
> In all the gifts of God's great might
> These pleasant summer hours:
> Look how the plains for thee and me
> Have decked themselves most fair to see
> All bright and sweet with flowers.

In this spirit we will also go forth. Far from the noise and bustle of the great city, here in the stillness near to the great heart of the God of Nature, we will draw a deep breath, that we may at the same time feel the mighty beating of His Father-heart. Then only one note will sound through our heart, the note of adoration: "Praise the Lord, O my soul. O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty."

This is the first page of the praise of God out of the Book of Nature—the glory of the Lord. If one learns this anywhere it is upon the sea. And not least in the land of the midnight sun do we learn this. "O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens as a curtain."

Just as the whole Psalm has been called an echo of the first creative work of God, so we will be made to feel that in this land of wonders God's creative power comes before us in its primeval glory with the dewy

freshness and beauty of youth. Unconsciously we fold our hands again and again, saying, "O Lord, my God, thou art very great." When we look at the midnight sun, we have a faint idea of the dawn of the first day of creation and the first creative word of the Lord, "Let there be light." Here we understand the words of the Psalm in a peculiarly vivid manner, "Thou clothest thyself with light as with a garment." Then there rises from our hearts this song, first softly, then higher and higher, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Again our thoughts carry us farther and our prayers mount upwards from the outer court into the holy place, and from the holy place into the holy of holies of God's great temple.

> If on His footstool here below
> And on His throne such brightness be,
> What glorious blessedness must flow
> From His great heart to thee.

But verily we must have an eye for God's great wonders round about us here:

> Were not the eye for sunlight made,
> The sun it ne'er could see.

Nature reveals God, but it conceals Him also. Nature is God's book, but only he can read therein aright whose eyes have been anointed by the Holy Spirit with power from on high; by that Spirit who

is the light beneath God's garments. Only he who hears God's heart beat, who beholds God with the eye of faith, that Son of God who hath said of Himself, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life."

This Sunday and this ship's divine service bring familiar truths to our remembrance with increased force and power. Here Nature leads us to remember this truth:

> The sun that shines upon me
> Is my Lord Jesus Christ.

And this sun never goes down. He is not only the midnight sun, but He shines brightly over all and in all hearts, even when it is cloudy and dark all about us. Light is His garment, and we dare not only, like Moses, look upon His back, when in all His glory He passes by, but He draws us onward and upward to Himself. Thus we become partakers of His glory. In the cool of the day, when the wind has gone down, in the silence of night when He spreads out the heaven as a curtain over us, studded with countless stars, then do our thoughts go out to our old home, and reach upwards to our eternal dwelling-place: for the soul is naturally a born Christian. Then the passions are silent, and the troubles of the heart are allayed, and all is calm and still within us. Then there pulses through the soul a thrill of eternity, a presentiment of

How glorious that new world above
Prepared of God for those that love.

Then do we reach out our souls after that glorious liberty of the children of God, which the Lord hath prepared even here on earth for those who believe in His name. When we are allowed to look back in spirit upon all the ways by which the Lord our God has led us, then, even unconsciously, we fold our hands again and again, and deeper and deeper do we enter into the blessed experience that can only express itself thus: "O Lord, my God, thou art all glorious. Thou clothest thyself with light as with a garment." Light is Thy way with us and with our people. Thy ways lead, even if sometimes through much darkness in our earthly pilgrimage, to eternal joy and blessed never-ending light. Therefore, bless the Lord, O my soul! Amen.

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON

Verily, O Lord our God, to Thee shall the praise of our hearts resound. Thou art our sun and shield. Thy Son is our light, Thy word the lamp to our path. To Thee do we commit all our ways. To Thee also our loved ones at home. Teach us and all our people to walk in Thy light, to live Christian lives, and at last to die blessed deaths, so that we may all inherit the glory which Thou hast prepared for those that love Thee with their whole hearts. Amen.

CHAPTER II

THE CITY AND THE COLONY

My arrival in Berlin on the dark November evening of 1894 was not my first visit to the German capital. We had spent some weeks there at a former time. It is one thing to come as a passing tourist and another to come on a definite mission, and to seek to make oneself at home therein. In the former case you spend your days in sightseeing, in the palaces and in the picture galleries, in the gardens and mausoleums. In the latter you perform the duties of your office, make your circle of friends, strive to bow your neck to new conditions of life, and to conform to all such customs as are seemly. Yet you cannot help learning to know the city as no mere passing tourist can know it, and if you happen to be as fortunate as we have been, to love it and look on it with a measure of pride. My duty led me into every quarter of the splendid city, and I have experienced so much kindness there that I am not ashamed, foreigner as I am, to claim almost a citizen's share and interest in it, as though I were a child of Imperial Berlin. To a stranger the most interesting part of the city is Unter-den-Linden. How magnificently broad, how majestically grand, how full of ever-changing life! From the Imperial Palaces, from the splendid statue of Frederick the

Great to the royal Brandenburg Gate, with its splendid Quadriga, what street in the world can be named beside it! What has it not seen! All the glories of Prussian history have rolled along this street, and it has many a time and oft resounded with the gladsome shouts of hundreds of thousands of rejoicing citizens. It has shared also in the humiliation that befell the land when it was forced to open its gates to Napoleon. How the street shook with the voices of gladness that triumphed in the day of his departure, when the land was delivered from the force of his grinding heel! What monarchs has it not welcomed as guests within its gates through these centuries of Germany's mighty march of progress!

To-day the great space in the centre of the street between the trees is filled with children at play, and their merry voices can be heard above the din and bustle of the street. On the riding-path many ladies and gentlemen are gracefully guiding their steeds for their daily ride out to the Thiergarten. The stony streets are rattling with the sound of gay equipages, omnibuses, cabs, and delivery wagons that never cease. On the pavements officers of the guards in their brilliant uniforms, merchants and ministers of state, officials of the government offices, clerks and porters, citizens of every type, foreign tourists with their red Baedekers in their hands, ladies in the most brilliant toilets elbowing the shopgirl who is taking a stroll at her noonday hour, follow each other in a never-ending, ever-changing stream of life. But see: the number of policemen has been increased, and

there they stand in the centre of the driveway, and the great stream of vehicles is directed as far as possible to the path on the other side of the trees. The attention of the passers-by is attracted, and all hasten to the edge of the pavement. The Emperor comes. You can see the Equerry with his plumed hat on the box, and by this infallible token you know that the Emperor himself is there. Every head is uncovered, and with this silent salute he is greeted, whilst the ladies courtesy as he swiftly rushes by. His hand is kept busy returning the salutes, and that eye of his—that eye that is so swift and keen to see—lets nothing pass. Whoever has looked at close range into that eye never ceases to admire and marvel. It is an eye that can pierce through and through, that can flash and glance and sparkle and beam and glow and glisten as no other eye can into which I have been permitted to look.

The Emperor has hardly gone by, the stream of life has just resumed its usual course again, when the sounds of martial music strike the ear. The relieving guards are coming, as they come in brilliant procession daily. Mounted policemen ride ahead three or four abreast to clear the way. A crowd of idlers strive to march beside the soldiers, keeping step with the soldiers, who keep pace to the Hochenfriedberg or the Torganer march—the two favourite tunes. All the way from the Brandenburg Gate they march attended by this group of motley men—"the Parade Bummlers," as they are called. It is said you see the same faces daily in this motley mass

RELIEVING THE GUARD

of men who keep pace with the soldiers. The windows all along the Linden are filled as the guard passes. The people on the streets stand still to see them as they go. At that last window—the historic window, as it is called—the old Emperor William stood daily to salute them as they went by. In his later years he usually had the little Crown Prince (though he was not Crown Prince then) in his arms, and he had taught the baby Prince to give the salute also, to the great delight of the passing soldiers.

When the procession has passed and the guards are changed, the band comes out from the Palace courtyard, and, taking its place in the middle of the Lustgarten between the Palace and the Museum, between the canal and the Cathedral, plays for half an hour each day to an audience that is numbered by the thousands.

The concert is no sooner over than the Linden carries the multitude to the hotels or restaurants that follow each other in rapid succession from the Adlon at the Pariser Platz to the Hôtel de Rome at the corner of Charlottenstrasse.

In the very centre of Unter-den-Linden, where it is intersected by Friedrichstrasse, stands the Café Bauer. Who has not heard its name? Who that visits Berlin fails to pass its portals? Here you see walls adorned with frescoes by no less an artist than Anton Werner; here you see people of almost every clime and country. It is a polyglot sound that strikes your ear. Day and night its doors stand open, and the crowds that come and go never abate.

Across the street on the same side of the Linden you find a café of a slightly different kind, but hardly less historic—Kranzler's. It is beloved of ladies and is famous for its ices. No dinner party in Berlin upper-tendom is regarded as complete if it does not include ice-cream from Kranzler. I have heard it said among dinner-givers and dinner-goers in the city that, though ofttimes other ices are served, when you ask the hostess whose ice-cream this is, she invariably tells you the society white-lie and says, "Kranzler's, of course."

Now let us turn and view the Friedrichstrasse—that street that stretches from north to south, and that with its northern continuations of Chausseestrasse and Müllerstrasse has a length of several miles. Day and night it seethes and surges with its stream of carriages, cabs, omnibuses, delivery wagons, and its unceasing streams of humanity. At three o'clock in the morning, I am told, there are as many people on its pavements as there are at three in the afternoon. There are comparatively few stores on Unter-den-Linden, and these chiefly the court-jewellers and stores that cater to the tourist seeking mementoes and presents for his friends at home. Friedrichstrasse is a street of retail stores of every description, and of restaurants. Some of the latter, as, for instance, the Nürnberger Hof and the Spaten, have their Germanic gables facing the street adorned with fresco paintings that seem to keep the brilliance of their colouring despite the severity of the climate.

Leipzigerstrasse, which crosses Friedrichstrasse,

EARLY MORNING ON FRIEDRICH STREET

where the splendid business building of the New York Equitable Life Assurance Company stands, is also a great retail business street. Throughout the day it is filled with a vast crowd of those on shopping bent, but, unlike Friedrichstrasse, it becomes almost silent and deserted after ten o'clock at night. Separated about half a mile from each other on this street are the two great department stores of Tietz and of Wertheim. Wertheim's, especially, is one of the sights of the city. It is beautiful architecturally. Its walls are adorned with marbles of many colours and mosaics. We have nothing equal to it in interior beauty in America. Neither Wanamaker's in New York, nor Marshall Field's in Chicago, has any such adornment. From early morn till eight at night it is full of purchasers and of loungers and sightseers. Before Christmas policemen and firemen are called in for the protection of life and property. If you do not wish to be jostled and squeezed in an eager crowd, it is well to make your Christmas purchases long before the Christmas crowd begins to be terrible. It has truly hundreds of departments, and even includes a large antiquity store in addition to all those found in our great department stores at home.

There are three places in the city where the traffic is so great that policemen must be present in large numbers to regulate it: at the intersection of Friedrichstrasse and Unter-den-Linden, of Friedrichstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse, and here just a little way beyond Wertheim's, where Leipziger ends and Potsdamerstrasse begins at the Potsdam Gate. This

latter is perhaps the most dangerous spot in the whole city for the pedestrian, because of the number of streets that radiate from it—Leipziger, Potsdamer, Königratzer, Bellevue, and the private street leading to the Potsdam and Wannsee railroad depots. At almost every corner stands a hotel. The Esplanade, the Bellevue, the Palast, the Fürstenhof, and the Saxonia are all close to each other.

The Thiergarten is near at hand, and, wearied with the roar of the city's streets, two minutes' walk carries you under the shadow of the trees in this magnificent park in the heart of the city. From Unter-den-Linden you enter it at the Brandenburg Gate; from the western districts of the city you reach it by crossing the Hercules Bridge and even from Moabit is is no great distance. Riding-paths lead all through it from the Brandenburg Gate to the very gates of Charlottenburg, more than a mile away. Here you find ponds with goldfish, lakes and canals on which in winter the skater loves to glide, and in summer even children row without danger, and bosky dells beneath the trees with benches "for whispering lovers made." Here and there marble statues gleam through the foliage. In this great park Goethe and Lessing and Wagner, and the great Emperor William I, as he appeared in his earliest military days, when he was but a youthful Prince, look down on all this array of modern life that passes by. It is said that in olden days the Thiergarten saw many a duel in the gray of early morning. Now when one has grown weary of the weight of life and wishes

A RAINY DAY ON THE "LINDEN."

to throw it back to God who gave it, out to the Thiergarten he goes and shoots himself there. It is red with the blood-spots of many a suicide, and yet kind Nature washes out the stains, and the grass grows over the spot, and the trees keep their own secrets. We walk through it without a sad thought, for such things are but the shadows that cannot mar the brightness of this magnificent park. The merry voices of the children at play in the grounds provided for them would chase away all sad remembrances. The gladsome faces of the riders as they gallop past you in groups effectually vanish every dreary thought, and the Thiergarten has only pleasant associations. When springtime begins to pay its earliest visit to the Thiergarten we are all drawn on to the 10th of March to make a pilgrimage to the statue of Queen Louise, which stands quite close to where Ambassador Runyon lived, and where he so suddenly died. This statue is the most notable in the Thiergarten. Queen Louise was so young, so fair, so sorely tried in that she had to flee from the conquering Napoleon, that she is shrined in the hearts of all true Germans. Year by year on this her March birthday her statue is decorated with such a wealth of flowers and flowering shrubs that all Berlin comes not only to see the wondrous spectacle, but to pay their fond tribute of homage to her memory. She has become the impersonation of German womanhood and German motherhood. If Germany were to follow America's example, and adopt the "Mothers' Day," I doubt not the 10th of March,

the birthday of Queen Louise, would be chosen as the day of days sacred to woman. Usually in the early morning the Emperor and Empress come to pay their annual tribute, and from morning till the March day darkens to eventide the multitude of pilgrims must await the orders of the policemen on duty, and in procession, unhasting yet unresting, give place to the eager crowds that follow. It is indeed a red-letter day for Berlin.

Now wend we our way across the Thiergarten towards the "Sieges Allee," the Prussian Via Triumphalis. When we arrived in Berlin it was a simple, broad avenue adorned with its shade trees; now it is lined with the grand series of marble statues of the Hohenzollern line, from Albert the Bear to Emperor William I. Each ruler, standing in majestic posture, has by his side the two greatest men of his era. It is a great lesson in the history of the Hohenzollerns, whose service to Prussia, to the German Empire, and to the world has been so conspicuous and noteworthy. The passing stranger as he is driven along this avenue learns only a list of names, and sees only a succession of splendid monuments, and carries away only the remembrance of a series of white marble figures. If he would learn something of its significance, he must give himself to long days and nights of strenuous study. When he has completed his investigations, he will know how the Hohenzollern race has risen by sheer force of character to a commanding position in the world's history. It is a story full of interesting lights

and shadows, and interwoven with many a romantic incident and many a tragic scene. Truly, they have from first to last faced the world without fear and with dauntless hearts that stood "four-square to every wind that blew."

The Avenue of Victory ends with the statue of Emperor William the Great, with Bismarck and Moltke to right and left of him, as is most meet. Accordingly the statues of Emperor Frederick III and Empress Frederick have a most conspicuous place just outside the Brandenburg Gate. That of Emperor Frederick is a noble figure, but we prefer his equestrian statue in front of the museum that is called by his name. Equally do we admire the statute which the suburb of Charlottenburg has erected to his illustrious memory. Round the base of this equestrian statue runs a plaited wreath of thorns, which touches all hearts with its significance, and brings him into close kinship with Him for whom men plaited a crown of thorns, and who said to those who came after Him, "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup and be baptized with my baptism." In Emperor Frederick's case this word was fulfilled.

Now let us transport ourselves from the Brandenburg Gate along the Linden till we reach Charlottenstrasse, where, turning to the left, we come to one of the noblest squares of the city—the Gens d'Armes Platz. As we reach Französichestrasse, let us betake ourselves to the upper side of the square at the corner of Markgrafenstrasse. There the magnificence of the great square bursts upon our view. On

either end stands a great church with a dome-crown high in air—the French Church, and the New Church, already nearly two hundred years old despite the name it bears. Between them stand the Royal Theatre, a great square, solid mass of building, in front of which the statue of Schiller has found a most appropriate position. On a spring evening as the sun is going down, when its red tints cover the gray churches and give brightness to theatre and monument, it is a sight to charm the soul of an artist. You can only stand still and steep your soul in the beauty of the scene. Even Berlin has not anything to show more fair, except when the full moon shines upon it and transforms and transfigures the square with its soft radiance.

Now let us seek out another romantic quarter of Berlin—the site of the original fishing villages of Kölln and Berlin. This is the oldest part of the city. From the Milldam we walk along the edge of the river or canal, where narrow but high buildings remind us of Holland. Most of the buildings are used as storehouses for the coal and brick, and wood, and fruits that are brought on the long but low barges and steamers that reach all the way from the Mühlendamm or Milldam to the Fisher's Bridge. The houses are all old and gray, the youngest of them built in the time of Frederick the Great. Many of them have some architectural pretensions, and many a stone lintel is still rich with old carved decoration. As you note the bustle of the sailors and stevedores you could imagine yourself in some harbour

AM KRÖGEL

The narrowest street in Old Berlin

town on the Baltic. As you make your way to the Fisher's Bridge and look back to the Milldam you cannot imagine yourself to be in a great metropolis filled with busy artificers. As you cross the bridge your eye lights on a great red stone building of antique aspect, the Provincial Museum. It was built but a year ago, and yet it seems to speak of far-off, long-forgotten times. The architect who designed it must have been steeped to his inmost soul with the spirit of old Brandenburg. Was he some Rip Van Winkle who slept for centuries and woke up to bring back to us the old Prussian era when he first learned his art? This idea is made still more probable by the great sandstone figure of gruesome aspect and threatening mien that stands with relentlessly uplifted sword. This figure is an exact reproduction of the mystic Roland that stands in the centre of the old city of Brandenburg on the Havel. Hardly a stone's throw from this museum dedicated to the days of old, you find one of the quietest spots in the city. Part of it is filled with great piled masses of granite paving-stones, but by far the greater portion of it is a paradise for the children of the poor. There they skip and play in perfect security, away from all the noise and bustle of the great metropolis. One day as I marvelled to find such a spot in the heart of the city, I could not refrain from expressing my delight to the policeman on duty. "Out in the West End," he said, "you who live there need to pay quite a sum of money to have your children provided with the grounds

where they may safely gambol in the Zoological Garden; but here the children of the poor have a better playground and one that is just as safe 'free gratis,' for nothing."

Now that we are in the heart of Old Berlin, the towers of the old churches attract us. Like the old city churches in London, the number of those who dwell in the regions assigned to them as parishes is diminishing, but the old churches—the Kloster Kirche, the Parochial Kirche, and the Nicolai Kirche—keep their places. All around them is quiet and still. Their parsonages, like the churches, are hoary with age, and are quiet resting-places well suited to men of studious habits. Truly, they are of yesterday, these churches and the sacred spaces round them. Within they are full of strange and quaint monuments that bear names that have long passed away from the minds and memories of living men. Scott's "Old Mortality" would find a rich sphere of antiquarian activity in deciphering these old stone sepulchres, and searching out all that old records could tell him regarding these ancient dead. The Nicolai Kirche has a peculiar living interest for us all, because there Paul Gerhardt, greatest of hymn-writers, exercised his ministry and felt himself thrust out for conscience' sake.

Berlin, as every one knows, is built on a great sandy plain. How then can we find some coign of vantage whence we can look across the great metropolis? There are three places in different districts of the city, the which if you climb you will have an

excellent idea of its vast extent. The Column of Victory at the end of the Via Triumphalis, the tower of the city hall, the Red House as it is generally called, and the Kreuzberg. This latter will give you the finest glimpse of all. For Berlin the Kreuzberg is an exceedingly high mountain apart, whence all the kingdoms of the city and all the glories thereof are spread out before the eye. It is topped by a monument sacred to the splendid glories of the war of delivery from Napoleon, and especially to the last best fight of all, Belle Alliance as the Prussians call it, Waterloo as it is known in English history. On the parapet of this monument you are able to walk round and view the city on every side. What towers and palaces, what a mass of buildings stretching far as the eye can reach, what a hive of busy men! At your feet, as you look southwards, stretches the great Tempelhofer Field, with its lonely poplar tree where the Emperor takes his station twice a year to review the troops. The Cathedral, the great cupola that crowns the Imperial Palace, the Parliament buildings, the city hall, the Column of Victory, the spires of many churches, and the tall factory chimneys that make Berlin buildings dark and gray but minister to its prosperity, are all spread out before you as in a magnificent panorama.

The aspect of the hill is greatly enhanced by its waterfall. The water rushes down not quite as boisterously as it does at Lodore, and its volume is insignificant as compared with Niagara, but it is our only waterfall, and we good Berliners receive a great

deal of pleasure from it. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings throughout the summer it is illuminated, and the changing of the colours—white, red, blue, crimson, orange—is as wonderful and delightful as the illuminated falls at Gressbach in Switzerland. Thousands and tens of thousands, both of Berliners and strangers, are crowded together to view this beautiful spectacle provided for their delectation by the city fathers.

Something of one's delight, both in the hill and the waterfall, is at first abated, when he learns that both are artificial, that the mountain was raised by the laborious hands of toiling men, who used the excavated earth from the multitude of new buildings that sprang up so rapidly in the decade that followed the war of 1870, and that the water that is let down is drawn from the city reservoirs. To what better purpose could that earth have been used than in giving a place of height and elevation to a city that is level as a Western prairie? Moreover, could the city fathers better fulfil their office than by thus giving, as it were, "an overpayment of delight" to the great army of toiling men and women who live in this neighbourhood, and into whose lives so little pleasure falls?

Now from this coign of vantage in the southwestern district of the city we take our flight northwards. On our way passing Lutzow Platz, with its gigantic statue of Neptune, we linger on the Hercules Bridge, and look up and down the canal. Great barges are moving slowly hither and thither. They are pushed

THE WATERFALL—ON THE KREUZBERG

onwards by men, who, having great poles, thrust them downwards till they touch bottom, then adjust them to their shoulder, and, with labour that seems to the onlooker to be brutal and degrading, shove the great barge forward. Usually there is one man at each side of the barge, and when he has made his way to the stern he draws his pole out of the water and hastily moves to the bow and begins anew. A woman, usually the wife of the owner, holds the tiller and stands at her post most patiently. The children are romping about, and a dog, which continually rushes up and down, seems to be a *sine qua non.* At the stern of the barge are the sleeping rooms and living rooms of the family. Lately a "swimming church," as it is called, has been provided for these wandering sailor folk. It is moved from harbour to harbour in the city wherever there is the greatest concourse. In it divine service is held on Sundays, and evening prayer on other days of the week. A school has also been established within it for the children and a reading-room, open daily for the benefit of these nomadic toilers. Happily, the number of tug-steamers has been of late years greatly increased, and the day seems not far distant when the drudgery of poling through the city will belong to "the good old times." From the Hercules Bridge we cross the Thiergarten where it is broadest, and reach that part of the city which is called Moabit. This name, seen by every stranger on street cars and omnibuses, awakens curiosity at once. What kind of a place is this in a modern metropolis that bears such an outlandish

name? It is a quarter of the city with streets and great four-story houses like other districts. The great dairy establishment of Bolle, which supplies nine-tenths of the families of Berlin with milk, is the most renowned institution in the district. Not far removed is the quiet spot, with wonderfully clear northern light, where so many artists have established their studios. Many military officers reside there, owing to its proximity to some of the great barracks of the garrison. Even the present greatly esteemed Chief Burgomeister or Lord Mayor has chosen this quarter for his place of abode. It is therefore a place of consideration, this Moabit; but all this does not account for the strangeness of its name.

It is said that when the French Huguenot refugees were welcomed by the Prussian rulers, those who were gardeners received grants of land in this district. King Frederick I visited them and asked after their welfare. To the King's kindly inquiry, they answered, "We would prosper right well on Your Majesty's dominions were it not that all the ground here is barren as the land of Moab." The story was told at every fireside. The amusement of the King at the answer that "struck right out from the shoulder" was shared in by all the citizens. The district had received its baptismal name. To this day it is, and forevermore will be, "Alt-Moabit"—Old Moab.

Further to the north and east the great industries of the city have found their home. Immense factories, with their inevitable smokestacks, add little

to the picturesque character of a city. Berlin has ever since the coming of the French refugees, who introduced silk-weaving and many other branches of manufacture, become more and more a hive of industry. Its great manufacturers and merchants are princes of commerce and finance.

Now turn we westwards to what is called the American quarter. Roughly speaking, it is bounded by Lutzow Platz and Nollendorf Platz, and extends thence as far as the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church on the one side, and to Bavarian Place on the other. The American Church, whose tower is one of the most graceful pieces of architecture in the city, is not more than ten minutes' walk from any part of the American district. Directly opposite stands the Neues Schauspielhaus, which is covered with a group of statues. I cannot conscientiously say that they adorn it. As often as I look at them I recall Thackeray's rhyming Irishman, who says of the statues in the first exhibition:

> There are some in zinc,
> And some I think
> That isn't over proper.

In Kleiststrasse, Tauenzienstrasse, and Motzstrasse you hear your mother-tongue frequently. In some of the blocks, on streets issuing from there, six, ten, and fourteen American families or groups of students dwell. The American Church is not the only American institution in the district: the Amer-

ican Girls' Club, the American Teachers' Home, and several refined American Pensions, together with the Willard School for American and English Girls, are situated close at hand. Therefore, when Americans desire to meet Americans it is not, as the old Scotch proverb has it, "a far cry to Loch Awe." Victoria Luise Platz, where Pension Belmont, that delightful home established by two American ladies for Americans, is situated, may be said to be the very centre of the colony. The number of Americans in Berlin is about two thousand. So at least police headquarters tell us, but when we issue appeals on behalf of the benevolent fund or for any charitable purpose, it is hard for us to find more than five hundred names. Of course many of the two thousand are only passing tourists, whose names have been sent to police headquarters by the hotels, and consequently they have not registered at the consulate, where every resident is bound by the new law to present himself and be enrolled.

The colony naturally celebrates all American festivals. Of course the most brilliant and fashionable event of the year is the Thanksgiving Day celebration—the American ball, as it is popularly called. "What strange kind of a celebration is that which you Americans hold every year in November? It begins with a prayer, continues with a banquet, and ends with a dance. Is not that a queer combination?" was the question propounded to Consul-General Mason one morning after the event. This American ball attracts Americans, official and other-

wise, from all over Germany, and it is indeed a very brilliant and enjoyable function. The ambassador presides, and orations on the day we celebrate are delivered by some distinguished resident or visitor. I remember a beautiful address by Ambassador White; a most eloquent oration, full of literary beauty, by Mr. Charles De Kay; another of great merit by Consul-General Mason, and a fourth by Rev. Dr. William Adams Brown.

Naturally the young people are rather impatient until the speeches and singing are over, that they may indulge in what they regard as "the chief end of man" on Thanksgiving Day. Professor Peabody's speech was enjoyed by the young people more than any that was delivered in my day—because it had the surpassing merits of brevity and brightness. He made these very palpable hits. He said, "When Dr. Dickie asked me to make this address, I naturally asked him, 'What shall I speak about?' He answered, 'About ten minutes.'" Then he said, "I heard two young ladies saying to one another, 'Jane, I wonder what the menu will be?' Jane answered, 'I am sure you are not at all interested in the menu set before you. It is the men you sit next that you are interested in.'" The banquet was over that year at an early hour, and the young people will long cherish the memory of Dr. Peabody as one who gave them an additional half-hour of enjoyment.

The celebration of the birthday of Washington on the 22d of February is observed in a similar way, but on a less elaborate scale. It is peculiarly a

students' evening, and the oration on Washington is usually committed to some student who is known among his fellows as a witty and able speaker. Professor Plattner delivered, in 1895, a magnificent address. Rev. Dr. Day, as he now is, of Los Angeles, scored splendidly by a brief but witty address which had this story as its brightest jewel: A schoolmaster asked his class of boys this question, "George Washington was first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Now can any of you tell me anything in which he was not first?" After a minute a little fellow held up his hand, and said, "I know. Did George Washington not marry a widow?" Naturally this celebration ends with the cry, "On with the dance!"

The Fourth of July celebration takes the form of an excursion by steamer to the Gesellschafts-Haus at Grünau, where, after baseball, aquatic sports, races for boys, girls, and men, a banquet is served beneath the trees. At this the consul-general presides and the roll-call of the States of the Union reveals the number present from each State. The most characteristic reply to this roll-call was given some years ago by about ten young men. They yelled and shouted and hurrahed at the top of their voices, stood with one foot on their chairs and another on the table, and fired blank cartridges from their pistols. It is needless to add that they were from Kentucky.

When Mr. White was ambassador to Germany he invariably went to Leipzig, the central city of Ger-

many, to join there in the celebration of the glorious Fourth. It was his yearly custom to deliver an address that was eagerly scanned by two continents, as it appeared in the press on the following day. His theme was the relations between Germany and the United States. Before he set out he charged Consul-General Mason and myself with the duty of caring for the celebration at Grünau. Well do I recall the first time that our excursion and picnic inaugurated the added banquet. Mr. Mason said to me, "Are you going back with us on the steamer at ten o'clock, or are you going by rail?" "Oh, I am not going to stay for the banquet; I am going home by rail at six," said I. "No, you don't," said Mr. Mason, "I am going to say a few words. I am only going to preside. I am no speaker. The people expect a Fourth of July address, and I think it is your duty to stay and make it. The ambassador expects you to do your duty." Mr. Mason was far too modest in declaring that he was no speaker. The little address he made at the laying of the cornerstone of the American Church was a gem. I have often said, "It is worthy of being placed in our schoolbooks, and declaimed by our youths." However, when Mr. Mason said it was my duty, I bowed to his authority and acceded to his request. Naturally for the next hour I withdrew from the company, and went into the woods to set in order the topics on which I would touch. All at once we were called to our places for the feast, and as the custom is, Mr. Mason announced that I would now invoke the

divine blessing. I arose and uttered a brief prayer. When I opened my eyes the lady sitting next me said, "Do you know what you said?" "What did I say?" said I. "Why," said she, "you said, 'O Lord, bless Thy servant Grover Cleveland, President of the United States!'" This was in the days of McKinley. Then there were cries of "Three cheers for Grover!" and cries of "Three cheers for McKinley!" and much hearty laughter.

It is said in an old ballad:

> He rarely relishes a feast
> Whose speech is yet to come.

You may be sure I entered fully into sympathy with the writer of this old rhyme. I knew that this would be cabled across the sea, and much amusement arise to those at home. When my time came I rose perfectly self-possessed and on my mettle. I made the usual Fourth of July address, and spoke as though nothing untoward had happened, until I came to the concluding periods of the address, when I said something like this: "We can beat the world in preaching also. Was there ever a preacher like Henry Ward Beecher? And, by the way, do you remember that he also sometimes made a slip of the tongue? Have you heard how he was lecturing in Harrisburg, Pa., once, when, as he came to the hotel, whom should he meet but Rufus Choate, who had been engaged in a suit before the Supreme Court of that State. As they were sitting together, Choate

said, 'Beecher, do you ever make a slip of the tongue?' 'Of course, I do,' said Beecher; 'do you never, Choate?' 'Why, certainly,' said Choate. 'And pray what do you do, Choate,' said Beecher, 'when you make a slip of the tongue?' 'Why,' said Choate, 'if it is a big one, I correct it, but if it is a little one, I let it go. What do you do, Beecher, in such a case?' 'Why,' said Beecher, 'I follow the same rule. For instance, last Sunday by some curious twist of the tongue, instead of saying every liar, I said every lawyer shall have his portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, and do you know, Choate, I thought it was such a little one I just let it go at that.'"

That old story my father told me twenty-five years before wrought my deliverance, and when I sat down I heard such cheering as I never received before. The newspaper men were very good, and no notice of the matter was cabled. About two months after, Mr. Mason told me he had taken up a Youngstown (Ohio) newspaper and read in it this brief item: "What a disgrace to our country it is that our government keeps a consul at Grünau, in Germany, who does not know who is President of the United States." A little while afterwards a farewell banquet was given to a newspaper correspondent, who was being transferred from Berlin to St. Petersburg. The newspaper men invited Consul-General Mason and myself. It was a little gathering *entre nous,* and in a very witty little speech one of the gentlemen very

prettily toasted, "The consul at Grünau," to which, of course, I as good-naturedly replied.

The year after, I was in Princeton, and calling as I always did on Grover Cleveland, I told him the story, and he nearly fell off his chair. "I am pretty sure," said he, "that you had often prayed fervently for Grover, and I would not be at all surprised if you had voted for Grover."

I can surely express my thanks to the correspondents of the press that this story was never in print before, and that I am able to tell this "good one" against myself.

When the simple feast under the trees is ended, the young people adjourn to the hall of the Gesellschafts-Haus, and for an hour they mingle in the mazes of the dance. Then the bugle-call resounds, and the familiar home cry of "All aboard!" summons the company to the steamer. The moon has already risen, and as we steam into the middle of the Spree, the glamour of a moonlight night falls upon us. All the way down the familiar songs of home resound, the songs of home in a strange land. In the wondrous beauty of the night there is a strange tugging at the heart-strings, and though the voices that join in the home songs are cheerful, there is an undercurrent of homesickness in the soul. On days like these, we think of those across the sea and, however pleasant our sojourn may be in the land of the stranger, we feel "there are nae folk like our ain folk." Thus we end our festival day and another Fourth of July is behind us, but the memory of that

festival abroad will remain as a sweet remembrance to our students forever.

There are, however, occasions on which the American colony is moved to participate in German observances. The most magnificent military spectacle of the year is the great review held at the end of May. The stranger hears nothing else talked of in his hotel or boarding house. It is looked forward to with so much expectancy that militarism is in the air. Every one who can afford the luxury of a carriage, procures through the embassy, or directly from the chief of police, a card of admission to the parade ground. This card is stuck into the hatband of the driver, and the police are thus enabled at once to see that the carriage is entitled to a place in the grounds, and by the peculiar colour of the card and its number are at once able to assign the equipage its duly appointed place. Others who go afoot can see just as much of the review, and moreover they have one advantage over those in carriages in that the moment the review is over, they can make their way to Friedrichstrasse to see a great spectacle. The carriages must remain in their places until the Emperor and his suite have passed out. The Berliner dearly loves a soldier, and so the streets leading to the Tempelhofer Field are densely crowded. Review day is proverbially the hottest day of the year, but the vast crowds in the streets and on the field are good-natured and obedient, and the army of police handles the multitude with admirable tact and with an ability that excites our envy. The army of spectators in

carriages, cabs, and wagons of every sort, in the tribunes, and the still greater company afoot, far outnumbers the fifty thousand horse, foot, and artillery that are mustered for review. That army of spectators is as interesting and as impressive as those splendid battalions that pass in review. All the foreign diplomats are accorded the place of honour in the first line of carriages. The foreign military attachés in their brave attire gallop into their places. Adjutants carrying orders rush hither and thither. Mounted policemen ride up and down as fast as their well-groomed steeds can carry them. Royal lackeys in their picturesque costumes are hurrying to and fro. The troops are all assembled, looking with cheerful faces to a fatiguing day, but a day when with beating hearts they will pass before their royal commander-in-chief and proudly show their beloved Emperor what they are ready to dare and do for him and for the Fatherland. The sounds of martial music would stir the blood even of the most highbred Quaker. The summer sun beats down upon the glittering helmets and bayonets; swords gleam and glisten and flash in the sunlight. Generals with many orders upon their breasts are standing together as the common soldiers in eager expectancy. In a carriage drawn by four splendid horses the Empress, with the little Princes and the Crown Prince, approaches amid the loud huzzas of the vast throng. Then a great shout is heard as the Emperor, attended by his princely sons and a splendid suite, comes dashing into the field amid the cheers of the multitude, that sound

THE TROOPS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

like the voice of many waters. The martial music, the national airs of Prussia, greet his coming. He approaches the front of his troops, and from every soldier's throat rings out the greeting, "Good-morning, Your Majesty!" After he has swiftly ridden along the front, the Emperor takes his position beneath the historic lonely poplar tree, and the march past begins. Battalion after battalion, squadron after squadron, and battery after battery proudly file past to the sounds of inspiring military music. Clouds of dust rise and dim for us the greenness of the grass as the Prussian lancers gallop over the field. Round the field the whole army marches, and a second time in different order they pass by the lonely poplar tree. Here comes the regiment of which the Empress is colonel, and straightway having left her carriage and mounted, she leads her regiment, and, saluting the Emperor, returns to her place. Then that crack regiment of the guards that proudly calls the Emperor its chief sees him set himself at its head; he proudly salutes the Empress, and having led them past returns to his place. Now the second march past is ended, and the Emperor gathers the commanding generals round him to address to them words of admiration or of criticism. His address usually lasts twenty minutes. Until his address ends, the captains and lieutenants seem to have liberty to ride up to the lines of carriages to salute their friends. Hampers are opened, and amid the popping of champagne corks, the occupants of the carriages, with their officer friends, picnic as they do in England on

Derby Day. The hasty eating and drinking over, the officers spur their horses and resume their places, ere the criticism is ended. To a foreigner this interlude is one of the most interesting features of an eventful day.

Let those of us who love a crowd and love the common people go among them and look into their eager, expectant faces. The air is resonant with the sounds and cries of those who, selling flags or postcards or sausages or beer, strive to cater to the crowd and earn an honest penny. The day is hot, the streets are dusty, and eating and drinking the order of the day. The crowds stand most patiently, all traffic is turned away from its wonted channels, and is directed to side streets. Men are busy strewing with sand the way the Emperor will take, as though the cry had gone out, "Prepare the way, for the King cometh." Onward we go by such paths as we are permitted to use, until we reach Friedrichstrasse, in which a vast throng is awaiting the coming of the Emperor. We take our stand on the sidewalk, and look up and down on the vast assembled throng. Every window is filled with joyous groups. All Berlin is keeping high festival. Mothers are there with children in their arms, and children holding by their dresses. Men in blue blouses have suspended work; all the schools have holiday; every storekeeper, with his crowd of assistants, stands at his door; all business is for the time at a standstill. Now the loud huzzas tell us that the Empress, that noblest of all women, is approaching. Surrounded

by the princesses of the royal houses, she graciously bows as she is greeted by the joyous acclaim of hundreds of thousands. Then, suddenly, the sound as of the thundering of great waves breaking upon the shore bursts upon the ear. To the sounds of inspiring music the troops come on, one company among them bearing the historic flags that have braved the battle and the breeze. Then follow a troop of royal lackeys riding four abreast. Immediately behind, attended by a magnificent suite, comes the Emperor himself. Every head is uncovered, from every window along the street handkerchiefs are waving, and the deafening sounds that cheer him as he passes are beyond the power of words to express. What meaneth the noise of this great shout? It is the homage Berlin loves to pay to an Emperor who has done so much to further the interests of his country. Deep down in his heart even the social democrat loves his Emperor, and the infection of the enthusiasm of such a day drags even his regard for his monarch to the light of day. No wonder that the Emperor is touched by this splendid tribute, accorded to him in a city that has grown so great and for which he has done so much. Proudly he rides, supported to right and left by the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Frederick, and followed by the other Princes of the royal house. Though another review follows in September, nothing can equal the splendour of the spring parade.

Until about 1903 another great event of the year was the regular annual Subscription Ball. Many

greatly regret that it is a thing of the past, for it was not only very brilliant and attractive, but it had many features all its own. It brought together the Court and the select group of citizens, and this was the only occasion when the barriers that separated these classes were let down, and Court and citizens met and mingled. Many Americans sought, and usually found, admittance to this charmed circle. A great dancing floor was laid over the whole parquet of the Royal Opera House, and what a work that must have been! No sooner was the opera of the preceding night over, than a troop of carpenters wrought the whole night. At morn another troop relieved them, and the work was completed by the afternoon. Probably about fifteen hundred cards were issued, and hence they were very eagerly sought after. Whoever desired to attend, sent his or her name to the Intendant of the Opera. If the person was unknown, the application was transferred to the police, who reported to the Intendant regarding the respectability and standing of the applicant. If the report was favourable the cards were delivered at your residence, and the thirty marks duly collected.

Early in the evening the opera house opened its doors, and the company assembled. Foreign diplomats, with the ladies of their households; the higher officers in their gorgeous uniforms, with all their decorations on their breast, and their households accompanying them; the Chancellor and his family; the state ministers with their wives and daughters; the chief representatives of literature and art, famous

sculptors and painters; the stars of the theatrical world; the princes of high finance, and the great merchants of the city met together. What glitter of flashing sabres and sparkling jewels, what a wealth of costumes, the creations of the famous Berlin and Parisian modistes! What a wealth of beauty and fashion gathered there! Punctually at the appointed hour Count Hochberg appeared, the staff of office in his hand. He gave the three raps on the floor that announced the arrival of Their Majesties, and the hum of conversation ceased in an instant, and every neck was craned to witness the arrival of the Court. The Emperor and Empress saluted the assembly. Every head was bared, every lady made her obeisance. Emperor and Empress, followed by the Prince and Princess Leopold and a brilliant train, made a serpentine circuit of the ballroom floor, bowing left and right to the company, which opened a path for their progress and did them reverence. Then, this grand march completed, Their Majesties, with their attendants, took their place in the royal *Loge* and the ball was opened. Until Their Majesties withdrew you could hardly call it a ball. It was rather a most brilliant levee. Until then, there was hardly space for more than a dozen dancers on the floor at once. Seated in the front of a loge midway between that of the Emperor and the diplomatic corps we had a splendid view of the beautiful scene. Bright with the lamplight, adorned with flowers, rich with perfume, the opera house was transformed into a fairy-like bower of splendour. How the scene changes every

moment, and discloses continually new beauty! What a murmur and buzz of conversation is mingled with the music of the orchestra, to which about a dozen young people, mostly officers of the guards and daughters of the nobility, are dancing! Yet among that little group I notice a gentleman from New York with his beautiful young wife. I doubt not they will long cherish the recollection of the evening when they danced in a little group, with the Emperor and Empress looking on. The gentleman was conspicuous because he was the only one in that first dance who wore no uniform, and the black dress coat was as conspicuous as his wife was for her beauty. His wife said to me afterwards, "I never danced so badly, and I am very sorry, for I saw the Kaiser's eye regarding us as we danced."

When two or three dances are over, there is a brief pause, when the hum of voices is even greater than in an afternoon ladies' reception in New York. At this interval it is the custom of His Majesty to walk along the corridor and pay a visit to the diplomatic loge. There is always great curiosity to note which of these ambassadors he will single out. To-night he pays his visit to the Turkish ambassador and to Sir Frank Lascelles, with both of whom he engages in animated conversation. On his return he addresses a few words to Ambassador White, and shakes hands with Mr. John Brinkerhoff Jackson, our first secretary, and with Mr. Gosselin of the British embassy.

The Emperor and Empress, having supped, retire

early. The diplomatic corps soon after withdraw. Then dancing begins in earnest and continues till about two o'clock. Naturally we follow the good example of Their Majesties and reach home about midnight.

The greatest event in the German year is Christmas. Whoever has not witnessed the joy of a German Christmas does not know what joy meaneth. Months before, preparations are made for its observance. With what secrecy gifts are prepared by the members of the household for each other! The gift must be a surprise or half the spell were broken. The streets surge with crowds, and the shop windows are transformed into Christmas scenes. You can hardly approach such stores as Wertheim's, where there is a representation of the Nativity. In another is a great Christmas tree laden with all manner of toys, and tapers burning brightly. Booths with an endless variety of cakes and decorations for the Christmas tree are erected in every open space. Crowds of thinly clad children stand at the edge of the sidewalk, and make a piteous appeal to you to buy some little toy made at home and costing only a *groschen*. Pitiful children of poverty, sent out by the poverty-stricken, help to keep the wolf from the door. The Berliner has a sharp, caustic, biting wit, but he is large-hearted and generous withal. The cries of the poor and the appeals of hungry, ragged children are rarely disregarded. High and low, rich and poor are seen from November on carrying home packages which at other times they would

not touch with their finger. Christmas-time breaks every social law, and I have even seen officers, to whom such things are forbidden, assisting in the toil of carrying home Christmas gifts.

During my first year in Berlin, one morning in December as I was going to Professor Harnack's lecture at 8 A.M., having started while it was yet dark, I rounded the corner near my home, when suddenly my silk hat was thrust from my head by the branch of a tree. I looked, and the whole corner had become a grove of fir-trees. As I proceeded, each corner or open space had been transformed in like manner. The sale of Christmas trees had begun. Half a million trees, great and small, ranging in price from ten dollars to ten cents, had been brought into the city. There is no family so poor as to deny itself this pleasure at Christmas-time. Every family has its own celebration. The good people of Berlin seek out the poverty-stricken. The churches have Christmas distributions of gifts to the poor. It is safe to say that there is not an ill-clad person who does not receive garments, nor a hungry child who is not well fed on Christmas Day.

Two years ago a very touching incident came to our notice. A boy of eight dropped a scrawl of a letter, ill-spelt and half illegible, into a post-box. It was addressed to the *Weihnachtsmann*—that is, to Santa Claus. It said, "Dear Santa Claus, father is sick and there is going to be no Christmas in our house. Sister is going to be cared for at a school where she serves, but mother and I are going to

have nothing, and oh, please send us something, for we are very hungry." He signed his name, and gave his address. The postman who handled the letter opened it. He said, "I am as much *Weihnachtsmann* as anybody else, and no blame can attach to me for opening it." He read it to his comrades, and joining together after they had made investigation, they bought toys and sausages and bread, and carried them with great joy into what they had discovered to be the poverty-stricken home of a mechanic, whose nine months' sickness had brought the wolf to the door. That was an act that is truly characteristic of the spirit of Berlin. Every rich family sends to the pastors or to the city mission asking for names of the poor, that they may be provided for. An American gentleman used to care for about a hundred poor families, giving them not only clothing, but food and fire to last a month. Our young people cared for many German families, and at Miss Hunt's Teachers' Home we used to gather all the poor American children and send them away with happy hearts and hands laden with gifts. Miss Hunt herself, though many of us were allowed to help her, was the chief Lady Bountiful. About five o'clock on Christmas Eve it was our wont to walk along the silent streets and, looking up, to see at every window a lighted Christmas tree. The children, who had been excited for days before, had now received their gifts, and the Christmas hymn had been sung, and joy reigned in every breast.

We witnessed the joy of the children in an Amer-

ican home. The old porter was dressed up as the *Weihnachtsmann*. He had thin rods in his hand, and he inquired whether the children had been good; otherwise he would smite them, he said, with many stripes. The answer being in the affirmative, he called each child's name and they approached him, the elder among them with confidence, the younger with some apprehension till they saw the gifts, which they hastened to grasp. And there was great joy in that household.

Some students who boarded in a family where the husband had lost both an arm and a leg were greatly touched by the Christmas celebration, in which they took part. When the daughter of the house announced that the Christmas tree was ready, and Kriss-kindle, or the Christ-child, had come, the old man gave his arm to his wife. They formed in procession and singing "Holy Night," marched into the room. All cares were forgotten. The gifts were of trifling value, but they were received as if they were of gold. And there was great joy in that house of poverty also.

As we have no children, we have never had a Christmas tree in our home in Berlin. Yet, infected by the general spirit, we duly observe the day. It is the day of days, however, when we sigh and long for our own. We feel our exile more than we do any other day in the year. I have long had the habit, ere I retire, of reading Alexander Smith's "Essay on Christmas." Its concluding words always bring a deep solemnity into my heart: "I look from my

window. Orion is low in the west, and I know that there is another Christmas less between me and my grave." So closely do joy and sadness touch each other.

In these sketches of Berlin, I have not sought to describe any of the public buildings, nor to speak of the public galleries. That is beside my purpose altogether. I have given impressions, and related experiences. To speak of the great public buildings, and to guide you through the picture galleries is wholly unnecessary. Are they not all written in the book of the chronicles of that king of guide-book makers, Carl Baedeker of Leipzig, to whom every traveller is so deeply indebted?

CHAPTER III

HOUSEKEEPING IN BERLIN

IMMEDIATELY on renting an apartment in Berlin, and signing the contract, it becomes the landlord's duty to notify the police. Three copies of a registration paper are laid before you, on which your name, your condition,—married, single, widowed, or divorced,—your position as merchant or student, your birthplace and the date of birth of each member of your household, and your religion must be truthfully set down. Many ladies at first decline to record their age, but it is necessary, and in the end some date must be recorded. I have known matrons of seventy or unmarried ladies of a similar age to give themselves out as forty-five or, at most, fifty. I actually know the case of a lady who accidentally set herself down as five years older than she really was, and the police would not allow her to alter it. She went home to America for a few years, and when she came back it was incumbent on her to record her age as before; otherwise she would have had many disagreeable hours with the police.

I remember a gentleman, now resident in America, who was very indignant at all the questions of the registration paper. He announced himself as a Mohammedan. Some years after, he returned and, forgetting what he had set down three years before,

he announced himself as an Evangelical Protestant. At once the police interviewed him, and he escaped from his dangerous position by asserting that he had been converted to the faith of the Prussian State Church by his residence in Berlin, and the officer of the police station congratulated him on his conversion to the true religion.

When a servant is hired she gives you her book, in which are written her name, date and place of birth, her height, the colour of her hair and eyes, and any peculiarities about her. The book bears the police attestation. In it are also written, in the handwriting of her employers, the various places where she has served, the length of her service, whether the reason for leaving was of her own accord or by dismissal, together with the reason why the service was terminated, and whether she was found useful, willing, faithful, and honest, or the contrary. When she is hired a German thaler—three marks—must be given her to bind the bargain. The giving and receiving of the piece of money makes it a legal contract. The length of notice to be given on either side—two weeks or six weeks, as the case may be—must also be mutually agreed upon at the time the money is given and received. If a servant does not feel at home in your service, she has many ways in which she can get around the law. It is ordained that if she has a suitable opportunity of being married, she is at liberty to break her contract; or if her parents write that there is sickness in her home and she is needed there, she must be

allowed to go. Should she, however, desert her service and absent herself without cause, the police, if you insist, will bring her forcibly back again to you, although most employers will say, "Since she has gone, let her go; we have a home, not a prison."

If a maid-servant stays out over night she is admonished. If, after being admonished, she repeats the offence three times, she may be summarily dismissed. However, should the police, after hearing both sides, come to the conclusion that she has been wronged, her employer must pay her bed and board for the whole unexpired period of her engagement.

As very few Berliners are wealthy enough to live in a house, the vast majority live in flats. The *Portier* is a most important personage. It is his duty to light the stairway, as well as to keep it clean, and to extinguish the lights at ten o'clock and lock the front door. Every one, therefore, who stays out later than ten must carry his house keys with him. Should he have forgotten them, he must ring the portier's bell, and pay him 25pf.—about six cents. The portier opens the house door at half-past six in the morning, that is to say, he unlocks it, but it is still latched. Any one outside of the householders, who all have latch keys, must ring the front door-bell. The portier can open the door by pressing a rubber bulb, but he must see that no improper person enters the house. Hence he scans every one who crosses the threshold and generally opens a little square window and questions the entrant. If the answer is satisfactory, he shuts his window. If unsatisfied, he

presents himself in the hall and orders the person out. He is an autocrat and is armed with such authority that the German, who has unbounded respect for the law, generally yields obedience. He knows that force would be immediately employed, and in that case he would be handed over to the police on the charge of resisting constituted authority.

It is very important for the tenant himself to keep on good terms with the portier. It is well to be rather liberal with the money gift bestowed on him, not only at Christmas and Easter, but, where there is an elevator, to give him about a dollar a month. He has it in his power to give you much trouble if you neglect him, and to save you from many annoyances if you are good to him. He is the factotum of the householders in his domain. When the water pipes in the kitchen or bathroom leak, he is usually a handy man, ready to put in new rubber plugs for a few cents. When a lock is out of order or a key is lost you send for the portier, and everything is set right again.

In every house there is a side entrance for servants and for the delivery of packages. The milk-boy, the newsboy, or rather, newswoman, the grocers' and butchers' boys must all use the back stairs. The portier regulates everything that relates thereunto and exercises his authority there with a high hand. The sellers of backstairs literature, of postcards, of cheap laces, and all manner of articles that appeal to the tastes of servants carry on quite a traffic on the back stairs. Beggars of every kind and degree ring

your back door-bell; but collectors for charitable institutions, whose collecting book bears the stamp of the police, are allowed to present themselves at the front entrance.

Although we all live in flats as a rule, the flats are much larger than those in American cities. That in which Chancellor Runyon lived had, if I mistake not, fifteen or sixteen large rooms. Even the modest flat I occupied had six rooms. The ceilings were fourteen feet high, and three of the rooms were over twenty feet in length and about fifteen in width. In the older houses the servants' room was over the bathroom—each was seven feet in height. The door admitting to the servants' *Boden,* or little attic, led to a flight of steps by which she ascended to her little place of abode. In the new houses, her bedroom is on the level of the rest of the house, but her ceiling is only eight feet high. Her room is ceiled over and it is just like a large box. Over it there is space four or five feet high where trunks, valises, etc., can be stowed away. The police allow no more servants' *Boden,* and now their little quarters usually have a wardrobe built into the wall and pipes from the same central heating as the rest of the house. The servants' room, the bathroom, and the kitchen, with its never-failing *Speisekammer* or storeroom for provisions, as we would call it, in the back of the house, are entirely shut off from the rest of the flat, and these rooms are never counted in speaking of the size of the house, although they always are in America.

Until recently each flat was heated by its own stove. These stoves, which were of porcelain, filled a large space in the corner of each room. They were of glazed tiles, and, extending from the floor to the ceiling, were sometimes four feet in breadth and thirty inches deep. They were like great white or brown or green monuments, and Americans on their first visit to their friends in Berlin were wont to inquire, "What on earth are these monuments doing in your rooms? What are they for?"

In moderate winter days they sufficed four or five hours after fire was made in them to give out a very pleasant heat. Chancellor Runyon, sitting down in his workroom about ten o'clock one winter morning, called his butler and said, "Why is there no fire in my stoves?" The butler's reply was, "Your Excellency, the fire was lighted at eight this morning, and by noon the room will be quite comfortable." Whereupon the Chancellor informed him, "John, when I order a fire I want it to-day and not to-morrow; therefore, see that henceforth my workroom is comfortable for me by ten o'clock."

That winter—1894-5—our first in Berlin, was a winter long to be remembered. We never suffered so much from cold as we did then. There was only one inner room in the flat where we could find any comfort. For five weeks the thermometer went down to zero during the night and never rose above ten degrees Fahrenheit during the day. The older residents in the American colony advised us to provide ourselves with a *Cadé Ofen*—an iron stove akin to

our American stoves, which burned English anthracite and never was allowed to go out night or day. The next winter we took their advice, and one such stove kept the whole front of the house at a temperature of sixty-four degrees during the coldest days of the year. By this time we had become so acclimated that we, who formerly could not work in a room below seventy degrees, could not tolerate any greater heat than sixty-five degrees.

Now all the newer houses have central heating, but central heating depends for its success on an efficient portier. The heating of the dwelling is no more under our own control, and many a time a request has to be made to the portier for more heat.

In olden times there were few elevators in Berlin. They were to be found only in such hotels as the Kaiserhof, the Bristol, and those of the first class. Even great stores like Gerson's and Herzog's had none. If your friend lived on the fourth floor, the only way of reaching him was by slowly wending your way up the four long flights. In the west end of the city all that has changed: every modern house has its electric lighting, its gas range for cooking, its hot water in kitchen and bathroom day and night, and its elevator.

In former times the portier had time to carry on his trade. He was usually a shoemaker, or followed some other home industry whereby he was able to supplement the little income he received for his services from the landlord and the gratuities of the householders. Now his occupation of running the elevator

ROUND THE GERMAN STOVE

and caring for the central heating absorbs all his time and energy. But the portier has other responsibilities, and the householders have other duties laid upon them. They must see that the police regulations and the house ordinances are observed. For example, no one may sing or play before eight in the morning, nor after ten at night. That is police regulation. No one may make any noise between two and four in the afternoon, because then all good Berliners are taking their after-dinner siesta. That is house regulation. No one may sing or play during the hours of Sunday divine service. In the evening of Sunday, however, there is no restriction. On the day of fasting and prayer, in November, everything is forbidden. The day must pass in every household, as the word is, "*Ohne Sang und Klang,*" i.e., without song or sound. I remember in the early years of my residence two American girls practised for a concert they were giving on the Monday. Instead of going to church, they sang and played during the hours of divine service, and each one of them was fined fifteen marks. In another case it happened in a German household that the birthday of the wife and mother fell on the November Fast Day. As they gathered round the table, they all joined heartily in a congratulatory birthday ode, and the singing was heard by a policeman as he was making his rounds. The consequence was that the head of the household was fined forty marks. German law is made to be observed, and woe be unto him that transgresses. The longer I live in Berlin, I have only the higher ad-

miration of German law and its mode of administration. It matters not whether the transgressor be high or low, nobleman or beggar, he must pay the penalty. Even-handed justice is dealt out, and our people might well learn many a lesson. How one wishes he could say as much regarding our people and our country in this respect. In Germany law is king, and the citizens surpass those of all other nations in the ready obedience they yield to authority sanctioned by law.

Berlin is by no means the cheap city to live in that American students imagine. Many Americans assert that a mark goes as far in Berlin as a dollar in America. I can testify that it cost me just as much to live in Berlin as it cost me in Detroit. As I only received here one mark, which is equal to an American quarter, for every dollar I had of income in Detroit, it is very plain that we made some sacrifice for the sake of our fellow-countrymen in the capital of the German Empire. With beefsteak forty cents a pound in 1894 and fifty cents a pound to-day, and everything for the table in like proportion, it was inevitable that many students should find themselves in great financial straits, and thus exposed to fierce temptations.

We were frequently astonished as well as distressed by the tales to which we lent a listening and sympathetic ear. The improvidence of the music student is proverbial. The student receives the monthly allowance from home, and overjoyed, gives a feast or indulges in the Wagner Ring, which is being given

at the opera house, and ere half the month is over, borrowing from fellow-students is the order of the day. Once a young lady from Tennessee came over with enough money to last her for the first month. She had given her little patrimony to her brothers, who had started a bakery and ice-cream business in Nashville. Her fortune amounted to two thousand dollars, she said, and her brothers had promised to send her one hundred and twenty marks a month. At the end of the third month they wrote her that they were bankrupt and unable to send her a cent more. Happily, I was able to secure for her a position as governess in a German boarding school at Potsdam. At the end of the school year, the brothers were able to pay her passage home.

There were, however, cases that did not end so fortunately. A young lady who was very bright and attractive attended the services of the church very faithfully for some months. Suddenly we missed her, and when we inquired at her boarding house, we found she had removed, and no one knew her new address. Applying to the Department of Police, where every change of address is recorded, we learned that she had gone to Leipzig. We naturally concluded that she had heard of some teacher of music from whom she hoped to derive more benefit and make greater progress than she was doing in Berlin, and that she had decided to go thither. We would have thought it strange at our first arrival in Berlin that she had not come to tell us of her changed plans; we had learned, however, by this time

that the great majority of those whom we have befriended hardly so much as send postcards to let us know that they have departed. The American pastor at Leipzig wrote that she had not been registered there. The matter therefore drifted from our memory. Six months after, I heard from her fellow-students that no money had come to her from America, and that a rich man—a Berliner, who visited the pension—had told her she need not worry about money. He gave her some hundred marks, took her out to theatres, cafés, etc., and, in a word, she was under obligations to him, and in his power. She virtually became his mistress and dropped out of sight of the American colony, till one day she suddenly came to a pension, was confined, and mother and child both died that night. We learned, a week after, that she and her dead baby had been hustled into one coffin, taken to the chapel in the graveyard, and buried without any word of service—in short, buried with the burial of a dog. The landlady, when I remonstrated with her that she had not sent me word, said, "Why should I? It would have made a great scandal, and would have injured my business."

Alas! alas! that she did not come to us in her sad plight; full surely there were some among us who would have held out the helping hand. There were more among us, of whom it might be said:

> He had a tear for pity and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity.

American girls coming to Berlin do not realise that conditions are different here. If it is proper to walk with a gentleman alone in their native town, what impropriety can there be, they argue, in going to opera or theatre, or to a café, or for a walk with a German in Berlin? Once I heard that one of our girls, a music student who sang in the choir, was seen with an officer by the lady who managed the choir for us, as she went with her husband into the Café Bauer after the opera. "The girl is going wrong," said this lady to me, "and she does not know it. You must speak with her." I took an early occasion to broach the matter, and naturally she flared up and said, "I guess I am able to take care of myself. What harm is there in it, anyway?" "Well," said I, "I can suggest something to you. Are you going to see him again?" "Why, of course, we have walked out often." "On your walks did you ever meet any of his family?" "Oh, yes," she said, "we met his sisters on Kurfürstenstrasse yesterday. At least, he said they were his sisters." "Did he introduce you?" said I. "No, and I thought it very strange that he did not." "Well," I said, "suppose that the next time you see him, you tell him that unless he introduces you at his home to those of his household, you will not continue his acquaintance." Sure enough, she did so; and he told her that was quite out of the question. His mother and sisters would never consent to receive one who had gone out with him unattended. In a word, she learned that they regarded her as a "nymphe de

pavé," for no German girl who had regard for her character and reputation would act thus. She came and thanked me afterwards, and told me she shuddered as she realised the brink of the precipice on which she had stood.

Shortly after my arrival in Berlin a young American lady, well known to many of our people, had a strange experience. As she was looking into a shop window on Potsdamerstrasse, a German spoke to her. She said, "I do not know you, sir, and I do not want to know you." A few days later the same individual accosted her on the street. She said to him, "Sir, if you ever speak to me again I will call a policeman and give you in charge." This, however, did not deter him. He addressed her once more on the crowded street, and pressed his attentions upon her. It happened that a policeman stood near at hand, and she instantly called him and told him that the person before him had annoyed her greatly and insulted her. The person at once gave his name to the policeman and alleged that the lady, instead of being insulted by his attentions, had several times solicited them. Accordingly, the policeman caused both of them to accompany him to the nearest police station. There the word of the man was taken in preference to that of this American lady. She was ordered to report herself next day at the office of the "Moral Police," to submit herself to a medical examination, and be registered as a public woman under the police oversight and control. The distress of this thoroughly respectable lady may

be imagined. She rushed to a lady of high standing in the community, where she found sympathy. This lady knew her parents, and could vouch for her eminent respectability. It was accordingly decided that the only way of avoiding publicity and of keeping her name, innocent as she was, unsmirched, was to leave the city at once. The evening train carried her over the borders of Germany, and she took the next British steamer for America.

Without doubt, these are exceptional cases. Still it cannot be denied that our American girls are often accosted on the streets. Nor can it be denied that some of them are a little loud in their behaviour, and thus give cause for Germans to imagine them to be freer in their manners, and therefore in their morals, than they really are. Parents who send their daughters to Germany without taking the precaution of commending them to the care of some trusted matron and friend, do not realise what they are doing. The temptations in a great city like Berlin are many and dangerous.

Lately two American girls, however, proved themselves more than a match for the *things* in human form that annoyed them with their street attentions. One very wealthy and beautiful young lady from Chicago was followed through street after street. She reached the Linden, and all the way to the opera house she was closely followed. As she reached the entrance to the opera house, she found about a hundred people standing in a long *queue* waiting their turn to purchase their tickets. She saw that there

were a few Americans in the line. Just as she was close to some American gentlemen she turned upon the very elegantly dressed personage, and opening a well-filled purse, held it close to her follower, and said, "Poor man, you must be very hungry, take what you wish." The laugh from the whole company of spectators was loud and long, and, hissed by the whole company, the unwelcome follower stayed not on the order of his going.

The other case was that of a blond Californian who can speak German as fluently as her own mother-tongue. As she was looking into a shop window a white-haired reprobate addressed her; "Sweet little mousie," was the ending of his improper remarks. She turned on him with all the fury of which she was capable, and said, so loudly that the passers-by could hear her, "You old ass!" The laughter of the crowded thoroughfare compelled him to retire shamefaced and discomfited.

In view of all these incidents, what shall we say to people in America like Mrs. Russell Sage, when they say, "We entirely disapprove of young people, and especially young ladies, going abroad to study. Therefore, we give to you, for the American Church, with many misgivings. We feel as if we were sanctioning what we consider a great wrong"? We simply answer, "So long as our American seats of learning have travelling fellowships, and so long as colleges give the preference in their choice of professors to the applicant who has a German Ph.D., so long the American Church has a great field.

So long as American parents prefer to have their children study music with a teacher who holds a certificate from Barth, Godowsky, Mesdames Careno and Stepanoff, or some other eminent European teacher, so long do they owe a sacred duty to the American churches on the European Continent. To the young people from America there is more help and comfort, more oversight and care in their ministry and membership of the American churches than in all the embassies and consulates combined. Above all, the wives of their pastors in Berlin, Paris, Leipzig, Frankfort, and Rome have deserved well of the Republic, and the great services they render to the sons and daughters of America may justly be termed heroic and noble. There are multitudes in every State of the Union in whose breasts these words will find an echo."

CHAPTER IV

BERLIN STREET CHARACTERS

THE first time we visited Berlin we went all round the city by the old circular horse-cars, and we diligently sought for some indication of slums or anything resembling slums. We saw no trace of such quarters on our whole circuit. Accordingly we asked the conductor where the poor had their abode. He told us, "In the cellars and in the attics." On the streets we saw no tatterdemalions, and were astonished at the apparent comfort and well-being of the toilers. Our long residence in the city only served to confirm our first impressions. However, we came to know that there are poor in Berlin, but that they are cared for by the city and by private charity, which is nowhere more abundant than here. After a time we came to know more of the conditions of life among the lowly.

The main streets are visited particularly in the evening hours by flower sellers and newspaper vendors. Close to the sidewalk men stand with little dogs in their arms and offer them for sale; and, as Christmas approaches, little children coax and wheedle you to buy flowers made of paper and other decorations for the Christmas tree. As snow is falling and the temperature is low, you cannot refuse the penny which gladdens the poor child. At times

—but less frequently than formerly—you see a boy on the street (or often on your back stairs) with an array of brushes, stewpans, and mousetraps on his back. If he is on the stairs, probably he is asleep. We learned that these little chaps of twelve or thirteen years of age were virtually in slavery, and that if they failed to bring back five marks as the amount of the day's sales, they were mercilessly beaten by their brutal masters. The police interfered, and we rarely see the boy-peddler now.

The city has, like every great city, its notable characters among the people who make their living in strange ways and by curious occupations. The most picturesque figure on Friedrichstrasse was for many years an old man dressed as a sailor, but who was said never to have been aboard a ship. He had an old sou'wester on his head. His face looked as if he had weathered many a gale, and he had all round his face a gray beard, but lips and chin were always clean-shaved. His sailor's dress was always spick and span, and there was an air of neatness about him that his term of military service had taught him. He stood at the side of the bar where the Holland liquor "Bols" is sold, offering his photograph for sale, and as often as he made a sale he went inside to quench his ceaseless thirst. He was in great request as a model. A painter friend of mine told me that when he came to pose for him in his studio he had a flask of "Bols" in each pocket, and that when his hours were ended, the flasks were empty. Poor, picturesque old soul, the place where

he stood seems to miss the quaint figure! Now that he is dead and gone his portrait is still used as an advertisement for the liquor to which unfortunately he was so addicted. Yet I never remember to have seen him drunk.

In a little recess beside the entrance to the famous café of Kranzler, a woman is to be seen in sunshine or shower, late or early. She is called the Linden Angel, or Linden Julia, because she stands like a statue in her chosen place on the famous street. Her clothing is old and worn and untidy. She seems the impersonation of misery. She never begs, yet her attitude is more effectual in its mute appeal than any words could be. It is reported that all her receipts from the generosity of the passers-by are spent on drink. She looks like a harmless creature whom some calamity has crazed. It is said that she was engaged to a worthy young carpenter, and was on the eve of her marriage when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. She saw her bridegroom go forth at the call of his country, and a few months later she heard that he had fallen in one of the battles with his face to the foe. The delusion took possession of her that he is not dead, and she still waits for him there. If you question her, she will tell you she is expecting him any day now. There she stands, waiting for him who will never come back, and when people say she is an insatiable drinker, I feel the deep tragedy of her life, and respect the fidelity to her dead bridegroom, and cannot find it in my heart to throw a stone. God's infinite pity, I am happy

in believing, will not be denied to this poor old soul. His judgment will be milder than those of men.

For many years I used to see an old woman of seventy clothed in faded black garments go from courtyard to courtyard in the western districts of the city with a harp which seemed too heavy for her feeble frame. She would not beg. She could play not unskilfully on her harp, which she loved as if it were her own child. Her voice was far past its best, and the children listening to her laughed and jeered at her attempts at singing. Then, as children in all lands will, they had some strange delight in following the queer-looking old woman. She was greatly grieved at the ill-usage to which she was subjected and made her appeal—not in vain—to the police. Now she has been released from all her troubles, and the tormenting voices of the mischievous children are heard no more. I was not long in Berlin till I heard that the city mission trained poor boys who had good voices to earn their living as Luther did by singing from door to door, or rather from court to court. It appeared strange to me that I had never had an opportunity to hear them.

Six years ago I heard what seemed to be a boy choir and I ran to the window of the Equitable Assurance Office, where I chanced to be. As I looked into the courtyard I saw about a dozen boys standing in a circle with a man who was in charge in the middle. They were singing German chorales, and from nearly every window money wrapped in paper was thrown down. They reaped a rich harvest from

this building, whose offices are nearly all tenanted by American firms. The boys were all well-clad in dark suits, with black felt hats on their heads, and each wore a long dark mantle. These were the *Currende Schüler* for whom Luther pleads. It may be remembered that as he thus begged his bread, Frau Cotta took him into her own home in that old town of Eisenach, which is so rich in memories of the great reformer. For Luther's sake we did not withhold our little gift.

Sometimes we noticed men in shabby suits of black with silk hats that were not of yesterday, but rather looking as if they had come out of the Ark, as the saying is. We wondered why they were standing in front of the registry offices where civil marriages are performed. At length we solved the problem. An American girl had been able to satisfy the authorities that there were no obstacles to her marriage: she had been able to produce certificates of her birth and baptism; she had the written permission of her parents, attested by the German consul in New York; she lacked only one requisite, viz.: an attestation from the mayor of her native town in America. Our ambassador had asked the German authorities to dispense with this document on the ground that no American mayor had authority to issue such an official certificate. The German government waived the point, and the civil marriage, which must precede every church celebration, could now take place. I went with the parties as interpreter. When we reached the registry office we found that we needed another witness. As

I descended the stair this seedy-looking individual accosted us; "You need another witness," said he, "and I am at your service. I have all necessary papers, and will be at once accepted by the registrar. Oh! I am often employed in this capacity. Last week a nobleman must have postponed his wedding had I not come to his rescue in time of need. The friend who had promised to be with him was suddenly taken sick. For a moderate consideration I stand in the breach." "How much is your usual charge?" we asked. "Oh," said he, "that depends on the good will of the parties. If they are poor, I receive one mark. Many a time I get a little gold coin [i.e., ten marks]." We engaged him, and when all was over and he congratulated the happy pair I heard him say to the bridegroom, "I am sure that a gentleman who is so fortunate as to wed so beautiful a bride could not fail to give a bountiful largesse to the poor soul who was so happy as to be of help in time of need." His flattering words were not thrown away, and he fared well that day. I learned afterwards that five marks was the average earning of a professional witness.

One day I happened to visit my landlord, Dr. Schmidt, and as I reached his door a shabby-genteel individual was taking leave of the good doctor. It appears that Dr. Schmidt had been elected the day before to some honourable position in the town council of Charlottenburg. This man, whom he had never seen or heard of, came to congratulate him, and after he had said many kind things of Dr. Schmidt at

length added, "Oh, my good doctor, I have been very unfortunate, whilst you have been gladdened by having honours heaped upon you! Could you not remember my poverty and let me have a little share in your joy?" Dr. Schmidt knew perfectly that the man was a regular practitioner in this branch of work, nevertheless, who could refuse on a day of triumph to brighten the evening of a poor man?—even if you did think him something of a fraud. This knowledge of human nature lies at the root of all the success that attends the efforts of those who make gain of the fortunes and foibles of their fellow-men. Whenever there is a birth or a death in the house of some well-to-do family, the sympathiser by profession is sure to pay his visit. Who can resist the appeal? If you are in sorrow, you are not too critical about the words of sympathy; and the professional can attune his voice to suit the occasion. You cannot find it in your heart to send him empty away. He makes it his business to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with those that weep, and he finds that he can make a good living thereby; for joy and sorrow are daily visitors, and his knowledge of human nature does the rest.

When a death occurs in a family one member of a singing choir of this lowly order pays a visit of condolence and speaks almost lovingly of the departed, whom probably he has never seen; and when he perceives that his words have touched the hearts of the mourners, he asks permission for the little company of singers to which he belongs to sing, at

the grave of the departed, one or two comforting chorales. His request is usually granted, and at the close of the burial he presents a bill for services rendered. It is rarely that he fails to secure the payment of his account, and it is rather a heavy bill as bills go. Thus we see that there are many ways of earning a living in the Kaiser's capital.

CHAPTER V

BERLIN LEGENDS

ON the front of a house in Wall Street there is an ancient stone tablet on which there is a figure of a man who is bending beneath a huge burden. The people have interpreted it in a peculiar way. Two maid-servants were talking to each other one day about lottery tickets which they had just purchased, when one said to the other, "Oh, Gusta, don't be like the cobbler of Wall Street!" "Why?" asked the other. "Do you not know that he pasted his lottery ticket to the door of his cobbler's shop? It drew the big prize, and when he wanted to collect his money the ticket stuck so fast to the door that he was forced to lift it off its hinges and carry it on his back to the royal lottery office, so that he could show that he was entitled to it. You will see the picture of it on the front wall of his shop as a warning to everybody not to fall into such a mistake." What does the reader think is the true subject of the large stone relief? It is Samson carrying away the gates of Gaza. Thus we may learn how legends sometimes arise.

Of the monuments in Berlin the noblest of them all, perhaps, is that of the Great Elector that stands upon the Electoral Bridge. The Elector is seated on a noble charger, and is represented in the costume

THE GREAT ELECTOR

of a Roman knight. Some wiseacre among the populace chanced to notice that the front hoof of the horse on which the Great Elector is seated is void of a horseshoe, and so the legend arose that the royal architect who designed the monument, when he discovered the omission, threw himself into the Spree and drowned himself. The true story is that Schluter incurred the royal displeasure owing to the fall of a tower which he had designed for the Palace, and which fell before it was finished. Then he entered the service of the Czar of Russia and died at St. Petersburg the year after. But the legend lives on in the hearts of the people.

The most interesting legend about this monument is that on the last night of the year, when all Berlin holds Saturnalia, the Great Elector descends from his place and traverses the old town which he loved so dearly, that he may see for himself how it fares. Before one o'clock he is back again in his accustomed place.

Another Berlin legend tells how the Goddess of Victory, with her four-horse chariot, drives her horses down from their post over the Brandenburg Gate and rolls along the Linden until she comes to the monument of Frederick the Great, when old Fritz, displeased with a goddess who was so fickle in her dealings with him, raises his sword and smites her with its flat side, and orders her back to her own place. She beats a hasty retreat and, galloping her steeds down the other side of the Linden, scrambles up to her coign of vantage before the New Year has tolled the

hour of one. This legend is said to have issued from the brain of a student who had, as Berliners are apt to do, supped not wisely but too well on that last night of the old year when Saturnalia is the order of the day, or rather, of the night. Next morning the student awoke, not in his own room, but on a bench in the Thiergarten, as a heavy shower disturbed him. He persisted that he had seen the wonderful sight with his own eyes. The evidence on which this legend rests is no greater and no less than that of any legend which possesses an element of wonder. We can only say, if all stories are true, this is no lie.

The most remarkable of all the legends that are current in Berlin is that of the White Lady, who appears in the Palace just before the death of a member of the House of Hohenzollern. She may well be said to be an international rather than a national figure. As an English ghost she figures in Walter Scott's famous romance as the White Lady of Avenel.

The White Lady reappears again at Bayreuth on an eventful occasion. Napoleon had taken up his abode at the Ermitage, the beautiful country palace about three miles from Bayreuth. In the middle of the night—the first he spent there—the White Lady appeared to him, and threw him into a great state of alarm. A friend of mine who heard the guide relate this story, said, "I am so glad to hear that something could frighten Napoleon." Next night he removed to the palace in the town, but the White Lady once more appeared to him, and he quitted the place with dark forebodings.

Once more the White Lady manifests her presence at the Castle at Wittenberg. From time to time she had appeared there at midnight. Many had seen her, but nobody had dared to speak to her or to follow her. At length some soldiers resolved to make the attempt, and taking their station in a chamber that opened on the corridor that leads from the Castle to the Castle church, they passed the time in playing at cards. As the clock struck midnight, soldier after soldier fell asleep. Only one, and he was a Sunday's child, remained awake. He marked how the door was softly opened, and the White Lady entered. She beckoned to him to follow her. Then she led him into a secret chamber. In it there stood a great chest which was filled with gold and silver coins. The White Lady filled a large purse with these coins and gave it to the soldier, but he must promise her that he would never say anything about it. Thereupon she led him back to his comrades and disappeared. After carefully secreting the purse the soldier called the others. They remained together a little while and then they all went to bed.

When his term of military service was ended this man remained in Wittenberg, and there he married. On the evening of his wedding, as all of them were in joyous mood, the guests pressed the bridegroom to tell them whence his wealth came. At the beginning he evaded their questions, but the influence of wine made him forget his promise. Then he told them the story of the visit of the White Lady. Scarcely, however, had he begun his recital when

three knocks against the window were heard. "That was the White Lady!" exclaimed the bridegroom, turning pale and silent. From that day he became sick and not long thereafter died in utter poverty.

The legend of the White Lady who appears in the Berlin Palace is at once romantic and tragic. It goes back to the days of Burgrave Albert the Handsome, who died in 1361. In his younger years he had visited England, and later his love of travel and adventure induced him not only to visit the Holy Land and kneel at the Holy Sepulchre but also to ascend Mount Horeb and seek the traditional grave of St. Catharine. He is said also to have journeyed as far as the ruins of Babylon. Rather late in life he married Sophie von Henneberg. Before his marriage the legend goes that a young and beautiful countess, Orlamunde, the widow of Count Otto, fell deeply in love with the handsome man. Her every entreaty he repelled with the remark that four eyes stood in the way of their union. Deluded and overpowered by her strong passion, the Countess, thinking that her two children were the obstacles to which the Burgrave alluded, accordingly murdered them, or caused them to be murdered. Then she presented herself before Albert and told him what she had done to remove the obstacles out of the way of their union. With horror the Knight turned from the murderess and told her that the four eyes were those of his two nearest relatives, who forbade the alliance. The story goes that henceforth, by the infliction of fearful pain and penance upon herself, she tried to find rest

for her sin-burdened soul. Soon after she succumbed to her grief and despair. From that time onward the Countess Orlamunde appears in the Palace as the herald and precursor of death.

It is strange but at the same time interesting to notice how this story of the murder of the two little children has two different versions: the one that their mother herself did the cruel deed; the other attaches itself to a mediæval German folk-song that tells how Orlamunde gave them to a huntsman to put them secretly out of the way. It is precisely the story of the babes in the wood. One of the children in the song, discovering the fate that threatens them, is represented as saying:

> O noble huntsman, let me live
> And all my toys to thee I'll give.

Orlamunde died in the odour of sanctity, in the cloister of Himmelskron, but her spirit could find no rest. She must be the herald of approaching death to the House of Hohenzollern. She appeared in the Palace at Berlin eight days before the death of Johann Georg; in 1619, before the death of Johann Sigismund; in 1667 the Electress Luise Henriette saw her as she sat at her writing table, and she died a few days after. Once one of the electors encountered what seemed to be the White Lady, but he suddenly seized the supposed spirit, and throwing it down the stairs, called for a light, when it was found that his chancellor lay at the foot of the stairs

with broken bones. It was presumed that he had sought an opportunity to rob and murder the elector. Further she appeared before the death of the Great Elector to the Court preacher, Brunsenius. Many times since she is said to have appeared.

The House of Hohenzollern loves to cling to old customs and ancient forms. When a member of the royal house is married, the reception of the bride by the city fathers at the Brandenburg Gate, where she receives an address of welcome, has always been observed. One of the pictures in the town hall shows the reception of Queen Louise in this fashion.

At the conclusion of the marriage festivities a torch procession and torch dance is peculiarly Hohenzollern. The present Emperor is a great observer of the traditions of his honoured house. In the torch-dance the chancellor and the state ministers march in front, leading the procession, or *Polonaise*. In the year 1865, when Prince William of Mecklenburg married the Princess Alexandra, Prince Bismarck took his place as a torch-bearer for the last time. When the state banquet is over, lighted torches are handed to the ministers by the pages, and the Emperor and Empress, surrounded by the members of the royal house and the guests of princely rank, having taken up their position in front of the throne, the orchestra strikes up a solemn march. The Grand Marshal, holding his wand of office, then advances, followed by the ministers two by two, torch in hand, the juniors in front and the chancellor bringing up the rear. The bride and bridegroom come imme-

diately after, and with measured step and slow, the procession describes a large ellipse around the hall. The bride then steps from the ranks, and making a deep obeisance to the Emperor, invites him to dance. He gives her his right hand, and both describe a similar curve, marching behind the last couple of ministers. On arriving opposite the throne, the Emperor resumes his place, and the Princess invites the Crown Prince, in the same way, to be her partner; and so with all the other Princes, the ministers still with torches in hand continuing to describe the same ellipse like stars revolving round the sun. When the bride has danced with her last partner, she returns to her place. The bridegroom makes a low bow to the Empress, inviting her to join him, and the solemn dance re-commences behind the indefatigable ministry till the last lady has been called out. The ceremony has lasted half an hour, but the ministers are not yet at the end of their task. The Grand Marshal passes into the picture gallery, and the entire procession, the bride and bridegroom marching behind the last minister, follow him to the Queen's apartments. Here at length the wearied ministers are allowed to return their torches to the pages, who proceed to light the young couple to their chamber. Carlyle thus describes the torch-dance: "The wedding went off beautifully with dances and sublimities, slow, solemn torch-dance to conclude within those unparalleled rooms. Such variegated splendour, such a dancing of the constellations sublunary, Berlin and all the world on tiptoe round it. Slow torch-dance

winding it up melted into the shades of midnight for this time, and there was silence in Berlin."

Another custom is the Witches' Nosegay on the first day of May. We hear of the usage first of all in these modern times in the days of Frederick William IV. On the first of May, in the year when he came to the throne, the Court removed to Sans-Souci. The chamberlain in Berlin sent out a message to the chamberlain at Potsdam, "Take care, storm clouds are on the horizon." When the King arrived he wore a threatening mien, and the chamberlain, who had scanned everything to see that all was in order, said, "Your Majesty, I hope, finds everything all right." His Majesty replied, "So the witches have not been here; they have evidently forgotten me." "They have not forgotten, but it is a long way from the Blocksberg to Potsdam, and they are a little late." The witticism did its duty, and the King smiled. The chamberlain gave orders to a lackey, who rushed to the maid who had charge of the silver chamber, and said, "For heaven's sake, how did you forget the witches' nosegay?" "What is this about witches' bouquets?" said the maid. "To-day is the first of May." "Quite true, but what has that to do with witches' bouquets?" "Why, the bouquets which Their Majesties are wont to receive on the first of May. Go now therefore as quickly as possible and procure two bouquets, the one with black and white ribbon, and the other with blue and white ribbon." The maid rushed to the nearest florist and succeeded in procuring the bouquets as she was or-

dered. "God be thanked!" cried the lackey, as he took them from her hands, and "God be thanked!" cried the chamberlain as he hastened to present them to Their Majesties. "Your Majesty, the witches ask pardon for their delay." "Granted," said the King, who was now in good humour again. "Send them a *douceur,*" said the King; and straightway two gold pieces were given to the maid of the silver chamber, who never afterwards forgot to do the witches' part. Indeed there arose a great surmising in what castle the King and Queen would be found on the Walpurgis night—the first of May. In process of time the custom was widened, and all princely personages who slept in the Palace on that night found a witches' bouquet awaiting them on that morning. Alexander von Humboldt, who had a residence in the Palace, asked that he should also be thus remembered. Often on this day he was far away, but he asked that the witches' bouquet should welcome him on his return, and the maid of the silver chamber, sure of her *douceur,* never failed to give him this sign of welcome home.

CHAPTER VI

NOTABLE VISITORS TO BERLIN

IT is often said that the pastor of the American church in Berlin preaches to a procession. It is at least a very notable procession. At the close of the service it was a great pleasure to discover that many distinguished personages had been present, and lingered to greet the pastor and express their appreciation of the services. Sometimes five or six college presidents presented themselves. Then four or five editors of such religious papers as the *Sunday-School Times* and the New York *Observer*. Again a United States General and Senators and Congressmen formed part of the audience. Sometimes a German minister of state like Marshal von Bieberstein, then foreign secretary, now ambassador to Constantinople, dropped in, principally to refresh his knowledge of English. General and Mrs. Porter, then of the embassy at Paris, were much attracted by the strong American atmosphere that pervaded our church. Ex-President Harrison paid a brief visit to our city, was received by the Emperor and Empress, and royally welcomed. Mr. White gave a round of entertainments in his honour, and we had the distinguished honour of meeting him frequently. At one little dinner that did not exceed the number of the Muses, we had the most memorable

experience. After dinner President Harrison, Mr. White, Captain Mason, and myself withdrew to the smoking-room. The President and Mr. White exchanged stories about Abraham Lincoln. When Mr. Harrison told a story about Lincoln that had a "swear word" in it, he took a good round mouthful of the Anglo-Saxon word "damn," Presbyterian elder though he was. When Mr. White told a story that was embellished by such words, he would not pollute his mouth by such an utterance, but simply said, "blankety-blank-blank." When he had done so two or three times, I looked up with the most innocent air of which I was capable and said, "Mr. White, it just dawns on me that I do know what blankety-blank-blank means." "Well," said he, "what do you think it means?" "Why," said I, "it just means *Place aux Dames.*" He looked a little shocked at first, and then they all burst out into a loud laugh, and declared that was the best *bon mot* they had heard me utter.

Mr. White was asked about Moltke, and he said, "There is a newspaper story about my first meeting with Moltke. I am not positive now whether it actually happened as it is told, or whether the newspaper correspondent has embellished it. Some one introduced me to Moltke, as the story is told, and said to him, 'Your Excellency, I have the honour to present to you the new American ambassador, His Excellency Mr. White. Mr. White was born at Homer, reared at Syracuse, and was president at Ithaca.' Von Moltke hesitated for a moment, and then perpetrated one of the few witticisms with which

he is credited, by saying, 'Your Excellency, I exceedingly regret that I cannot speak Greek.'"

Mr. White was in a reminiscent mood, and he told us that when he came back to Germany in 1897, the first time he met the Empress he said to her, "Your Majesty can hardly remember me, but I was present at your wedding." "Certainly, I remember you," said the Empress, "and I have never forgotten what you said to me then." "Is it possible?" said Mr. White; "I have forgotten. What did I say?" "Why," said she, "you said, 'Now, Princess William, if you were an American bride, you would take your wedding journey to Niagara Falls.' I never forgot that saying, because it has been one of the dreams of my life to visit that wonderful waterfall."

Again Mr. White said, "One of the most amusing experiences of my career happened at St. Petersburg. At the close of a Court function we were all retiring, and were passing through a doorway, on each side of which stand always two tall Ethiopians black as night. There was a great crowd eager to pass through. One of the Ethiopians leaned forward, pointed to another door, and said, 'Your Excellency, go through that door. You'll find the way easier.' Probably noting the surprise on my countenance, he added in good American, 'Your Excellency, the other Ethiopian is sick. I am only a substitute, and I am a Baltimore man.'"

Then Mr. Harrison said, "Mr. White, I heard a good story about your sojourn in St. Petersburg." "Let us have it," said Mr. White. "You know, Mr. Ropes of Boston has a line of sailing ships that

trade to Russia. It is his custom to allow two Harvard students to take a summer cruise to St. Petersburg in his ships. On the occasion of which I speak, the students presented their letters of introduction to you, and you asked them to dine. A number of Russian officers and officials were present, and there was no stint of wine. The students indulged in the champagne freely, and when they left the embassy to go down to their quarters on board ship, they were ready for any students' by-play. As they came to the great equestrian statue of Peter the Great, they took a handspring over the railings and, mounting the bronze horse, sat beside Peter. A Russian policeman ran them in, and they spent the night in a Russian prison. Next day they were brought before the magistrate, who, after hearing the evidence, sentenced them to fourteen days' imprisonment. The story goes that you had heard of the plight of these students, and being present at the trial, you interposed and said, 'Your Honour, it was only the good-natured prank of students, and I trust Your Honour will be lenient and let them off with a fine.' His Honour straightway made answer, 'If people will ride with great men, they must pay a great price.'"

"Mr. President," said Mr. White, "I have heard the story, but it happened in the days when George V. N. Lothrop of Detroit was ambassador, and so it is not a story about your humble servant."

Another visitor to Berlin was a distinguished literary man, for whom a round of entertainments were given. He and his wife were most charming

and delightful companions, and we took some little excursions together. One day he and I went out to Wittenberg to visit the town where Luther spent thirty-eight years of his life. Though I have made the journey thither with hundreds of Americans, I have never seen any one so keenly alive to everything that related to Luther. He touched every place where he thought Luther's hand had rested. He even went down into the dingy old cellar where Luther used to play skittles on Sunday afternoon. "There is nothing so interesting," he said, "as to dig into the past." I am credited in Berlin with a great interest in Luther and as being an authority on Wittenberg, and so I took pains to show him everything that was associated with the great reformer. We revelled in it with the utmost enthusiasm, and he exclaimed aloud, as we left the town, "Oh, Wittenberg, Wittenberg—more to be desired than Rome, yea, imperial Rome!"

One evening whilst we were still living on Kurfürstenstrasse (the story hinges on this), we invited a few friends to dine with this most interesting personage—Mr. and Mrs. White, Consul-General and Mrs. Mason, Captain and Mrs. Buehler, then naval attaché, and some others were duly assembled. A quarter past the dinner hour the guests of honour had not arrived. At twenty-five minutes past I suggested to Mrs. Dickie that something must have detained our friends, and that dinner should be served. I had hardly made the suggestion when the bell rang violently, and I heard a loud altercation in the hall between my friend and the cabman. My friend said,

"I told you Kurfürstenstrasse" (he could not speak German). I heard the cabman say, "Nein, Sie haben Damm gesagt." There is a Kurfürstendamm 128, three miles away, and thither the cabman had driven them, hence the delay. The cabman, who persisted in demanding three marks more, retired discomfited.

When we were out at Wittenberg and had dined, my good friend, who was enjoying his after-dinner cigar, lounging at full length upon the sofa, suddenly sprang up and said, "Dr. Dickie, the cabman should have three marks more." "Why?" said I. "Well," said he, "everything went wrong that night I was dressing for dinner, but at last we were ready, and as I entered the cab and gave the direction—128 Kurfürsten—as ill-luck would have it, my collar button broke. I don't often swear, but I believe I said 'damn' very loud, just as I had finished saying Kurfürsten, and the man must have thought it was part of my orders. So he drove us to Kurfürstendamm." The cabman was duly traced by the help of the portier of the Hôtel Bristol, and was gladdened by receiving his three marks.

In 1904 we had the joy of seeing General and Mrs. Alger (our dear friends and neighbours in Detroit) among the worshippers. To the general's great regret the masterpieces of the Berlin Picture Gallery were being transferred to the new Kaiser Frederick Museum, which was opened a month later. Through the kindness of the chief director I was permitted to obtain admittance, and we visited the new gallery together, and the general, who was a

great art connoisseur and had a fine collection of his own, greatly enjoyed the Van Dycks and Tintorettos and Murillos and Franz Hals. The attendants were hanging the pictures, but they took a world of pains to show their illustrious visitor everything he desired to see, nor had they cause to regret the two hours' interruption of their labours. In the modern gallery he was greatly struck by a picture of the goose market, where a peasant with a blue apron was plucking a goose. "Did you ever pluck a goose?" he said. "No," said I, "did you?" "Many and many a time," said General Alger. "When my father died, I hired out to a farmer at two dollars a month, and he docked me once. I am not ashamed to say that I was quite an expert at plucking geese." Then he said, "My career is nearly ended. I am proud, however, to think that there is not another man in Michigan who came to it as poor as I did, and rose to employ hundreds of men, to be governor of my State, war secretary, and now senator. My career is well rounded out."

He was nearing his seventieth year then, but he walked up the stairs of the New Museum with the alertness and speed of a youth, to view Kaulbach's six great mural paintings of the six great eras of the world's history, and the picture of the Countess Potocka, which is familiar to everybody.

We journeyed together to Dresden and visited the art treasures there. I remember well one day I was five minutes late and when I reached our appointed meeting place, he said, "You used to be a very punc-

tual man. Are you being demoralised by living in Germany and claiming that academic quarter of an hour that is the custom over here? Keep to your old Detroit ways, for punctuality is the politeness of Kings." "Yes, General," said I, "but have you never experienced that punctuality is the thief of time? I am sure I have lost more time in being punctual and having to wait for others than I ever caused others to lose." At the same time I have never forgotten the only lecture he ever gave me in our five-and-twenty years' acquaintance. We parted in Dresden and I never saw him again.

One of the most remarkable features of the American church in Berlin is its catholicity. It is composed of members of all religious denominations, and we have been so fortunate as to include a large number of Episcopalians. Every year during my fourteen years' pastorate some distinguished Episcopal divine occupied the pulpit. Some of the clergy even went so far as to partake of the communion. Methodist bishops like Hartzell, Fitzgerald, Walden, Vincent, and Burt either attended the services or officiated. Episcopal bishops like the late Bishop Thomas F. Davies of Detroit and Bishop Mackay-Smith; Archdeacons Tiffany and Lemon were greatly appreciative of what they called the privilege of seeing, on a small scale, the unity of Christendom. One of these said to me, "I've been round the world, and I've seen nothing like the work you are doing here. Our American people should see that an endowment is provided."

Archdeacon Tiffany—now, alas! no more with us

—was a most genial and delightful companion. I had the honour of accompanying him to Potsdam. We had a carriage, and I had made the arrangements with the driver, who would undoubtedly have had the archdeacon at his mercy. He scolded about the miserable sum, as he called it, which the man had agreed to accept. "Please don't spoil him, as all of you visitors are apt to do," said I. "Remember I live here and am likely to come again." I paid the man and gave him the proper *pourboire* in addition when I went to the booking office to purchase our return tickets. When I returned, the archdeacon, who had remained in the carriage, was beaming with delight. The driver's face was also radiant. "Archdeacon," said I, "what have you been doing?" He could not speak German, but he and the driver had come to a good understanding nevertheless. "Oh," said he, "I gave him a good cigar and a trifle besides, and do you know he said to me, 'The old man—that's you—was pretty hard on me, but the young man—that's me [he was twenty years my senior]—has the milk of human kindness in him.'" The driver came down from his seat and kissed his hand. The whole was quite characteristic of the goodness of his heart and the sweetness of his sparkling wit. He was a good man, and as genial as he was godly. He was a college friend and classmate of Ambassador White. He was his guest in Berlin, and they were like boys out of school together.

Last year during the meeting of the Historical Congress in Berlin, Dr. David Jayne Hill, who had

distinguished himself by the able and scholarly opening address he delivered, invited the English-speaking members of the Congress, along with a dozen prominent Germans, to a dinner at the Hôtel Adlon. The members of the embassy were included in the gathering as well as myself. I had the honour of being seated between Professor Brandl, of the English literature chair in the University, and Canon Mahaffy of Dublin. Professor Brandl had been, as I was, a delegate to the Franklin celebration in Philadelphia. We had travelled together from New York to that city, and he has never forgotten his introduction to American strawberry short-cake. Canon Mahaffy is perhaps the most renowned Greek scholar living, and he is the most entertaining dinner companion it has been my pleasure to encounter. He was in high spirits and bubbling over with genuine Irish humour. "I hear," said he, "you are writing your experiences and impressions of Berlin. Do it, yes indeed, but to make your book interesting, dip your pen in gall, show the seamy side and failings of the people you have met, but don't publish it till they are all dead. Then they can no longer raise a storm about your head." "Nevertheless," said I, "I am going to publish it if I can find a publisher, and I flatter myself it will be read, and perhaps I will get some material even from my happy *rencontre* with you."

Such witty Irish stories as he told me would make the fortune of a collector. If there were but a Boswell to gather them up, it would be a rare treasury of Irish wit and humour. I said to him, "Long ago

I met Hepworth Dixon, who had been sent to Ireland to record his experiences. He declared to me that he began to believe there was neither wit nor humour in Ireland. For the first week, he said he had to invent humorous stories and draw on his memory for witty sayings. Then, however, a beggarwoman approached him, and drawing a half-crown from his pocket, he held it towards her. 'May the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life.' Just as she was about to seize it, he put it suddenly into his pocket, when, quick as lightning, she added, 'and never overtake you.' 'Then,' said he, 'I knew that there was wit of the highest order in Ireland.'"

"Yes," said the good canon, "there is wit in Ireland. A friend of mine was rector in a poor parish. Among his parishioners a peasant, poor as the poorest, died. His wife arrayed him in his Sunday clothes and laid him in his coffin. My friend remonstrated with her, said it was a shame to bury such good clothes, and that they would be a boon to her son. Quick as a flash she said, 'And would you have the dacent man appear naked before his Maker?'" Truly, there was no more to be said.

That reminded me of an Englishman who, when my grandfather was a student, became professor of New Testament Greek in a Scottish university. He was an accomplished Grecian, but, unfortunately, he did not know the Scottish language. One day he said to his students in beginning his lecture, "Gentlemen, we must all appear before God in our *sarx* [i.e., flesh]." What a roar of laughter, what pound-

ing on the benches! The classroom was in an uproar. The poor man did not know that *sarks* is the Scottish word for shirts. "No levity here," said he, "no levity, gentlemen, we must all appear before God in our *sarx*." At the close of the lecture some one explained to him that the Greek *sarx* and the Scottish word *sarks* are pronounced alike, and he joined heartily in the amusement his words had created.

"I will tell you of a sermon," said the canon, "I heard from a very eccentric Irishman on Satan. He said, 'It is very remarkable how much we know about Satan. For instance, we know the exact day on which he was created. It was on the third day, for we read, on the third day God created all the host of heaven. But not only do we know the day, we know also the time of day, for is it not said, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" Therefore, it was on the morning of the third day that the Devil was made.

"'And did you ever notice how his very name tells his nature, and shows us that he is the incarnation of all wickedness? Take his name, Devil; behead him, and he is evil; behead him again, he is vile; behead him a third time, and he is ill; so that you see he is nothing but an ill, vile, evil Devil any way you take him.'" He must indeed be a quaint preacher who addresses such a sermon to an audience that included Canon Mahaffy. I think I have fulfilled my prophecy, and added something of interest to this book of mine from my witty dinner companion, to whom I give hearty thanks.

CHAPTER VII

EMIL FROMMEL

ONE of my earliest friends in Berlin was Emil Frommel, Court and military chaplain. I made his acquaintance at the home of Professor Miller, head of the Dental Department of the university, who was the only American member of the faculty. I had the good fortune to sit near him at dinner, and was greatly attracted to him. We became close and intimate friends. He was a most genial companion and a rare and beautiful soul.

The first time I met him he told me much about himself. He was born in Carlsruhe in 1828 and exercised his ministry in Baden till 1854, when he was called to Barmen. In 1869 he was chosen Court and garrison preacher, and was duly installed as pastor of the garrison church. He had an audience of four thousand soldiers, and often numbered the members of the Imperial house in the congregation.

Emperor William I was greatly attached to him (as who could fail to be?), and often took him to Gastein. Frommel loved to recall those days, and had many interesting reminiscences of what happened there. The old Emperor was extremely desirous that he should accept the office of chaplain-general to the forces. Pressing the office upon him at Gastein one day, Frommel answered, "Oh, Your Majesty,

I love the green forest much more than the green table of the officers' mess. Leave me, pray leave me with my boys in blue." The Emperor yielded, and he stayed with the soldiers in Berlin, who revered their pastor.

Moreover, he had some amusing incidents which he was fond of relating. It was the Emperor's custom at this famous watering-place to set apart one hour in the day when, as he walked along the promenade, he was willing to receive any one whom his adjutants judged fit and proper. It mattered not whether the person was nobleman, plain citizen, or only a respectable peasant. The old Emperor, with that simplicity that characterised him, loved this informal hour.

A German professor from one of the universities outside of Prussia was most anxious to be presented to His Majesty. For days he laboured with Frommel, and besought the high honour. At length Frommel found a favourable opportunity and introduced him to the Emperor. The professor had much to say, and was bound to make as much of the occasion as possible. Nervous as he was, his conversation was interesting, and the Emperor was very gracious as a listener. To Frommel's dismay, however, the professor, who was more at home in the classroom and study than in the manners of the Court, interlarded his conversation with such epithets as Your Grace, Your Highness, Your Magnificence, Your Worship. Every time he uttered such a word, Frommel pulled his coat tails, but the professor was

so engrossed with his topic that he did not seem to notice the interruption. The Emperor signalled to Frommel to leave the man alone, and he continued, using some new title at every second word, but only such titles as you would apply to a burgomaster or the rector of a university. After he was gone the Emperor enjoyed Frommel's confusion and laughed heartily at the variety of new titles with which he had been honoured.

Frommel was often invited by the Emperor during their sojourn to dine with him. On one occasion, when the dinner hour was four, Frommel felt the pangs of hunger about three o'clock, and went into a restaurant to sup a plate of soup. The Emperor, driving past, espied Frommel. When he presented himself at the appointed hour, the Emperor said, "Frommel, you have dined already. I saw you in the restaurant. You evidently thought I was not going to give you much of a dinner to-day." "Your Majesty," said the Court preacher, "whenever my brother and I as boys were invited to the houses of well-bred people, my sainted mother made us eat three thick slices of bread and butter before we went, so that we would comport ourselves as became good manners, and not eat like starved children." "Your sainted mother must have been a wise woman, Frommel," said the Emperor with a smile.

He had many interesting stories to tell of a visit he had made to England as chaplain to Crown Prince Frederick. He was lodged in Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace. "I had such a good time in

England. Queen Victoria was very gracious to me. However, I was continually transgressing the household regulations. The Queen hated cigar smoke, and I think, whilst I could smoke in my own room as much as I wished, it was strictly forbidden in all the corridors. You know how devoted I am to the weed, and so after my morning coffee, I invariably lighted my cigar before I went out. At once some lackey called my attention to my transgression of the rule. Otherwise, I greatly enjoyed my sojourn in England. Do you know," said he, "if I were dictator, I would make a rule that no man should be appointed to a foreign chaplaincy who could not speak the language of the country to which he was designated. I am so glad that you speak our good German, but I am astonished that Mr. Owen, the English chaplain, should be here, when he neither speaks nor understands a word of German. Now were I sent to England," said he with a look full of humour, "I could say good-morning, God bless you, waterproof, mixed pickles. These are really all the words you need. Waterproof protects you from the horrible English climate; mixed pickles enable you to digest English food; 'Good-morning' shows that you are a courteous gentleman, and 'God bless you' allows you to exercise your spiritual functions. What more do you wish?"

"The most embarrassing position I was ever in," said he to me one day, "was during one of my visits to Gastein. Emperor Francis Joseph came to visit Emperor William, and as I was introduced to the

Austrian chancellor, I bowed very low. As I did so I bumped the Austrian Emperor with my back. Action and reaction are equal and opposite, and the crack was so hard that in order to extricate myself I told Emperor Francis Joseph this story. 'Your Majesty has perhaps heard that once upon a time Empress Maria Theresa, with a shawl over her head, crossed the threshold of the Palace. A lackey, thinking it was one of the maid-servants, struck her where children are wont to receive chastisement. Instantly the Empress threw back her shawl, and in dismay the lackey fell upon his knees and cried out, "Oh, Your Majesty, if your heart is as hard as the place I struck, I am a lost man!" His witty word saved him.' In the laughter that followed, Emperor Francis Joseph forgot the hard blow I had struck, and my witty story had rescued me."

One hot day in August, 1895, I visited him in the hospital at Potsdam. He had had an operation and was still weak. He brightened up wonderfully during my brief visit. Amongst other things he said to me, "Do you know, the funniest illustration I ever heard in the pulpit, I heard some time ago in a country church. The pastor was preaching on family relations, and at length he said, 'Husbands are just like the two kinds of matches we have. Bad husbands are like those matches that strike anywhere. So bad husbands have their hearts set pit-a-pat at the flutter of every petticoat. Good husbands are like those matches that strike only on their own box. Their hearts are only set aflame by their own good

wives.' It was, no doubt, an apt illustration. The good man uttered his words in all seriousness, and the bucolic congregation were as solemn as an assembly of owls. I fairly shook with laughter, and was forced to bury my face in my hands. Did you ever hear anything so funny in your life?"

Another day I met him on the street, and as we walked together he said, "Last night I had a most touching experience. There was a great function at the Palace, and just as I came out, one of my maid-servants met me at the gate and said, 'Dr. Frommel, here is a woman from one of the market boats whose husband is dying, and he greatly wishes to see you and to receive the communion. Mrs. Frommel has sent the sacramental service, with bread and wine, and here they are.' I took them from her, and said to the woman, 'Where is your boat moored?' 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'on the banks of the Lustgarten, just a few steps from here. We had expected to be home for Christmas, but the boat was frozen in, and two days ago my husband became very ill, and I fear he has not many hours to live.' 'Lead on then, my good woman,' said I. When we came to the boat, the night was very dark and I could not see the plank that led from the bank, so she said, 'Catch the tail of my gown and you will be safe.' I did so and went with her down the little stair into the little cabin where her husband lay. It was all white and clean as the driven snow. I saw at once that the old man was dying. You could see that he was a saint of God when you looked at him. 'Your

reverence,' said he, 'I am a dying man, but it would comfort my soul if I could once more remember my Lord in the Holy Sacrament.' So I prayed and offered him the bread. 'Not yet,' said he, 'I must make my confession of sin.' 'That is not necessary,' said I, 'in the circumstances.' 'But, Dr. Frommel,' said he, 'I never took the communion without making my confession, and I am not going to do it now.' So he confessed himself a poor sinner, but that Jesus Christ was all in all to him. I gave him the communion and blessed him. As I was led over the plank ashore again the Palace was still a blaze of light. I said to myself, 'Thank God there is a light down in that humble cabin beside which all this illumination is a misty veil.' This morning I visited the boat, and there he lay with a smile on his countenance. He had reached home at last. That is perhaps as touching an experience as I have ever had in my long ministry."

Greatly valued as he was by Emperor William I, he stood in no less intimate relations with the present Emperor and Empress. He was chosen to prepare the Crown Prince for his confirmation. When it was decided to send the two eldest Princes to Plön for their education, Frommel was urgently pressed by the Empress to go with them and care for their spiritual instruction and religious well-being. He accepted the charge, and in April, 1896, bade adieu to his Berlin flock, and removed to the northern city. His term of office was exceedingly brief. On the 9th of November, 1896, he suddenly passed to his

rest; and there is less sunshine in many hearts because he is no more with us.

In personal appearance Frommel greatly resembled Henry Ward Beecher, though he was a little less of stature and slighter every way in build. He had also the wonderful readiness of speech and felicity of illustration that characterised the great American preacher. He was at home with all sorts and conditions of men. He loved the poor and lived for them, yet could take his place as the peer of the highest in the land. When men urged him to lift up his voice in political affairs upon a great party question, he turned round, and in his quick, decisive way, answered, "I know but one party—the party I serve—the poor whom the Lord loved, and of whom He was one."

What a delightful companion and genial friend he was! His entrance into a room brought joy and gladness with it. He seemed to carry an atmosphere of happiness with him that spread itself over all the assembled company. Men felt drawn to him by some wondrous magnetic charm. He was never happier than when he was inventing some beautiful allegory or fairy tale for a group of little children.

For some years it had been Dr. Frommel's custom to attend the distribution of Christmas gifts to the poor at the home of Professor Dr. Miller. About one hundred poor families, children and all, assembled there every Christmas and were bountifully laden with gifts. Before the distribution, Frommel gathered the children round the Christmas tree, led them

in the singing of carols and, after prayer, used to give them a characteristic address, of which this is a sample:

"Once upon a time a man and his ten-year-old son went out into the forest to cut down trees for the Christmas market. As they were busy at work they accidentally cut down a little gnarled tree that seemed good for nothing. The man cast it aside, but the boy said, 'Father, we will take it along also, and we can give it away to some poor child if nobody will buy it.' The trees were duly set up in the Berlin market, and they were nearly all sold, when a gentleman, accompanied by his little lame daughter, came and bought a large tree. The eye of the little girl fell upon the little despised tree, and she said, 'Oh, let us take this little tree along with us also. It is just like me. Did you ever see such a bent and twisted little tree in all your life?' The father at once consented, and the lame girl would allow no one to carry the little tree home but herself. As she was going along the street a branch of the little tree became entangled in the long, black veil of a lady and held fast. A gentleman who was passing came to the rescue and asked to be allowed to assist her. As she heard his voice the lady became greatly excited and said, 'Oh, Frederick, is it thus we meet after long years?' By this accident brother and sister, who had been long parted—the one having settled in Australia and the other in America—and who, unknown to each other, had come home to revisit Germany, found each other. Thus brother and

sister were brought together and spent such a happy Christmas, and it was all through the influence of this little tree.

"Then, when the tree was taken home and lighted, it was set in the window, and the children sang their carols round it, and seemed more amused at it and more attracted by it than by the great Christmas tree with the costly gifts their father had provided for them. As their child voices, singing the well-known Christmas hymns, floated out on the still air, a half-drunken sailor stopped to listen. He looked up and saw the little tree, and the happy children round it, and he was touched and thought of home. He said, 'Oh, what a wretch I have been! But I will go home; I will go home!' He counted his money, and found he had enough to pay his fare by the fourth-class to Hamburg. Off he went to the station, reached Hamburg at midnight, and set out for the farm two miles away. As he drew near all the lights were out except one. He knew that lighted window. It was in his mother's room. She had been praying for him. As the dog barked at his approach, she threw the window up and said, 'Oh, Adolph, is it you? I felt sure you would come.' Mother and son were clasped in a loving embrace, and all this through the influence of the little tree."

CHAPTER VIII

ADOLPH STOECKER

WELL do I remember my first meeting with Adolph Stoecker, who was then Court preacher in Berlin. A mutual friend gave me a letter of introduction, which I presented to him in his official residence in Hindersinstrasse, Berlin, in July, 1890. "You will easily remember the street he lives on," said my friend. "It is an appropriate street for a preacher's residence, for is not one of the chief duties of a pastor to 'hinder sin'?"

We found Dr. Stoecker at home, and he gave us a cordial welcome. He was then in the very prime of life, and in the fulness of his activity. He was both preacher and politician, and had the reputation of being one of the greatest orators in Germany. I was in some doubt as to whether I should go or not go to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, and the principal subject on which we discoursed together related to the propriety of a Protestant clergyman giving his countenance and lending his presence at the performance at Ober-Ammergau. Whatever doubts I had on the subject, however, were set at rest by the assurances he gave me, and I not only attended, but was so captured by what I saw and heard in the mountain village that later I translated the text of

the religious play and induced many others to follow my example.

I saw him again in America in 1893. Dwight L. Moody, who was so anxious to do good, believed it would be a great blessing to the Germans in America who attended the World's Fair in Chicago if he could procure the help of a great German preacher from the Fatherland. Whether Moody knew or did not know of Stoecker's attitude and utterances regarding the Hebrew race, I have never been able to discover, but it certainly proved that the selection of Stoecker was a great blunder. The American papers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, raised such an outcry that Moody was obliged to close the German pulpit at the World's Fair against the "Jew-baiter," as they called him. Stoecker had, without doubt, been most unguarded in his utterances against the children of Abraham. Some American papers declared that he had said, "The Jews are such an intolerable nuisance that they should be rooted out as Joshua rooted out the Canaanites; yea, they should be destroyed as one would destroy vermin from an old worm-eaten bedstead." They added that on the Saturday following these utterances, the chief rabbi in Berlin had simply read Stoecker's words, and then, with a significant wave of the hand, said, "Truly, brethren, a most *Christian* sentiment." At all events, whether the words used by the eloquent preacher were thus correctly reported or not, the fact remained that he had been removed from his office as Court preacher because he set one class

of the Emperor's subjects against another class, which is a deadly sin on the part of a minister of the gospel of peace.

One could hardly expect, after all this storm of angry voices, that he would carry away a kindly feeling towards America. Nevertheless, it did not seem to affect him. Like Bishop Wilberforce, all his life he seemed to be the centre of a tornado. It is said that some one had the temerity on a certain occasion to say to the bishop, "Bishop Wilberforce, why do people call you 'Soapy Sam'?" "I suppose that is because I am often in hot water, yet always come out with clean hands," replied the worthy bishop. As preacher and politician Stoecker was many times and oft in trouble, yet his errors were more errors of judgment than of the heart. It is, moreover, often said that a preacher makes a poor politician, and that when his political campaign is ended, his usefulness as a preacher has departed. However, Stoecker was a notable exception to this rule. His usefulness as a preacher continued to the last. As the head of the city mission he exerted a mighty influence for good. The common people heard him gladly and counted him as one of their most devoted friends. His political mission had a splendid purpose. He desired to stem the tide of irreligious socialism by rallying the working people round the church. The church he proclaimed to be, as it had been designed by the Master to be, the friend and protector of the poor and the needy. If his political career was not as successful as he desired, that was

REVD. DR. STOECKER

due to the imprudence of some of his utterances, due to his excessive antipathy to the Hebrew race and to his own pugnacity. One would think he must have had some strain of Irish blood in his veins, for he was essentially a fighter from Fightersville, and was never at peace save when he was at war with somebody or other. He was at once the most devotedly beloved by those that loved him and the best hated man in all Germany. In the last years of his life he was a broken man—broken down by bodily afflictions and left almost solitary in the political faction to which he had given the best years of his life. The rancour that raged round his head whilst he lived died out when he yielded up his spirit. Devout men carried him to his burial; and it was universally acknowledged that a great man had gone home to God. His errors were forgotten, and the good he did lives after him.

About three months after my arrival in Berlin I noticed that a great many people greeted me on the streets whom I was sure I did not know. Shortly after I began to discover the reason. In March, 1895, I had dined at the home of Rev. Dr. Leonhard, the pastor of the Sophien Kirche, and on the Monday morning thereafter I met him on the street, and he spoke to me about some conversation we had had regarding a young preacher who was a candidate for the second charge in his parish. "Dr. Leonhard," I said, "there must be some mistake. I never had such a conversation with you, and I do not know the young clergyman in question." "Why, Dr.

Stoecker," said he, "is it possible that your wits have gone a-wool-gathering this morning?" "Dr. Leonhard," said I, "I assure you I have not the honour to be Dr. Stoecker. I am only pastor of the American Church, to whom you have already shown so much kindness." "Well, I declare, if you are not his '*doppelgänger*' [his double]. I do not believe there are two men who resemble each other so much in Berlin. There will be a regular comedy of errors over again." We had a good laugh together, and then I understood why so many hearty greetings were accorded me from entire strangers.

Soon thereafter I entered a street-car, and an old lady, with beautiful white hair and a soft, sweet voice, suddenly arose, put her arms around me, and having kissed me on both cheeks, exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Court preacher, what a pleasure to meet you again!" "But I am not Dr. Stoecker, for whom you have evidently mistaken me," said I. The old lady was profuse in her apologies, and was evidently greatly distressed in her mind. However, when I said to her, "Madame, it is a great pleasure to receive the kiss of Christian charity from a beautiful old lady," she blushed to the roots of her hair. The whole company in the car were greatly amused, and the lady, joining in the mirth, was relieved from her embarrassment.

Some time after, as I came out of the royal Palace, the policeman on duty and the peddler who was selling postcards and guides to Berlin had a dispute. The one said I was Dr. Stoecker, and the other

that I was Dr. Dickie. I was accordingly called upon to settle the question.

At one of the subscription balls in the opera house, I had left the loge where I was sitting, to have a better view of Their Majesties' progress, when Mr. Bashford, correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph,* introduced me to a privy councillor. The privy councillor said, "I see I have lost my bet. I bet Bashford fifty marks that you were Dr. Stoecker, and he took me up. So, you see, through you I am fifty marks poorer."

One morning, on Bülowstrasse, I saw a lamplighter cleaning his lamps. As I approached he quickly descended the ladder, and standing with his cap in his hand, bade me "Good-morning." "You seem to know me," I said. "Know you!" said he, "why, I am indebted to you for my present position. When I was out of work and in deep distress, you befriended me, and I can never forget your kindness." "You evidently take me for Dr. Stoecker, but I am not he," said I. "How marvellously facetious the beloved Court preacher is this morning! That is the best joke I have heard in an age," said the man. Laughing in the most jovial manner he resumed his work, and as far as I could hear him, he was chuckling over the *rencontre.* There was no help for it; to him I was Dr. Stoecker and none other.

Some time after I met Dr. Stoecker on the elevated railroad, and as I sat beside him and told him many strange experiences, he said, "I do not at all wonder." As I looked at him and we sat together, I

could only say, "Nor do I." However, I said, "Dr. Stoecker, when the rancour of your foes grows to such a height that they take hold of you to throw you into the river, I hope they will not mistake me for you then. My only salvation would be that I speak your language with a strong foreign accent." "Learn to swim," said he, "for they would not believe you and would say, 'That is just like Stoecker. It is another of his tricks. He is just disguising his speech to deceive us and save himself.' Into the river you would be sure to go. Therefore learn to swim."

He was thirteen years my senior, and so when his age began to tell on him, our resemblance ceased. Berliners knew the difference between us, and the comedy of errors was ended. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

CHAPTER IX

ERNST CURTIUS

On a Saturday afternoon in the month of March, 1895, I was passing through the New Museum when I heard the voice of a lecturer. I was attracted by the quality of his voice. Accordingly, I drew near, and found a little circle of twelve, of whom three or four were American students. The lecturer was of medium stature and had a face that was remarkable for its strength. You saw at once that this was no ordinary man. He looked like a New England Congregational deacon, but with wonderfully soft, bright eyes and great intellectuality. He was describing some Greek archæological remains, and so I paused to listen. The broken sculpture would seem at the first glance to be fit only for being cast out; but as he lectured, the parts that were wanting seemed to be restored before your eyes, and by and by it seemed as if they began to live and move and have their being under what seemed to be the creating influence of this German professor. I was not at all surprised to learn that this was Ernst Curtius, the famous Greek historian and archæologist, and one of the teachers of the late Emperor Frederick. I became so wrapt up in enthusiastic interest as Curtius became eloquent that I drew nearer to him than I was aware, and the next thing I knew, in one of his

hasty gestures I was smitten on the cheek. He turned at once in great astonishment and was profuse in his apologies, but as he saw that no great harm had been done, he joined heartily in the laughter that interrupted his discourse. "I was not aware," he said to me afterwards, "that I had such magnetism as to draw a new disciple so close to me." When I mentioned my name and my friendship with Grimm, that was sufficient, but it was not long afterwards that he was taken from us, and I can only say of him as Tibullus says of Virgil, *Virgilium vidi tantum.*

CHAPTER X

JOSEPH JOACHIM

I CANNOT remember how I first became acquainted with Professor Dr. Joseph Joachim, the great violinist. Probably it was through some American music students who desired to enter the Royal Academy of Music. In any case my relations with him were greatly fostered by the friendship of Hermann Grimm. These two great men were devotedly attached to each other, and that attachment reached out to their mutual friends. Very early in the year 1897, Joachim told me that he was so impressed by the good influence the American Church exerted on his American students that he would gladly give a concert for the Organ Fund. The Empress, ever ready to do good, kindly expressed her intention to lend her gracious presence. Professor Heinrich Barth, whose students are found in almost every conservatory of music throughout the United States, entered heart and soul into the undertaking. The great concert room of the Philharmonie was engaged for the occasion. Fräulein Selma Thomas, a pupil of Frau Amalie Joachim, was the singer. The concert was a great success and the proceeds, if I remember rightly, amounted to well-nigh one thousand dollars. We all greatly appreciated the goodness of Professor Joachim and our other friends. Thereby they con-

tributed to the well-being of the church in a two-fold manner. First, by the substantial sum added to the fund for the church building; second, by the influence exerted upon the students in drawing them to church attendance. If so great an authority on music as Professor Joachim shows an interest in seeking to provide a church building for us, they argued, how much should we, who are American music students, show an interest by our attendance?

Many a time and oft it became my duty to seek him out in his office hours at the Academy of Music, to intercede with him on behalf of some student who had incurred his displeasure. He had little sympathy with that Bohemianism which is the besetting sin of musicians. He was most orderly and, in all business matters, most practical and exact. He had no patience with the student who, receiving his or her monthly allowance from America, squandered it in a few days and went borrowing from friends until another remittance arrived. When his pupils came for their weekly lesson and showed that they had not devoted themselves to their work, he stormed furiously. At times they showed signs of nervousness, and when he blamed them, it sometimes happened that they had, as they told him, practised eight hours a day. "I do not know what to do with many American students." "What is the matter?" said I. "Every evening finds some of them at a concert or at an opera, and when they come to me, they are only half prepared, and I have no pleasure in them. Others imagine that, by practising twice

as much as they should, they can finish their musical education in half the time. Why don't you thunder at them?" said he to me, "and see if they will heed you, for I cannot get them to heed me." "What shall I say to them?" "Tell them, as I tell them constantly, that they must practise only four hours a day. If they practise five, they accomplish only as much as they would in three hours, and if more than five, they would better throw their money in the fire and learn some useful trade. I permit them to go to two concerts and one opera a week and no more. That is as much as students' nerves can endure who have work to do." "Professor Joachim," said I, "do you not think they would say to me, 'What do you know of music?' and the only influence such advice would have comes from my being able to say, 'Professor Joachim is my authority.' Only your name would give any weight to such a statement."

Some years later, when the building of the American Church was no more in the clouds, but in near prospect of becoming a *fait accompli,* one Saturday evening Mr. White, our ambassador, was sitting beside me at a concert given by the famous Meiningen Quartette. A little in front of us sat Joachim. In the intervals he was talking to Lady Guy Campbell, and was evidently in excellent spirits. "Don't you think Joachim would give a concert again to help us?" asked Mr. White. "Possibly he would," said I. "Well, there is no time like the present time, and he is evidently in a good mood. The hour is opportune. Go over and say to him that if he ex-

pects to come into the American heaven, he would do well to give us a concert to help our church building." I went over accordingly and gave Mr. White's message. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "Is the American heaven very beautiful?" "Why, of course," said I, "beautiful beyond compare." "Have Mr. White and you such influence that you could assure me that if I gave a concert I should be admitted?" So I said, "Professor Joachim, I will tell you a story. A rich old Scotsman lay dying and he sent for his pastor. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have many sins and I am greatly troubled. Do you think if I gave twenty thousand pounds to the church that I would be sure to enter Paradise?' To which the pastor said, 'I could not be utterly positive, but it is well worth trying.'" "Very good," said Joachim, "come and see me to-morrow, and I will take your advice and make the trial." Accordingly I visited him at his home. We had secured the assistance of Geraldine Farrar, of Mr. Robert von Mendelssohn, the banker and famous 'cellist, and Miss Mary Bender as pianist. "You must remember," said he to me, "that I am an old man now, and I cannot play as I used to do." When I told this to Ambassador White he said, "What did you say when Joachim said he had grown old?" "I simply listened," I said. "Now, if you had been a diplomat," said Mr. White, "you would have told him that he plays just as well as ever he did."

The concert duly came off. It was again under the protectorate of Her Majesty; and Graf Hoch-

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berg of the Royal Opera, who had kindly given permission for Miss Farrar to sing for us, was present. It was the first public concert given in the beautiful concert room of the new Royal Academy of Music. Joachim had a kingly welcome from the American audience, and was greatly delighted. I was standing with him behind the scenes while the applause continued, and time and again he was called before the curtain. As he was about to step forward, he said to me, "Dr. Dickie, hold my violin." So I took hold of it with my hands covering the strings. "For God's sake, not that way," said he. "The perspiration from your hands will ruin my strings. This is how you should hold a violin." I caught it as he directed, and on his return I informed him that I was going to tell everybody that I was a pupil of Joachim's, and that the great lesson he gave me was how not to do it.

In 1900, the year of the Passion Play, I was preaching a series of sermons on topics connected with this interesting event. Every Sunday many were in church who either had been, or were about to be, at Ober-Ammergau. On the particular day of which I now speak, my text was, "And Judas Iscariot, which was also the traitor." Just as I was about to begin my sermon, I noticed my good friend Rabbi Dr. Grossmann of Cincinnati, and formerly of Detroit, in the audience. I said to myself, "If I had known you were coming, perhaps I would have had another topic, but as you have come to a Christian church, you must expect to hear what you will hear."

At the close of the service Dr. Grossmann greeted me very warmly, and said, "You know I like you, otherwise I would not have sat through that sermon. Now you must do something for me. You must take me to see Harnack, and you must take me to see Joachim." "All right," said I, "Harnack is out of town, but I will ask Joachim to make an appointment for us." Joachim said he would be delighted to meet my friend; and so, at the appointed time, we called upon him. He received us very warmly, and in a few minutes Grossmann astonished me by saying, "Dr. Joachim, what do you think of synagogue music?" "Synagogue music?" said Joachim; "I am not at all interested in synagogue music." "What," said Grossmann, "do you tell me that you, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, are not interested in synagogue music?" Joachim was deeply moved. I could see his great chest heave, but he preserved his perfect self-possession as he replied, "Oh, I see. You do not know. Listen to me, and I will tell you why I have no interest in synagogue music. When I first developed signs of musical talent, it was resolved that I should be sent to Leipzig to become a pupil of Mendelssohn. I was but a boy of ten years old. As soon as mother knew that I was to leave our little Hungarian village, and be sent to Leipzig, she was greatly distressed. The tears rolled down her cheeks, and I was deeply touched by her great sorrow. After two or three days, I saw that her tears ceased to flow; she had become cheerful again, and she said to father, 'Oh, I thought

Joseph would be lost in the great strange city, but I know now what is best to do. We will write to Madame S. She used to live next door to us, and is in Leipzig. She is a good woman, if she is a Christian.' Father and mother were very devout orthodox Jews who held strongly to the faith of our fathers. Madame wrote 'that she would gladly receive me and be as a mother to the boy.' Accordingly, I entered that Christian home. Peace dwelt there, and such a blessed atmosphere that I wondered greatly, and I said, 'If Christianity can give such peace and make such a home as this, what can it not do? I long for that peace.' Mind you, there was no propaganda. Not the least interference with my religious views. But the atmosphere of the Christian home entered into my soul. I wrote to father and mother as soon as I was old enough to be 'a son of the law' and told them I wished to become a Christian. With sad hearts they gave me their permission. I became a Christian; I publicly acknowledged myself a convert, was duly baptised, and I have no more interest at all in synagogue music."

As soon as Joachim had finished the story of his renunciation of Judaism, the learned rabbi, with the wonderful alertness for which he is remarkable, rushed headlong to the attack. "Herr Professor," he said, "once a Hebrew, a man is always a Hebrew, even as once a Scot, a man is always a Scot. Both are utterly unchangeable. Here is our friend Dr. Dickie. He is a Scotsman born and bred, and he is Scotch from the crown of his head to the sole of

his foot. He is an American citizen all right—*de jure,* he is American; *de facto,* he is Scotch. If I were a betting man I would bet dollars to dimes that if he were sick unto death, he would wish to hear prayers—from whom? From one who had a strong New England accent? By no means! He would send for a preacher who had a Scottish heart and a Scottish tongue, and in life's last solemn hours he would himself revert to the Doric of his Scottish tongue. Just as surely are you a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Blood is thicker than all the attachment you may meanwhile have to Christianity." During this very personal home-thrust, whilst I was amused as far as the rabbi's assertions related to myself, I watched Joachim with anxiety and with amazement. He was intensely moved. His great chest heaved, but otherwise he made no sign. He restrained himself with perfect self-possession. As soon as he had opportunity he said, "Your argument is of no force as regards either of us. I have known the American Church for many years. It was never so American as it has been since Dr. Dickie became pastor, and wherever I go in Paris or London I hear the same admission, that the American church in Berlin is more truly American than any other American church in Europe. And I,—I am a Christian and I have no interest whatever in synagogue music, nor in anything that pertains to Judaism." It was very interesting to contrast the two combatants in the furious but friendly war of words. The rapier, with its quick thrust in the hands of the learned rabbi, was

no match for the sledge-hammer strokes with which the famous old master musician beat down his opponent. It is interesting to know that no bad blood was occasioned by a conversation so remarkable. On the contrary, Joachim asked me the first time I met him again whether I had written down all that was said. "Not yet," I said, "but I will write it down, and I feel sure Rabbi Grossmann will also retain a record of so unusual a word-battle." Then he laughed loudly and said, "I admire him greatly. *Er ist ein Original,*"—i.e., "but truly he is cast in a curious mould."

Dr. Joachim was too modest a man to tell us what I only learned after his death, that when he was baptised the ceremony took place in the Court church at Hanover, and that the King and Queen of Hanover stood up with him as sponsors.

Once he spoke to me about the great pleasure he had in his visit to Tennyson. The two were alone together in Tennyson's den, and the poet, in his own characteristic way, read passages from his works. In particular Joachim was greatly impressed by a description of a storm which Tennyson read in so impressive a voice and manner that Joachim was awed into silence so deep and solemn that it was almost painfully grand, as he said. The tension was instantly relieved as Tennyson closed the book, and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Joachim, take your violin and touch that if you can." "What did you say in answer?" said I to Joachim. "Oh," said he, "we both laughed loud and long. Laughter was

the only possible answer, and the only way out of a situation so intensely memorable."

On another occasion some one took Joachim out to Chelsea to see Carlyle. Carlyle had always the reputation of being as plain as he was pleasant. Nor did he belie his reputation when Professor Joachim was introduced to him. "Mr. Joachim," he said, "I greatly dislike musical folks, and especially fiddlers, but I will make an exception in your case and welcome you." It was rather a gruff welcome, but Carlyle's bark was always worse than his bite, and so they had after all a pleasant hour together.

On one of his annual visits to London, he went to a hairdresser's, and the barber, proceeding to cut his hair, suggested that he should have it cut short, especially at the back. Joachim demurred, whereupon the barber amused him greatly by saying, "If I were in your place, sir, I should have it well trimmed, for if you go on the streets as you are they will mistake you for a German musician."

As I attended Joachim's funeral, one thought came home to me very forcibly. The painter leaves pictures behind that enable future generations to realise his greatness. When, however, we grow enthusiastic as we speak to men of the marvellous, magic power of a great violinist, what remains to attest his greatness? The sweet strains are heard no more. Nevertheless, Joachim will not fail to have a high place in the temple of fame.

CHAPTER XI

ADOLPH MENZEL

I HAD met Adolph Menzel a few times casually, but we had not "learned to know each other," as the German phrase is, until we met in Munich in 1902. It was during the festival plays at the Prinz Regenten Theatre in Munich, when the Wagner operas are given. All the hotels were crowded, and I was driven from pillar to post, or, as the Germans strangely say, "from Pontius to Pilatus," until I found a resting place in the Petershof, opposite the new town hall. As I sat down to lunch the day after my arrival, who should come in and sit next me at the table but the great painter! He was a notable figure—kenspeckle, the Scotch would say. He was about four-feet-two in height, hence he was known in Berlin as *die kleine Excellenz.* As is well known, he was renowned as the historic painter of the reigning house of Hohenzollern. Who has not seen his picture of Frederick the Great playing the flute! Or of the dinner party in Sans-Souci, where, next to Frederick, Voltaire is the most notable personage? Or who that has seen his wondrous picture of "The Market Place in Verona" can ever forget it? He was a little man, but a great painter—perhaps the greatest German painter of his era.

So long as he lived he never failed to attend the

civic banquets in the town hall of Berlin. The year after his death it was quite pathetic to read in the newspaper, as the annual banquet was reported, these words, "Zum ersten Mal seit langer Zeit fehlte die kleine Excellenz. Er feiert kein Fest mehr." "For the first time in many years the place of the little Excellenz was vacant. He celebrates the festival no more."

He was not only a great favourite with the city fathers, but few men were held in such honour by His Majesty the German Emperor as Menzel. On his eightieth birthday, Emperor William attired himself in the costume of a page of Frederick the Great's time and knelt before Menzel.

As soon as I saw the *kleine Excellenz* I greeted him cordially. He had the reputation of being gruff, and the stranger who addressed him was almost certain of a rude rebuff. However, he seemed to be in a gracious mood, so I ventured to say, "So, Excellenz, you are one of us who come to Munich?" "Ja wohl, ich komme sehr gern. Das Bier ist ausgezeichnet, die Bilder sind schön, und die Stadt, wenn altmodisch, ist sehr malerisch." "The beer is beyond compare, the pictures are beautiful, and the city, though it is old-fashioned, is picturesque." As soon as we finished, he said, "Dr. Dickie, would you not like to go with me to Lenbach's studio? If you have the desire to clamber up long flights of stairs, come along, and you will see something that will especially interest you." "What is that?" said I. "It is a portrait of an American diplomat. I have

forgotten his name, but he was lately in Berlin, and you will easily recognise him. I wonder why Lenbach painted him. I suppose the deep purse of the 'rich American' overcame his unwillingness, for he has given up painting portraits." We arrived duly at Lenbach's, and climbed the flights of stairs. This was the only occasion on which I saw Lenbach, the great painter of Munich, as Menzel was of Berlin. It was interesting to note the deep respect and reverence they showed for each other. I had been told that they were jealous rivals, but there was no trace of jealousy then or afterwards between them. Amid a whole litter of pictures and sketches, there stood on an easel the portrait just finished. It was the portrait of General Stewart L. Woodford, who was ambassador to Spain at the outbreak of the Spanish War. It is an excellent portrait, and General Woodford may well feel a pardonable pride in remembering that he is, I think, the only American whose lineaments the greatest portrait painter of Germany deigned to portray. "What a mint of money you must have got for that, Lenbach," said Menzel, "or you who had resolved never to paint another portrait would never have done this!" "By no means," said Lenbach, "money had nothing whatever to do with my change of mind." "What then?" said Menzel. "I will tell you the whole story," said Lenbach, "and you will understand. I met General Woodford on the street in the company of an old American friend of mine who lives here. We greeted each other, and he having introduced me

to General Woodford, told me that General Woodford carried a letter of introduction to me, and that he was very anxious that I should paint his portrait. I answered I fear a little brusquely, saying that I had grown old and given up portrait-painting, but that I would be glad to see him at my studio. Accordingly he came, and as I showed him round, I saw what I had not observed on the street, that the whole upper part of his head was almost an exact counterpart of the head of Prince Bismarck! As he was departing, I said to him, without letting him into the secret reason of my change of mind, 'General Woodford, if you are still desirous of having me paint you, I will do so.' "

On the day when the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ezra Cornell was celebrated at Ithaca in 1907, I had the good fortune to be sitting in the home of Ambassador White, and it happened that General Woodford was a guest there. As he came into the drawing-room and sat down, I noted the great resemblance to Bismarck, and having repeated the conversation I had had the privilege of hearing between Lenbach and Menzel, Mr. White said, "How strange that I had never noticed this before, but Lenbach is right. You have the features of Bismarck—a genial Bismarck."

After we had taken leave of Lenbach, Menzel was good enough to accompany me to the Munich Pinacothek to show me what he considered Lenbach's *chef d'œuvre.* I doubt not Lenbach himself would have selected one of his many portraits of Bismarck,

but Menzel was more enamoured of the portrait of the Prinz Regent of Bavaria—a man who is a prince among princes and a man among men—one of the wisest and noblest rulers of Germany, who ranks next to the Emperor himself among all the reigning princes of the German Empire. It was a great privilege to have such a cicerone as Menzel.

My most notable *rencontre* with the little Excellenz was at the opening of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin on the 18th of October, 1904, the birthday of the noble Emperor Frederick. The ceremony in the open air at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of the Emperor took place in such a rainstorm as is rare, even in Berlin. It was carried out as though it had been Emperor's weather, however, but when it was finished we were all glad to find ourselves beneath a roof. The Emperor made a notable speech that was audible to every one in the great throng. As soon as his speech was over the greater part of the audience retired. The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden and a few notabilities, ascended the great marble staircase to inspect the whole building. Menzel started up the stairs to follow them. On the third step he stumbled and would have fallen had not a tall Prussian peeress rushed to his aid and caught him in her arms. Instead of giving her the meed of thanks which was her due, Menzel, who was an intense woman-hater, raised his right arm and made strong and repeated signals to her to leave him alone. Close at hand I offered him my arm, and we

ascended the stairs together. On the way up he commenced to recall the pleasant time we had had together in Munich and at Lenbach's studio. I happened to say that though Lenbach was a great painter, he had one grave defect: like Hans Makart, he cannot paint a hand and so he hides the hands of those he paints beneath some drapery. "Now you are at fault," said he. "Lenbach can paint hands beautifully. Have you forgotten how I pointed out the hands of the Prinz Regent as one of the most wonderful features of the portrait? I will tell you why he paints so few hands. Lenbach ist *faul* [Lenbach is lazy]. When he has painted the face, he loses further interest in his work. Lenbach ist *faul.*"

When we reached the top of the staircase, the door through which the royal party had passed was closed, and so Menzel concluded that we should go down again. I offered my arm to him—but he motioned me away. Menzel was a most notable personage. In any company where he found himself every eye observed him narrowly—and so I noticed, as we went up, that we were the observed of all observers. He was evidently all unconscious of this, for he said, "No one saw us as we came up, but look, every eye is fixed on us now, and if I take your arm people will say, 'See Menzel there, he is so old [he was then nearly ninety] that he needs Dr. Dickie to help him.' So I will go down without help." We descended the stairs together, and though I yielded to his wish, I watched his every footstep and kept pace with him till, without accident, he

reached the ground floor. All the assembly had departed except about forty. Dr. Dryander, the Court preacher, was standing beside the herald, who was arrayed in a quaint, beautiful, and gorgeous costume. I said to Dr. Dryander, "Now I will take my leave." "Nay," said he, "here are about forty of the greatest men in the German Empire. You know only the half of them. The Emperor and Empress will not descend for about an hour. We have nothing to do till then. Wait and you will learn to know the others." It was as the noble Court preacher had said, and drenched as we all had been with the rain, it was well worth while to abide. There was Joachim, stately of face and figure, in his purple robe, as Senator of the Academy of Art; there was Anton von Werner, the historical painter, in similar attire; there was the Chancellor Prince von Bülow, in his uniform of blue and gold; also there were generals and admirals, resplendent in their brave attire; His Magnificence, the Rector of the University, in purple velvet as though he had stepped out of some Venetian picture; and the city's burgomeister, with a costume that in its grandeur outshone all others, and his great golden chain of office weighing him down with the burden of an office unto which he was not born. As the Emperor and Empress came down, we formed into a double line, opening a pathway for them, and as they passed, they not only had a nod of recognition for each, but they singled out many, and among them, of course, Menzel came in for special courtesies. I was

standing between Joachim and Anton von Werner, with both of whom both Emperor and Empress shook hands most graciously, and it was beautiful to behold the intense reverence and devotion depicted on the countenances, and the deep obeisance manifested by these truly great men. It was a lesson in manly reverence that a republican might well take to heart and exclaim, "Let more of reverence in us dwell!" Best of all it was manly, ennobling, and sincere.

Not long after, the little Excellenz departed from this earthly scene and was buried with such pomp and pageantry, the Emperor himself following the bier, that many said, "What a pity it is Menzel does not see it! What a picture he would have painted of such a noble funeral!"

CHAPTER XII

PROFESSOR HARNACK

IN November, 1904, I had the great pleasure of meeting Professor Harnack, the famous church historian, by many regarded as the ablest, certainly the most interesting and attractive professor in the University of Berlin. One could not fail to be struck by his youthful appearance—he was then about forty-five years of age, but looked even younger. Slight of figure, quick and alert in every movement, unable to sit in his professional chair as he lectures, hardly ever referring to his notes, he is essentially a "live man" if ever there was one. He strides up and down the narrow platform; he seizes his chair and turns it into every conceivable position; he raises his pen in his hand and uses it in his swift gestures—his eye beams with humour or gleams with swift, darting sarcasm. He is ever fair towards those whose views differ from his own, but when he pierces with his swift stiletto thrust some antediluvian dogma or presumptuous claim of the Church of England or the Church of Rome—his two pet aversions—his forefinger invariably touches the tip of his nose, and by that infallible token you know that, in his judgment, he has completely demolished his antagonist's position. For three years I had the good fortune to attend his lectures on

church history and the history of dogma, his lectures on the nature of Christianity and on the Lord's Prayer in history. As a lecturer he is essentially, as some one said to me, "*lebendig*," alert and alive to his finger-tips, and he touches nothing that he does not illumine. During these fourteen years I could not fail to be struck with the manner in which his theological views have mellowed, and he grew, as he himself has publicly said, much more conservative than he was in the years when he first issued his booklet on the Apostles' Creed. I have heard men say that if he had foreseen the use that would be made of his booklet, he would most assuredly have modified the form in which these views were stated.

It is also quite remarkable to note how much he has developed in these years. What a work he has done! What a task the writing the history of the Royal Academy of Science must have been! But at the same time, how close it brought him to the Emperor—and how greatly the Emperor learned to appreciate him! He became a familiar figure in Court circles. He had often the greater advantage of being a guest at those little evening gatherings at the Palace, when the Emperor and Empress invite five or six illustrious guests to spend the evening with them as in the privacy and intimacy of a simple family life. It is a joy to know that this has had no evil influence upon him. He is like the old Scotsman who was elected sexton—or beadle, as the Scottish equivalent is—and who, entering his home, said to his wife, "Jean, I'm beadle now, but I thocht it a' oot as

I came hame, and I hae decided that we'll just speak to the neighbours as we used to dae."

Among the stories he tells of himself, the following is extremely amusing. On his way to Rome, Harnack had as his travelling companion in the railway *coupé* an Italian gentleman who proved to be very congenial, and after they had journeyed several hours together and talked on many topics of the day, the Italian said, "May I ask, sir, what is your profession?" To which Harnack replied, "I am a professor in the University of Berlin—and you?" "Oh, I am a professor in the University of Rome. Of what are you professor?" "I am professor of church history—and you?" "Oh, I am professor of surgery. Of what religion are you?" Harnack answered, "Evangelisch." The Italian, imagining that anything that was not Catholic must be at the other extreme, warmly grasped Harnack by the hand and astounded him by saying, "God be praised, I am also an atheist."

Harnack would fight to the last ditch in support of the freedom of the Christian—of his freedom to follow Luther's example and sit at the beer table and enjoy the companionship of congenial souls as they sip together their modest potions. He would agree with the mistress of a manse on the Rhine who offered a glass of Rhine wine to an American pastor, who, as he took it, said, "Madame, do you know that there are millions of people in our country who deem it impossible that any one could be a Christian who touches wine?" And quick as a flash the lady

answered, "Sir, I am proud to think there are in Germany millions who believe that people so uncharitable as that cannot be within the pale of Christ's Kingdom." For this liberty Harnack would fight with all the fire and fervour of his great soul, yet he is one of the most abstemious of men, almost an ascetic.

Men call him a broad churchman, and a broad churchman I suppose he must be, though I have never heard him utter one word that is contrary to the historic creed of orthodox Christendom. Broad churchman he unquestionably is, yet how different from the typical broad churchman. He is intensely interested in home missions and he is all afire for foreign missions. His interest in home missions expresses itself in his efforts for the welfare of the people. He is a great believer in social service. He would say, "I am a debtor to every German. I am especially a debtor to the poor and needy. I am bound to help my brother be he ever so lowly, be he ever so vile. For this end have I myself been called into Christ's Kingdom." The friend of home missions, he is just as much the friend of foreign missions. "I am so glad that so many American students and so many cultured young American women are ready to go to the foreign field. The Scotch students are also as ready to go, but our German students—alas, alas, they are only eager to be settled in a home parish. It seems as if westward the star of religion, like the star of empire, makes its way." Naturally his classrooms are

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crowded to their utmost capacity, and often standing room only is the rule. One evening I happened to remark to him how much the attendance at the lectures of a once famous professor had diminished. In former days his rooms were just as crowded with auditors as Harnack's; but on the day I spoke of he had an audience of thirty. With much solemnity Harnack said, "Man has but his day, his day when he has the ear of the public, his day of opportunity—and the night cometh, the night of old age, the night of unpopularity, the night of weakness. As it is now with W., it will by and by be with me."

On one occasion when we were dining together, he said to the Minister of Education and Public Worship, Dr. von Studt, "Do you know, Dr. Dickie speaks perfect German now?" Quick as a flash and without for a moment thinking what a dreadful thing I was saying, I uttered the words, "Professor Harnack, up to the present moment I have always thought you spoke the truth." A few days later Professor and Mrs. Harnack met Mrs. Dickie and myself on the street, when Professor Harnack apologised to Mrs. Dickie, saying that he was so busy a man that it was hard for him to make polite calls, but concluded with, "Madame, I sent my wife." Whereupon I said, "Do you know in America the wife is always held to be of more importance and to take precedence of her husband?" In an instant Mrs. Harnack threw back the words, "Doctor, up to the present moment I have always thought that you spoke the truth." With a hearty laugh Harnack's

eyes beamed with delight, and pointing with his forefinger, he said, "Now you are pierced through the heart with your own weapon."

At a certain little dinner where the Emperor was present Harnack was placed between two young American ladies. They were sisters, and I heard him tell them this story, "Once before I was placed between two sisters. Their name was Hagen. I noticed that the name of the one was A. Hagen, and the name of the other was C. Hagen. My host came up to me afterwards and said that he hoped that the young ladies and I had had a good time together. I answered in one of the few *bon mots* I have made in my life—'between A. Hagen and C. Hagen I found B. Hagen [*Behagen,* i.e., comfort and pleasure].'"

"You will have a cigar, Professor Harnack?" said his host to him. "Why, of course," said he, "I regard a good dinner as only an overture to the enjoyment of a good cigar."

"You will take coffee?" It was about ten at night. "No, thank you," said he. "I regard coffee in the morning as a good gift of God for which to give thanks, but in the evening as a temptation of Satan."

A brilliant conversationalist, I have never heard him so interesting as he was at a dinner given by us to welcome Professor and Mrs. Peabody of Harvard. He was brimful of joy and enthusiasm. He was overflowing with geniality and abounding in good spirits. He was full of reminiscences of a summer

holiday he had had at Eastbourne, England, and of the delightful walks he had had with Huxley, who called for him every morning. Unfortunately Harnack could not speak English fluently, nor could Huxley speak German any better. Yet Harnack had a very delightful impression of Huxley. In his early years Jonathan Edwards had impressed himself deeply upon Huxley, and Huxley could never, even to the last, shake himself free of the good side of Jonathan Edwards' teaching, and this made him much fairer in his attitude to orthodox Christianity than Tyndall ever was or could be.

When an American correspondent was in Berlin in 1901 he asked me to take him with me to call on Harnack. As soon as the usual greetings were over, he said, "Professor Harnack, have you got a photograph of yourself?" In an instant Harnack went into his library, and bringing a photograph, gave it to him. "You have not signed it, professor." And straightway Harnack sat down and added his autograph. The whole transaction was a revelation to me of the ways of the journalist. More than any class of men these journalists believe in the truth of the saying: Ask, and it shall be given you. I had known Harnack all these years and never dreamed of presuming upon such a liberty, but here was one who was an utter stranger an hour ago asking, and Harnack, taken aback by the complete nonchalance of the successful journalist, yielding to his every request as an obedient child would do to a father.

During his residence in Berlin this journalist wrote

an article on Harnack. He gathered most of his material from a learned old German clergyman who had been unsuccessful in his profession, and who was extremely jealous of the position Harnack had won for himself. The article was all the more interesting from the journalist's standpoint because of the mixture of "wrath, malice, and uncharitableness" which it contained. After its appearance in America, it was translated into German-American papers in Chicago, St. Louis, and New York. Some one sent a marked copy of one of these German papers to Harnack, and Harnack sent it on to me with the remark, "See what scandalous stories your friend has written about me." I felt sorry I had been the person who introduced him. I was afraid that the friendship of Harnack, which had been to me such an unfailing delight, would be broken. In distress I took the article to our ambassador, Mr. Andrew D. White, and asked for his advice. "I would see Harnack immediately if I were in your place," said Mr. White. "What would you say to him?" said I. "I would tell him to consider that X. writes an article every day, and then I would tell him that if he would only read what the American papers say about you and me, he would think he was let off easy." I put Mr. White's advice at once to the proof, and I fortunately found Professor Harnack at home in the calmness of mind his after-dinner cigar brings to him, and he laughed heartily at the idea of the American papers saying severe things about Mr. White, and the incident was forever closed.

Some time after, Mr. White sent me to ask some special information sought by some American institution which only Harnack could supply. It took fully an hour of Harnack's time to complete the interview and send me back to Mr. White with all the material he needed. As I took my leave I apologised for occupying so much of the time of so busy a man. "Don't mention it for a moment—don't mention it. I have time for everything." It is only the intensely busy man who has time for something more. If I wanted anything done and well done, I would never entrust it to the man of leisure. Then it would never be done.

He who would hear the surpassing greatness of Harnack must hear him lecture on Luther. Then his great soul glows and his words are sparkling with eloquence, and the whole heart and soul of the man gives life to his utterances. How he loves him in his greatness and in his weaknesses! How he loves him despite the faults in him which he severely censures! "I notice," said I to him one day, "that though you are always fair, yet it is curious to see that when the ways part and Luther goes one way and Melanchthon another, you invariably go with Luther and you cause all to be fully persuaded that it is the only right and proper course to pursue." "Yes," he said, "I suppose I do, for where your heart goes your judgment is apt to follow, and Luther is so overwhelmingly great and had such a mass of manhood in him that he almost compels your assent to his actions despite your better

self." When the question of the admission of ladies to the University was being agitated, Harnack said, "Grimm and Erich Schmidt may do as they will, but I would sooner resign my chair than have ladies in my classroom. If we allow them to attend the University that will only be the first step to that 'monstrous regiment of women' that John Knox spoke of and that you have in America." Three years later I saw an American lady, Miss Breivogel, in his classroom, and I asked her how she came there. "Oh," said she, "Harnack gave me leave." So next time I saw the professor I twitted him on his conversion to Western ideas. He laughed heartily and said, "Oh, yes, when I said I would die a bachelor I did not know I would live to be a married man. Dr. Charles A. Briggs wrote me that his daughter had studied theology, and that she had not been spoiled thereby, and so I allowed Miss Breivogel to make the experiment, and if German girls are anxious to come I will give them permission, too." A few years after, Professor Harnack visited America, and he was so enthusiastic over all he saw at Wellesley that his horror of learned ladies took wings and forever flew away.

One night over a cigar we were speaking of music, of which we are both devotees. I said to him, "My German friends say to me, 'It is very strange. You are fond of music, and yet you say you play on no instrument.' I answer them, 'I am just as great a lover of pictures, yet I cannot paint.'"

"I can give you a far better answer than that,"

said Harnack. " My German friends twit me in the same way, and I say to them, ' Ich liebe die Frau Musica, aber die Frau Musica liebt mich leider nicht.' "

Mention being made of a certain person who had, to the astonishment of every one, risen to be a captain in the army, for he was as stupid as you could conceive any man to be, Harnack said of him, " Er hat nie 'was gewusst, hat nichts dazu gelernt, und das Übrige vergessen." *

* He never knew anything, had added nothing to the stock of his learning, and the rest he had forgotten.

CHAPTER XIII

OTTO PFLEIDERER

My first remembrance of Dr. Otto Pfleiderer was in 1894, when he was rector of the Berlin University. He was then in the very prime and flower of his manhood. Tall and straight as a pine tree, he had a commanding presence. Well do I remember how he looked in his robes of purple velvet, with the golden chain and medallion, the insignia of his office, and how chagrined I felt afterwards when I learned that in speaking to him I should have called him Your Magnificence, whereas I only said, "Most learned Professor." I was greatly struck by the profound bow he gave to the Prussian Minister of Education, Dr. Bosse, and equally so by the obeisance the minister made to His Magnificence. It was indeed a lesson in personal reverence which, above all lessons, we Americans, who speak of our Presidents as Teddy and Big Bill Taft, should lay to heart. A little comedy unfortunately mingled with the greeting: each of the two bowed so low that the crowns of their heads struck together with an audible crash, and as the Scotch say, "they crunted each other's crowns." Thus it was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and a titter went around the assembly. The suppressed laughter excited the ire of an old staid theologian, who said to me later, "Nothing

could bear stronger witness to the fall of man (which many nowadays question) than the sight of the smile of levity playing on the brow of wisdom."

Some one had told Dr. Pfleiderer in his younger years, when his beard was long, that he resembled Michael Angelo's "Moses," and it was his constant habit, as he sat in his professor's chair, to heighten the resemblance by holding his beard exactly as Moses is represented. In his latter years, though he wore his beard more closely trimmed, he never entirely rid himself of the amusing and suggestive habit.

During the continuance of his rectorate of the University, I had frequently occasion to see the printed notices he addressed to the students. They were remarkable documents, containing many sesquipedalian words, and such intricately constructed sentences that they were the hardest reading for a foreigner that I have anywhere observed. During the fourteen years of my residence I have lived through fourteen successive rectorates, and I have never, except in the case of Pfleiderer, found any difficulty in understanding the official announcements. It is interesting to note that instead of a permanent head of the University like Eliot of Harvard, or Hadley of Yale, and the other universities of America, the honour goes round, and every year a new rector and a new dean are chosen in each of the four faculties. That is one of the most pronounced differences between the policy of the German and that of our American institutions of learning.

The theological standpoint of Pfleiderer was a different one from that of his colleagues, Weiss, Harnack, or Kleinert, of the theological faculty. He was the last survivor of the Baur school. Hence, from an American standpoint, he would be characterised as a Unitarian of the Emersonian in distinction to the Channingite school. Naturally, therefore, he was sought after by the Unitarians of America as an honoured delegate to their congress, and he had great pleasure in his visits to the New World.

He held to a Christianity void of the supernatural. Whether you agreed with him or differed with him, as many of us did, there was no question of his devout Christian spirit. When a question of the expediency of founding a chair for the teaching of comparative religions was mooted, and much opposition from the theological faculty was manifested, Pfleiderer said, "What is to be feared from the bringing of Christianity into comparison with Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc.? Christianity is the Gibraltar of religions and has nothing to fear from any foe." Who that has seen him, in a circle of his students whom he has invited to his home, take out his little Testament as the company gathered round the table, read a few verses, and bow his head to say some simple little table blessing, will ever forget it? The impression of his child-like faith and devout spirit before God shamed those of us who were prone to call him heretic. The rationalism of his intellect had never touched the simple faith of his de-

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vout soul. After all, our spiritual instincts are better than our creeds.

Whatever his theological views may have been, his system of ethics was most exalted. In this, his favourite realm, he was acknowledged as a prince with hardly a peer in all Germany. I had the pleasure of listening to one of his lectures on social ethics. His theme was the family, its relations to society, its members, and the ethical relations and duties subsisting between them. The family must have a chief, a patriarch, a ruler, a head. "I hear," said he, "that in America [as yet he had never been across] many a time and oft the wife is really the head of the household. Our transatlantic cousins stand under the sign of the 'Frauen Regiment'—under petticoat government. Gentlemen," he went on, with a twinkle in his eye, and amid the loud laughing of his students, "gentlemen, just imagine, if you can, what kind of a household that can be where a woman rules. Yes, gentlemen, you may well laugh. It must be a funny kind of a household." After his first return from America I asked him if he had seen any such household as he had characterised. "Oh, yes," he said, "I saw many such households. I saw many women who were truly queens of the household, but their rule was neither tyrannous nor unbecoming. The relations in America are entirely different from ours. The man is the business head and provider, the wife the queen of the home." "So you have modified your view after your American visit," said I. "Of course," said he, "the man who never changes his

views must shut his eyes to many new facts and shut his ears to many new arguments. The man who stands to-day in his thought and judgment where he stood ten or twenty years ago, and boasts of his consistency, is nothing but an obstinate fool."

In 1895 Pfleiderer delivered the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh. In these his peculiar views of a Christianity without the supernatural were strongly emphasised. Inevitably a storm of theological controversy arose. Charteris and Flint and Rainy and Orr were the stalwart champions of Scottish orthodoxy. It was a battle of theological giants, and the German theologian found he had raised a storm of criticism to which he was by no means accustomed. As his lectures were closing and he was about to return to his own land, Alexander Taylor-Innes, the Scottish ecclesiastical lawyer, thought it would be deplorable if Pfleiderer should go home with the idea that Scotland was a land filled only with the furious fires of theological controversy. Accordingly, he formed the idea of bringing all these theologians together round the dinner table. He hoped that thus, although their differences might not be removed, they would all be led to cherish kindlier feelings towards the distinguished visitor. He hoped also that Pfleiderer would carry away better impressions of Scotland and of Scottish theology. The atmosphere of the drawing-room was highly charged with elements that might at any moment burst forth into furious controversy. The Scottish theologues eyed the German with some embarrassment; the German

returned the looks with some measure of apprehension. It was, however, a meeting of gentlemen, and controversy had no place in their hearts. Accordingly, as they sat down together, the things they held in common formed the topics of their converse. The iciness of the northern atmosphere began to thaw, and before long Taylor-Innes had the satisfaction of feeling that his efforts would not issue in failure. At last it proved a congenial gathering. Rainy was sitting opposite to Pfleiderer, and he said, "Professor Pfleiderer, do you know the Shorter Catechism of our Scottish Church?" "Oh, yes," said Pfleiderer, "I know and value your Shorter Catechism. I have heard that Dean Stanley pronounces it 'the finest manual of theology that any Protestant church possesses.'" "Professor Pfleiderer," said Rainy again, "do you remember the first question of the Catechism?" "I cannot say that I do. I am, of course, better acquainted with Luther's catechism. But, Principal Rainy, what is it?" "Oh," said Rainy, "the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." "What is that you teach your young people? I never dreamed you would teach anything so beautiful in Scotland.—The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy himself forever!" A loud shout of laughter all round the table broke the ice completely. Pfleiderer, of course, imagined that the reflex in English grammar had the same significance as it had in German, and thus dreamed that Scotland taught its youth to glorify God and enjoy themselves forever.

I heard the story in Edinburgh in 1896, and a few days after my return to Berlin I met Pfleiderer. "I heard a lovely story of your visit to Edinburgh," I told him, and having repeated it, I asked if I had had the story repeated to me exactly as it happened. "Oh, yes," he said, "I made that ludicrous mistake; but," said he, "I have heard you make just as great a blunder in German." "No doubt, you have," said I, "only you Germans are too polite to laugh at the mistakes of a foreigner. Nevertheless, you could not have helped yourself if I had made such a mistake. The humour of it is so good that I am sure you would yourself be greatly amused." "When it was explained to me," said Pfleiderer, "I laughed as heartily as any one. All barriers between us were broken down, and my blunder greatly assisted my honoured and amiable host. He was good enough to say that my mistake was only a happy thought, evidently of set purpose on my part, intended to set an uncongenial company completely at its ease." It is not often that a mistake effects so great a consummation and one that was so devoutly to be wished. All of them carried away kindlier thoughts of each other, and Taylor-Innes had accomplished his laudable purpose.

CHAPTER XIV

DR. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW

OCTOBER, 1901, the eightieth birthday of Dr. Rudolph Virchow, was an event of international importance in the medical world. From all parts of the civilised world eminent physicians gathered together in Berlin to do him honour. Lord Lister from Great Britain, a man equally celebrated, who had rendered services to humanity no less beneficent, was perhaps the most conspicuous of that distinguished company. It was regarded as eminently proper that the American colony should take some share in doing honour to one whose services as a lover of humanity and a benefactor to his race were so extraordinary. Accordingly, along with Mr. William E. Curtis and others, we waited upon Dr. Virchow at his home in Schellingstrasse. He received us with evident pleasure, and as we congratulated him in his mother-tongue, he was greatly amused. "I thought," said he, "that I would be addressed in a language foreign to me, and that I should thank you in words that would be like Greek to you." We found that he had a strong sense of humour, that wonderful saving grace of society for which we never heard that he received credit. We were gratified by receiving invitations to attend the evening celebration, when he was to be publicly honoured by his own countrymen and

by those of the international congress who had been chosen as spokesmen of their fellows. It was a notable occasion. The gold medal of merit was presented on behalf of the Prussian government by His Excellency, Dr. von Studt, but many regretted that the highest had not seen fit to grant him the title of Excellency, as had been granted to Adolph Menzel a short time before. The services of the physician whose efforts had prevented the visitation of the cholera and saved the lives of thousands were surely sufficient to outweigh any too liberal opinions he might hold.

Virchow was essentially democratic in all his ways. He had the touch of the people strongly upon him. He had the look of a substantial middle-class citizen. He had a strongly intellectual face, and piercing eyes that would look into the heart of a matter. Yet he was essentially *bürgerlich*. He was proud to be a town councillor; he was content to be an untitled citizen of Berlin. Rather careless than otherwise in his dress, you would have passed him on the street without particular notice, and yet he was one of the greatest men of his century. You could not fail to be struck with the modesty of the man. He was simple in all his ways, as we find great men usually are. He listened to the glowing panegyrics that were pronounced upon him that night by great men of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues. As Lord Lister concluded, Virchow might well have said, "The man whom all men praise, praises me." You could see how greatly he appreciated the honour

done to him, yet his gratitude was fittingly expressed in words that concluded in this manner, " But what am I and what have I done that I should receive such honour? I have but done my duty as I saw it, and if my efforts to serve my King and country and to be of use to my fellowmen are thus publicly acknowledged, what an encouragement this should be to my younger brethren to aspire and do for the welfare of humanity. Are they not taught by this night's wondrous gathering that verily they shall not fail to have their reward? "

About six months after this birthday celebration, Dr. Virchow met with a serious accident. He sprang from a street-car before it had stopped and dislocated his hip-joint. Our ambassador, Mr. White, was starting that day for a holiday, and as I parted with him at the station, he said, " Get some flowers and take my greetings and express my sympathy to Dr. Virchow." It was an agreeable duty, and as I entered the room I found Dr. Virchow lying on a couch. He looked up at me and greeted me heartily. He received Mr. White's flowers and the message I brought with evident pleasure. As I sat down I said, " Ich habe aber gedacht, Sie wären alt genug um zu wissen, dass man nicht während der Fahrt von einem elektrischen Wagen abspringen darf."—" I thought, Dr. Virchow, that you were old enough to know that you should not jump from an electric car whilst it is still in motion." Quick as a flash came his answer, " Mein lieber Herr Pastor, wissen Sie nicht, dass man niemals so alt ist, dass

man nicht glaubt doch noch jung zu sein?" "My dear Pastor, one is never so old that he does not think that he is still young."

After two or three weeks I wrote to Mr. White that though Virchow was progressing favourably, he was still suffering, and that at times his pain was intense. Mr. White wrote me, "Go again and take him some more flowers." Frau Virchow welcomed me on this visit and sat down beside us, and it was most interesting to note the strong attachment between them. Virchow was a man of remarkably strong character, strong of purpose and will, not by any means an easy character to live with. Frau Virchow understood him thoroughly. They had lived together more than half a century and were devotedly attached to each other. Frau Virchow was just as strong a character as her husband. She had just as strong a purpose and just as strong a will. She was what the Scotch would call a wonderfully "self-contained woman." She possessed self-restraint and true gentleness in such a degree that she was just as great in her own way as her husband was in his. He told me he was so far recovered that he proposed to go to a bath for a cure. "Where will you go? To this new Salzomaggiore about which they are making such a din?" "Nein, ich werde mich nicht zur Reklame machen."—"No, I shall not let myself be made an advertisement." "What, then?" said I. "Ich gehe hin, wo man seit der Aera Friedrich Barbarossas kuriert worden ist—nach Teplitz." About the merits of Teplitz and

Trenchin, and Carlsbad and Salzschlirf and Wiesbaden we had a long and interesting conversation. Virchow spoke in short emphatic sentences, and commented in a sharply critical way regarding some of them. His statements were often one-sided, and Frau Virchow never failed to bring out the favourable side of the shield, beginning always with the words, *"Aber, Rudolph!"*—"But, Rudolph!" Virchow would return to the charge, holding by his opinion fast and firm, but he never contradicted her, or rather, I should say, controverted what she had said without first of all taking her hand most tenderly in his. It was a great privilege to have such a hallowed glimpse into the home life of Dr. and Mrs. Virchow, and I never think of it without recalling the old Scotch song:

> John Anderson my jo, John,
> We clamb the hill thegither,
> And mony a canty day, John,
> We've had wi' ane anither;
> Now we maun totter down, John,
> But hand in hand we'll go,
> And sleep thegither at the foot,
> John Anderson my jo.

A few days thereafter I had my last interview with the great anthropologist. After we had spoken of many things, I said to him, "You know I am a clergyman, and we have not spoken together as yet of the things that are unseen and eternal. Would you mind telling me what is your attitude towards

the eternal?" "Mein lieber Herr Pastor, Ihre Pflicht war immer, Ihre Gedanken und Augen aufwärts 'gen Himmel zu richten. Meine Pflicht und mein täglicher Beruf zwangen meine Gedanken und meine Augen nach unten, aber immer habe ich gefunden und geglaubt, dass eine allmächtige Kraft vorhanden war, und dass eine mächtige Hand alles ordnete—manchmal ganz anders, als wir gedacht haben." When he had spoken these words I prayed that God would bless him. Cordially our hands were clasped together, then slowly I left him and I saw him no more.

I was in Munich when I read of his death, and after my return I learned that the city of Berlin gave him a public funeral, and that Frau Virchow sat through the solemn and touching service, and though her heart was bleeding, she shed no tear, but carried herself with a dignity and self-possession which was the astonishment and admiration of all who knew how strongly she was bound to him whom she had loved and lost.

CHAPTER XV

HERMANN GRIMM

EARLY in December, 1894, we visited Professor Hermann Grimm at his residence on the Matthaikirchstrasse. I carried a letter of introduction from Dr. Philip Schaff, the well-known professor of church history—Philip the Indefatigable, as G. P. Fisher used to call him. Grimm scanned the letter very carefully, but received us most graciously. To our great amusement he took down Meyer's "Encyclopædia," opened it at the place where the biography of the said Philip occurs, and read it carefully over. After a pause he said, "Oh, I remember this Dr. Schaff. He was a friend of my father and also of my Uncle Jacob, and he used to visit us when we lived on Linkstrasse. You are heartily welcome." We told him that perhaps he would remember Dr. Schaff more vividly from an incident that happened one afternoon whilst Schaff was visiting the brothers Grimm. A little girl, as Schaff told us, came in and asked to see Mr. William Grimm. She was shown into the room where Schaff was sitting with the Grimm family. "Are you Mr. William Grimm?" she said. "Yes, my dear child, I am he." "Well," said she, "I owe you a thaler and here it is." "But, my child," said Grimm, "you do not owe me a thaler and I cannot take it from you." "Oh, yes," she said, "I do owe

you a thaler." "How can that be?" said Grimm. "Do you not remember that at the end of one of your fairy-tales you say, 'Und wer dies nicht glaubt, ist mir ein Thaler schuldig' ['Whoever does not believe this owes me a thaler']?" "I recall the circumstance perfectly," said Hermann Grimm, "and I am very sorry to destroy what seemed the artless and beautiful act of a young girl. We learned afterwards, however, that it was not the spontaneous act of a child at all, but that it had been suggested and arranged by her parents. What a pity that we ever found it out!"

As I read this part of the interview to the Baroness von Nolcken, who knew Hermann Grimm as few have been privileged to know him, she said, "I think if I were writing this, I should suppress this painful part of the story. It is so sad to be disillusioned."

Our pleasant visit to Grimm ended with a permission for my wife, as well as myself, to be auditors at his lectures on art at the University. In handing the invitation card to Mrs. Dickie, he said, "I have seen fit to allow a few ladies to attend these lectures. This is an innovation, and if there is no unfriendly demonstration on the part of the male students, I will continue—but, madame, I will never recognise the presence of ladies. I shall begin my lectures with the customary 'Meine Herren' ['Gentlemen.']" In view of his expressed determination to be totally oblivious of the presence of ladies, it was very curious to observe how sharply he looked round as often as he entered his classroom to see how many of them

were present. The room was always darkened before he came in, and Dr. Hildebrand, his amiable assistant, had the stereopticon ready for the insertion of the first picture. It cast the shadows of the students' heads upon the wall, and Grimm invariably cast a glance at the shadow of the back-combs which were then the fashionable decoration of the ladies' hair. It happened one morning early in the session that Mrs. Dickie and I came so late that every seat in his auditorium was occupied. We stood with our backs against the wall. We were not a moment in our place before Professor Grimm very gallantly took his professor's chair from the platform, set it in front of the benches, and escorted Mrs. Dickie to the seat. It was, as the Berlin journals said, "the first time that a woman in the whole century of the University's history had occupied a professor's chair during a prelection."

If it was interesting to meet Grimm in his home, it was still more interesting to see him in his classroom. What a noble, alert figure he presented! Tall, slight of build, standing erect, you might have placed him between Bryant and Longfellow, for there was something in his face that reminded you of both. I see him with that splendid forehead, that sparkling eye, those finely chiselled features, the brindled hair, and the hands that expressed emotion to their fingertips—a splendid type of man. With art as his topic, he discoursed "*de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.*" —"You will get nothing out of my lectures for your examination, gentlemen," he used to say. "You

must go to your books for all you need." There was a measure of truth in his oft-reiterated statement. Yet if he did not fill his lectures with a mass of mere facts, he gave his students something better, something that books cannot give. He gave them inspiration. All his life a lover of art, he had for it an enthusiasm that was boundless and a devotion that dominated his whole soul. To communicate that burning love of art to others—especially to the young—was to him the end and aim of his life. How he knew Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Da Vinci, and Tintoretto, as if they had been his contemporaries! What journeys in Italy had he not made to the homes and haunts of the Italian painters! "Who would know Correggio," he once said to me, "must make a pilgrimage to Parma. There only is he to be seen in his greatness. It is the height of presumption for any one to attempt to lecture on Correggio unless he has sojourned at Parma and dwelt much alone with the great painter. To know Correggio, you must be alone with Correggio. This is more to be emphasised than in the case of almost any other of the great artists, though it is true regarding any work of art."

During the whole winter of 1895 he lectured on Michael Angelo and Raphael. He had already published biographies of both that are of standard worth. He said little or nothing, therefore, regarding the details of their birth or breeding. All the necessary facts about them the student could learn from books. He plunged at once into the heart of

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the matters that were most pertinent. The picture was thrown upon the screen in the darkened room. Then up and down he paced like a shadowy soul uttering the most brilliant comments on the outstanding features of the picture. With what flashes of wit and humour he illumined his criticism! Once, as he characterised a portion of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," he pointed out a group of figures, of whom he said, "Are they not standing there as if the arch-fiend himself was a photographer and was saying to them, 'Now then, steady—just a moment and it will be all happily over. All right. That will do'?" Before he entered upon his critical discussion of Raphael's cartoon of "Paul at Mars Hill," Grimm drew a little Testament out of his pocket and read Paul's sermon on Mars Hill as a fitting introduction to his lecture. A few days after, happening to meet him on the street, I said to him, "How beautifully you can preach! That was an admirable sermon you gave your students the other day." Quick as a flash, with a twinkling eye, he answered, "Wasn't it, though?" Then, turning to me, he added, "It gives me endless regret that you were not present at my lecture this morning. I spoke about Paul, and my speech was wondrously beautiful. [Heute habe ich so wunderschön über den Paulus gesprochen.]" This was said with naïve heartiness and simplicity, and it was intensely interesting and refreshing to find that a great man was conscious that he had spoken beautifully and was too truthful to fail to give himself the credit that was

his due. "I am a religious man," he said; "I think, my good friend, that you, as a pastor, have already discerned this. I do not go to church as often as you would wish, but I believe firmly in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Our evangelical church is not so attractive to me as it might be." "What do you wish different in the service?" "I would have a much more ornate service. I have lived so much in Italy, and from a purely æsthetic standpoint have looked at the service of the Roman Catholic churches. I have an intense hatred and horror of Romanism as a religious and political system, but I should dearly love to see our Protestant churches adopt many things, and with colour and brightness appeal more to the eye of the worshipper. I long for a richer treasury of music, but I would not banish nor even diminish the number of grand old chorales and hymns for the general congregation. Through richer forms and brighter colours and the grander instrumental music, the soul would be stirred to its depths. Hence the response of the congregation especially would be greatly increased. The whole spirit and soul and body would be inspired to higher flights of spiritual expression in praising God Almighty. The sermon should be brief, but most fervid. The sermon should end with the Benediction. Then the congregation should disperse slowly in silence.

"I remember a Sunday in Assisi above all the Sundays of my life. I entered the church of St. Francis. I heard the organ music. The hand of a

master was on the keys. I seemed to recall the whole human practical and unselfish life of the saint. I was most profoundly stirred, when all at once some Popish mummery was introduced that sent a shiver of horror through my soul. I started at once for the door, went out into God's good Italian sunshine, walked up the hillside, and sat down, far from men, alone in God's great cathedral of nature, and there I could worship. With heart and soul thrilled with the beauty of earth and sky, I took out my pocket Bible and opened it at the Psalm, 'O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth. Thou hast set thy glory above the heavens.' That day marked the high tide of my worship, and I have never reached such a height of devotion since the day of which I speak."

Whilst many professors in Berlin University showed interest in their American students and favoured them in many ways, no one excelled Grimm in this regard. Not only did he rejoice to number them among his students, but he entertained them at his home, and almost always he loaded them with gifts. No one, so far as is known to me, was ever sent empty-handed away. All over America his former students cherish a portrait with his autograph or some book they preserve as a memento of his kindness. He loved to talk to me about them, and to inquire how they prospered. "Among all the pupils I have had from America, none gave greater promise than Richardson and Genung. Richardson's career I have followed, but what became of

Genung I know not." Unfortunately, I was unable to tell him.

"Do you know," said he to me one day, "that just as it is said that the Germans surpass the English in their appreciation of Shakespeare, I may really claim to be the first to show to you Americans the true greatness of Emerson. I gave lectures on Emerson long before any American dreamed of doing so. I had a long and interesting correspondence with Emerson. His daughter wrote me a most touching and minute account of his last hours. My correspondence with Emerson contains passages in his handwriting that attest my claim. He very gratefully acknowledges the services I rendered in leading the van of his devoted admirers." This correspondence was subsequently published under the editorial care of his good friend Frederick Holls of New York.

It is sad to relate that a cloud overshadowed the long years of friendship that had existed between Grimm and Holls, both of whom passed over to the majority within a few months of each other. Grimm was a most rabid sympathiser with the Boers in their struggle with Great Britain. He was so devoted to their cause that he said to me, "The day will come when all humanity shall be consumed with shame because they stood idly by and saw a brave little nation overwhelmed by a great world-power. What is our boasted civilisation worth if such things can be tolerated?" I suppose he had said something to that effect to Holls, and Holls, being of a different

opinion, gave expression to his approval of the British course of policy. That clouded the long attachment, and Grimm never wished to number among his intimate friends any one capable of upholding what he called "the great wrong of the age." Now they have both crossed the bourne whence no traveller returns, and gone to the better land where the broken friendships of earth are made whole again.

At the beginning of the session of 1896 he resolved that ladies should not be admitted to his classroom. Towards the end of the former session he had very minutely criticised and characterised the way in which Raphael had depicted the nude. Something or other that he said raised a laugh in the class. He had said nothing indelicate, yet as soon as he heard the rippling laughter, he suddenly startled us by saying, "Ladies, I forgot your presence, and I regret that I should have called attention to the less seemly parts of the human figure." Afterwards he spoke to me about the matter, and I told him that I deemed his apology to be the only matter of regret. "When ladies come to lectures on art, they must expect to see and hear just what they see and hear in your prelections. Were I in your place, Herr Professor, I would say what I have to say and act upon the old motto, *Quod dixi, dixi.*" At first he would not be convinced that this was the rule to follow. "I am an old-fashioned gentleman; truly I belong to the old school, and the presence of ladies, where I have to deal with the nude, embarrasses me. I must shut them all out." Had he who was one of the pioneers

in co-education in the University of Berlin done so, the cause would have been thrown back and suffered great harm.

At the opening of the session he refused to accede to the request of a lady who applied for admission to his class. However, in a few weeks he was persuaded by some of his dearest and oldest friends, who told him that they agreed entirely with the advice I had given. They laid great stress on the fact that I was a clergyman; and, relying on their judgment, he resolved to remove the prohibition. But now the question was, How was this to be accomplished? He had a very strong sense of justice. He had repelled three applicants, and when Miss Martin, who knew nothing of his new rule, applied, he said, " Madame, I have sent three applicants away, but I have changed my mind, and I will permit you to resume your studies with me provided you invite the three ladies I refused to admit. Tell them that I will welcome them." The names of the ladies were given to Miss Martin, who, by the help of the police department, found their addresses and sent them the professor's message. As soon as she was able to tell the professor that she had given them his invitation, he gave her a card of admission. Thus ended the crisis that threatened to end a movement for the higher education of women, of which Grimm had been so noble a champion.

In the summer of 1898, President Gates of Amherst was a visitor here and earnestly desired me to accompany him when he paid his respects to Hermann

Grimm. After we had talked of the differences between German universities and American, Grimm turned the conversation towards the Spanish-American War, which was then in progress. "I have formed my own theory about this war, and I wish you to hear me out before you tell me yours," said Grimm. "I am sure that your Southern States have fostered the outbreak of hostilities, and that just as soon as you are in the thick of the fight, they will join themselves to the Cubans, and thereby seek to get the upper hand of you and exalt Catholicism as the ruling religion. I am sure the Pope is praying and waiting for just such a result." We assured him that nothing in the last thirty years had done so much to draw North and South together, and that instead of the Southern States fostering or favouring Catholicism, in no part of the Union was there so much anti-Catholic feeling as in the Sunny South. He was greatly astonished and greatly delighted. When we took our leave, Gates said to me, "All this reminds me of the story of the three men who undertook to write an essay on the tiger. One of them journeyed to Africa on a tiger-hunting expedition; the second went daily to the zoological garden and studied the tiger in captivity; the third, who was a German professor, evolved his idea of the tiger from his inner consciousness. Such was exactly Professor Grimm's theory of our war."

Grimm was beside himself with joy when Ambassador Andrew White was sent again to Berlin. Time and again he promised to dine with us to meet

Mr. White, and as often he promised Mr. White that he would visit him; but something always came in the way and prevented the fulfilment of his promise. He was no longer a strong man. Signs of weakness and age were upon him; sorrows and loneliness had greatly enfeebled him. Therefore he was very particular in stipulating that instead of an evening dinner we should have a simple luncheon. He craved leave to select the menu, and asked that only bouillon, chicken with salad, cheese, and white wine be set before him. He must know how the light fell in the dining-room; he must have a seat with his back to the window, etc., etc.

Unfortunately, he was never able to carry out his desire, and at last he said to me, "Tell Mr. White it grieves me to my inmost soul not to be able to meet him. By and by we shall both be partakers of eternal life. I shall surely go before him, but I shall await his coming. We shall sit down together there. No more shall his beautiful soul be harassed with all manner of horrid diplomatic questions. His occupation, like Othello's, will be gone. Mine shall be forever. In that eternal beauty, after which all art has sighed in vain, we shall sit together and commune without fear of unwelcome interruptions. Tell him I look forward with unspeakable joy to that day." He was a firm believer in the future life. He spake of it as one would speak of going into another room, or of going out to meet a company of friends. Apropos of this he said to me one day, "I am utterly unlike

the old Hanoverian farmer whom Joachim met by chance upon the road. As they walked together a funeral procession passed them and something was said by the great musician of the life beyond. The old farmer took up his parable, and said in words Joachim was never weary of recalling, 'An die Unsterblichkeit glaube ich nicht. Wenn es keine Unsterblichkeit giebt, dann ärgere ich mich nicht. Wenn es aber Unsterblichkeit giebt, dann freue ich mich!' ['I do not believe in any life beyond. Then if there is no life beyond I will not fret myself for want of it. But if there is a life beyond, how I will rejoice!']" Joachim did not agree with the old farmer any more than Grimm did, but they both loved to laugh over the quaint and naïve admission of the old farmer, and his strange attitude towards the spiritual world. He was as cautious in his refusal to allow himself to be disappointed as the proverbial "canny Scot."

In the latter years of Hermann Grimm's life he was sadly broken in health, and he was a very lonely man. His wife had died five years before I knew him. He spake much of her. They had been very devotedly attached to each other. From all I learned of her from him and from those who knew her, I gathered that she was a very gifted woman, and the four volumes of her plays attest her intellectual character. She was the daughter of Achim and Bettina von Arnim. This Bettina was the heroine of Goethe's correspondence with a child. Her daughter Gisela, the wife of Hermann Grimm, had inherited a bright

intellect and a sympathetic nature. She was an unusual personage, and there was something ethereal in her character. She was a posthumous child and yet she spake always of her father as if she had seen and known him—nay, as if she was in daily converse with him. Ambassador White told me she always seemed to him as a being of another world, as though the spiritual side of her nature lorded it over everything in her that was of the earth earthy. The characters in the plays she wrote took such hold of her that she seemed to believe they were as real as the friends of her daily life. Of imagination she was so compact that she seemed to live in another world than ours. Yet she was alive to every human interest that touched the circle of her friends. When they were in trouble of any kind she entered into sympathy with them, and firmly believed that that sympathy of hers had power sufficient to drive sorrow and trouble far away. Grimm said to me concerning her, "When she took upon herself the trouble of others, it was always as though a child came with some little hurt, and you kissed the place and said, 'Now, my child, I have kissed all your pain away.'" She diffused sunshine all around her. Her presence seemed to chase each cloud of gloom, each trouble of heart away. God had given her the wonderful faculty of making others happy. She seemed to say what Mozart's music cries, "Come to me and I will make you happy: I love to make people happy."

"She died in Florence," said he to me, "and there

I buried her." "Did you not think of bringing her remains to Berlin? Do you not think that it is natural for us to wish to lie beside our own? Was it not said of old out of the depths of human nature, 'Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried'?" "No," said he, "I am not of that mind. I would not have her make the long journey. My mother died at Eisenach, and there we buried her, and none of us ever thought of disturbing her resting-place, and bringing her, as you would think was natural, to lay her here beside my father and my Uncle Jacob. I will read you what I set upon her gravestone in Florence, and you will understand.

"'Here lies, far from her German Fatherland but in God's own earth, Gisela Grimm, born in Berlin, 1827, who fell asleep in Florence, 1889. She was the daughter of Achim and Bettina von Arnim, and the life-companion of Hermann Grimm, whom she left behind.' Gladly would I lie there myself," said he, "but I would thank no one who promised to carry me thither when I die and bury me beside her. The depths of the good earth our inheritance form everywhere a common fatherland to all humanity. The earth, our mother, takes the remains to her bosom wheresoever they may be and gives them rest."

On a bright Sunday morning in June, 1901, on entering his bedroom, his sister found that during the night God had touched him, and he went home to God, to be with those whom he had loved and lost.

CHAPTER XVI

THEODORE MOMMSEN

In the month of January, 1895, I saw some one with long, gray hair carefully crossing the street from the Opera House to the University. As he was in the middle of the street he saw a Court carriage approaching. He stood in his place, and took off his hat and bowed with deep obeisance. At the carriage window we saw the sweet young face of a child. It was the little Princess Victoria, the only daughter of the Emperor and Empress. She smiled, and with pretty childish grace returned the greeting. I often wonder if she remembers the courtly homage that was paid her by that venerable and learned scholar, Theodore Mommsen, the historian of Rome. His wonderful face and features as depicted by Ludwig Knaus had made him unmistakable, and I had afterward frequent opportunities of seeing him going in and out of the royal library. He was an old man, but his name still figured in the catalogue of the University as a professor, and once a year he gave a single lecture to keep his name on the active list. When we met Mommsen it seemed to all of us who came across the sea as if we saw a being from a former age or from another world. When we were schoolboys forty years ago we had been nurtured on Mommsen's "History of Rome," hence we imagined

he belonged to a long-forgotten time. I believe I was often soundly rated and even once thrashed because I had not sufficiently studied Mommsen. My old classical master, Alexander Smith of the Kilmarnock Academy, who used every effort, moral, mental, and, as I have said, even physical, to make us scholars and gentlemen, spoke of Mommsen as one would speak of a demigod. What he did not know of ancient Rome and of old Roman times and Rome's great men, and Roman usages and Roman jurisprudence was not worth knowing. He was a walking encyclopædia of Roman history and Roman antiquities. We may well say of him that amid all the Latin scholars of the world, he was the noblest Roman of them all.

Above all things he was the scholar and student. His study was his kingdom. He became so wrapped up in his work that "he almost forgot to eat his bread." When he was pursuing some interesting subject of investigation, he would not interrupt his work to come to the table. His meal must be brought into his study and laid down in silence and many a time and oft it was found untouched. His meat and drink was to accomplish the work whereunto he had set heart and hand and brain.

Even when I came to Berlin he was an old man, and though he was as diligent as ever, the forgetfulness incident to the intensity of his studious habits and to the infirmities of age, began to show itself. One day he was seeking for a book in his library. The short winter day was already waning, and he lighted

a candle to help him to secure the book he wanted. Having found the passage he wished, he ascended the ladder to restore the volume to its accustomed place, and, taking the candle in his left hand with the book in the right, he placed the candle in the vacant space and laid the volume again upon the table. In a few minutes the candle kindled a fire among his most sacred library treasures, and it had made considerable progress and destroyed some of his most valued possessions before he perceived it.

The most amusing story that is told of his rapt forgetfulness is that of his being greatly attracted by the bright, smiling face of a little schoolgirl whom he met. "You are a nice little girl," said he, "and you seem to know me. What is your name?" "Oh, my name is Martha Mommsen." "So you are Martha Mommsen? You are my Martha? Ah, well-a-day that I should be so neglectful!"— That may be only a legend, invented by the peculiar form of Berlin wit, but it passes current in Berlin circles, and we can only say of it: if all tales are true, then that is no lie.

In October, 1901, he attained his jubilee as professor in the Berlin University. Mr. White, our ambassador, who was at Oxford receiving his D.C.L., wrote me to go as his deputy and offer his congratulations as well as my own to Mommsen. Accordingly, I sought him out in his home in Marchstrasse, Charlottenburg. I found him deeply immersed in his books, but he smiled graciously when I gave Mr. White's message, and told me that he regarded Mr.

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White as the greatest of living Americans. "I rejoice," said he, "that your country honours itself so by sending to us great scholars. We have had Bancroft and Bayard Taylor, and now Andrew D. White." I soon perceived that, unlike Virchow, he had no sense of humour. Everything was dead earnest, and it took him some minutes before he perceived the point of some humorous story. I was startled by his sudden outburst of laughter, and was greatly interested by his saying, "Oh, I see it at last!" "What is the occasion that takes Mr. White to Oxford?" "Oh," I said, "it is the anniversary celebration of the Bodleian Library, and Mr. White is to receive the degree of D.C.L." "That is peculiarly an English degree, is it not?" he said. "Yes, and you are perhaps aware that sometimes British students show no great reverence for dignities, for when Lord Beaconsfield was made D.C.L. some bright but graceless undergraduate called out, 'Desperately Clever Levite.'" When he had "caught on," as the American idiom is, he did not let go, but laughed loud and long, and so I had a pleasing half-hour with the great scholar.

Mommsen, however, it must be said, was not merely a scholar: he was a man among men. Absent-minded he was, at times, in his old age especially so.—But ever and anon he was aroused into earnest and vigorous interference in the world's affairs. He was a devoted partisan of the Boers in their ill-fated war of independence. He would not have gone so far as the man I heard answering his neighbour one night

in the Philharmonie, who had said to him, "Did you hear the news? Two thousand English soldiers were killed in yesterday's battle in Africa." "Ten thousand thanks be unto God," said the man. Mommsen would never have said that, but he held with Grimm that humanity would yet feel ashamed that no hand was outstretched to help old Paul Krüger and his men. Again, he was the President of the Goethe Society, that has for its object the advancement of art. At times the Berlin police interfere with the exhibition of some nude picture that is supposed to cause the blush of shame to come upon a modest face. At times the police, according to the ideas of the Goethe Society, are merely prudish instead of being truly modest. Against what he deemed prudery, he burst out with impetuous volcanic fury, and his language was far from suggestive of the scholarly recluse. He loved purity, he abhorred everything that was unclean, but he burned with intensest fury against the prudery that is twin-sister to obscenity and that would smother art.

In the year 1906, long after Mommsen's death, I happened to be with Dr. Althoff in the Ministry of Education, when he said to me, "Have you seen the new portrait of Mommsen that Harnack recently found?" "No," said I. "Well, we have reproduced it, and I will gladly give you a copy. It is the picture of a scholar intently bent upon his work. Harnack told me that he found it quite accidentally, and was so struck with it that he bought it. He took it up to Adolph Menzel's studio. Menzel, see-

ing a man with a picture in his hands, said very gruffly, "I buy no pictures and I examine no pictures." Suddenly he perceived that he had Harnack before him, and he changed his attitude and invited him to enter. Then he looked at the picture. "Marvellous," said he, "where did you find it?" So Harnack told him that it was the work of Hollaender, who painted one half of the year and was a musician the other half. "It is a wonderful picture," said Menzel, "what is its history?" Harnack said that Hollaender saw Mommsen at work in the Vatican Library, and sat down and made the sketch in two hours. "That just shows you," said Menzel, "how great we painters are. We walk the earth and do our work, and men do not realise nor appreciate how great we are. See," said he, "Mommsen is working with his heart and soul and with all his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. Look at that foot, how intensely it partakes of the labour of the hour! How great we painters are, and how little you all think of our greatness!"

If Hollaender had heard the panegyric Menzel pronounced over his work, we feel sure he would never have parted with it for the paltry sum of one hundred marks; and yet one hundred marks was surely a good reward for the work of two hours.

CHAPTER XVII

MARK TWAIN

VERY soon after my arrival in Berlin in 1894, I received an interesting and quaint letter from Herr Dr. Ortmann, the evangelical pastor at Ilsenburg in the Harz. My predecessor, Dr. Stuckenberg, had shown him much kindness by sending him American tourists for their summer holiday. As paying guests in his parsonage they had been financially helpful to him, and as the stipend of a German pastor in a country town is never too generous, he had come to depend on this source of revenue. The letter had a doleful wail running through it, as he feared that, with the change of pastorate, he would become forgotten and unknown. His letter was filled with a certain love of America that was at least uncommon in one who had never been beyond the borders of his own beloved Fatherland. Shortly after this he came to call upon me, and in the course of our interview he described a celebration of the Fourth of July which he had inaugurated for his American guests. He described their setting out from Ilsenburg; each one carried an American flag, and ample provision had been made for their material wants according to the never-failing custom of Germans. Nor did they omit a generous supply of fireworks that the celebration might be "echt amerikanisch."

It was a genuine Glorious Fourth, he said, and was the first American celebration held on the summit of the Brocken. Thus on this, the highest mountain peak of North Germany, the weird old associations of the Faust legends and the new ideas of the young Western World crowded upon each other. He spoke with all the enthusiasm of an American boy rejoicing in the prospect of a " glorious Fourth." Whence was this fire for the Republic of the West, that burned in his heart and glowed in the eye of the staid German pastor, kindled? " Why," said he, " we had Mark Twain and all his family with us, and they taught us how we should observe your great festival." No wonder, then, that he had received such impressions as he had, for surely it was a privilege that many might envy to have Mark Twain for a whole summer as an inmate of his home. We promised to remember him, nor did we fail to call the attention of American tourists in search of a summer holiday to the comfortable home of a pastor whose sympathies were so strongly American. In 1899 we greatly enjoyed a hurried trip to the beautiful town, and did not omit a visit to the long, low structure of the Ilsenburg pastorage. Shortly after this the good Dr. Ortmann was promoted to the office of superintendent.

We found on an examination of the embassy register in Berlin the name of Samuel L. Clemens, written in a clear and elegant hand, so different from the strong, bold, careless penmanship of the usual literary man, and utterly unlike the illegible signature

of the lawyer or clergyman. It bore the date of Nov. 5th, 1891, and the address Körnerstrasse, Berlin. Then I only knew Mark Twain from the perusal of his books, but when I became acquainted with the man I found that his clear and beautiful handwriting was eminently characteristic. Thus I learned that the idea you form of an author from the revelation of himself given in his works may be very different from the man as he is.

Mark Twain himself tells an interesting incident of his life in Berlin. For some weeks after his arrival he did not know that at ten o'clock the outer door of every apartment house in Berlin is closed and locked, and the lights on the stairways extinguished. He had come home frequently after ten, and, finding the door closed, had rung up the doorkeeper or portier, as he is called. The portier manifested a churlish disposition towards him, because he had not been told that whenever you call up the portier to admit you after hours, you are expected to pay him a small sum—from six to ten cents. On the particular evening of which Twain speaks, he had enjoyed the honour of dining at the Palace with the Emperor and Empress, and he did not reach his home till midnight. Of course the outer door was locked, and he expected to hear a strong expression of displeasure from the portier, and, as he said, to get a scolding for his untimely hours. To his astonishment the portier received him with evident joy. "You are Mark Twain," he said; "I learned this only tonight. I did not know that was not your right name,

nor that I had such an honoured guest beneath this roof. Do you know I have read all your books, but your best book is 'Huckleberry Finn.'" After this Mark Twain might have come in at any hour he pleased, but he learned thereafter to carry his latch-key. "That night at the Schloss, the Kaiser told me my best book was 'Huckleberry Finn,'" said the author. "Now when the highest in the land and an ordinary day labourer like a portier agree together that this is my best book, that is a sure proof that it is so."

During his residence Mr. Clemens was interested in the American Church, frequently attended its services, and was good enough to give a lecture, which enriched the building fund to the extent of 1257 marks and 90 pfennigs.

In the year 1900 I was fortunate enough to be present at a lecture in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York given by Winston Churchill on his experiences in South Africa. As Mr. Churchill frankly said, "his lecture derived an importance it could not otherwise have secured by the presence of Mark Twain as its chairman." The speech he made in introducing the talented young lecturer was in his usual vein, and was remarkable for his characterisation of England, which he said was mentioned in Scripture in that benediction which said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

At the close of the lecture I was presented to Mark Twain, who kindly invited me to call on him at his home in Tenth Street near Fifth Avenue. I

joyously accepted his invitation, and had the great pleasure of meeting Mrs. Clemens, that beautiful soul, whose memory was very sweetly cherished by the ladies of the Berlin Church. She rejoiced to recall the days of their residence in Berlin, and her association with the Ladies' Union of the American Church. Still more was she delighted to hear of Pastor Ortmann of Ilsenburg, and to relate many amusing incidents of their summer sojourn in his home. "When we were there," she said, "it was soon noised about, and visitors came to pay their respects to my husband. I remember in particular one afternoon a princess came to call. She could speak English very fluently, but it was English English, and did not suffice to enable her to enjoy the humour of my husband. When we would all burst out into laughter at some of his characteristic sallies, she would ask us to explain. Whilst I was fairly conversant with German, my knowledge of that language scarcely enabled me to convey the subtle significance of my husband's American idioms, and it was a curious and laughable comedy. My husband had as great difficulty in responding to her questions, for she spoke with a fluency and rapidity quite unusual. My husband said afterward: 'I have heard Phillips Brooks. He was the despair of the reporters. He could utter about three hundred words to the minute, but this princess (I think she was of the House of Wernigerode) beat the band. I am sure she rolled off a thousand words to the minute, and the ceaseless ongoing of her tongue is the nearest

thing to perpetual motion that I have as yet heard.' Nevertheless she was very amiable and gracious, and she was very good to us."

Mark Twain came home before I had finished my visit to New York, and he invited me to be his companion in his morning walks. He went out daily at half-past ten and walked up Fifth Avenue. He was a child of the pavement. He loved the haunts of men better than the quiet of the country. That life of Fifth Avenue with its endless procession of carriages and its no less endless procession of pedestrians gave him delight. As he told me, he never tired of it. It was always ever old, yet ever new—a kaleidoscopic view of metropolitan life.

I greatly enjoyed my walks and talks with him, although they were few and far between. The most interesting conversation I had with him related to church-going. "Where do you go to church in New York?" I asked him. "You greatly aided the pastor in Berlin by your attendance, and I used to say that I envied Dr. Twitchell of Hartford, because Charles Dudley Warner took up the collection in the one aisle, and you in the other." "I don't go to church any more," he said somewhat sadly, "and I will tell you why. You know my good friend Joe Twitchell. You will wonder that I speak with so little reverence and call him Joe. That indicates my love of him rather than any want of respect. Well, in the old days Joe finished his sermon about five o'clock on Saturday, and he had nothing more to do till the time of service came on Sunday. So

he came every Saturday evening to dine with us, and at nine o'clock he invariably went home. By and by the old deacons of his church became quite jealous and they began to look askance at him for his marked attachment to an old sinner like me. Accordingly they met together and agreed to go to him in a body and remonstrate with him. When they came into his study they went so far as to say that he had either to resign his pastorate or give up his Saturday evenings with such an old reprobate as Mark Twain." "What did Mr. Twitchell say?" I asked. "Say? Why, if I had been in his place I would have told them to go to the devil, but Joe is a clergyman, and very gentle, so he told them that he would consider what they had said. He came to me in great trouble and said he would give up his pastorate sooner than be dictated to as to where he would spend his Saturday evenings. I said, 'No, no, that would never do. You need your church, but your church needs you even more, and so you must abide with them and we must see less of each other. You do that, Joe, but I will never go to church again.' That's why I do not go to church as I used to."

Once as I came across the Atlantic by the Mediterranean route I had as one of my *compagnons de voyage* a gentleman from Hartford, who told me of a very amusing incident that happened in the church of Rev. Dr. Edwin P. Parker of Hartford. The Clemens family came to Dr. Parker's church on this particular Sunday as visitors, and were shown into a pew close to the pulpit. When

the time for receiving the offering came, Mr. Clemens rummaged through all his pockets, and finding that he had left his purse at home, looked to Mrs. Clemens, who signalled to him that she also had neglected to make provision for the offering. During all this searching of pockets the usher quietly waited, till, at length discovering that he had nothing to give, Mark said in an audible whisper that was heard all over the church: "Just charge it—charge it up, my boy." A ripple of laughter overspread the whole assembly. The pastor himself buried his face in his hands, and several minutes elapsed before he could safely arise to receive the offering and pronounce the prayer of consecration.

I had the great pleasure, on a recent occasion, of causing the great humourist to laugh most heartily. Some of the Americans I had sent to Ilsenburg as paying guests at Dr. Ortmann's parsonage informed me that prices had risen very greatly, and that it was because Mark Twain had stayed there. So I said: "Mr. Clemens, do you know that you have done a great injury to your fellow-countrymen in Berlin?" "I?" said he, "I never did anything to my compatriots abroad so far as I know." "Didn't you, though?" said I. "Just listen. You lived a summer with Pastor Ortmann at Ilsenburg?" "Yes," said he. "You paid three Marks a day?" "Yes," said he, "I believe we did." "Now," said I, "he will take no one for less than five Marks a day, and when any one asks why his prices are raised he says, 'Oh! Mark Twain stopped here.' Now, if that

is not injuring your fellow-countrymen, I do not know what you call injury. Here every one must pay to Dr. Ortmann Mark Twain a day more because Mark Twain stayed there. I think my point is made." He laughed so loud and long that it was evident he could enjoy the humour of others as well as his own.

In May, 1908, the last time I met him, he was taking his walk on Fifth Avenue as heretofore, clad in his white flannel suit. He had as his companion a sweet young maiden of perhaps thirteen summers, whom he introduced to me as the daughter of his biographer, Mr. Bigelow Paine. It was a very pretty sight to see, and left the sweet impression of a heart that, in spite of his seventy years, had never learned to grow old.

CHAPTER XVIII

FRAU META HEMPEL

FRAU DR. HEMPEL was a great woman. The doctor's title she bore was not merely the complimentary prefix added to her name because she was the wife of one who had earned the degree. The degree she herself had won. Moreover, she had genius—the genius which lent itself to instruction in no ordinary degree. Of all the teachers of German in Berlin, no man nor woman could be named beside her. She was in a class all her own. She was indeed easily first, and the rest, in comparison, were nowhere. It was my good fortune to learn to know her very early in my Berlin experience; our friendship became even closer and more intimate until death bereft us of her presence, and my lips were privileged to pronounce her funeral oration. She was a striking personality. She had the strong intellect of a man, and an aptness to teach that was remarkable. Thousands of American students have sat at her feet, and been inspired with enthusiasm for the German language. She could speak our English tongue with perfect fluency and without the least perceptible accent. Nor did she confine herself to any mere section of German literature. She knew German literature as few could know it, and she was as learned in our English literature as any of our professors

could be. Of course she was a strong character, and like all strong characters she had many angles; gripping her friends to her with bands of triple steel, many were repelled by her. This is but natural, and in harmony with the English dictum: He never made a friend, who never made a foe.

She was a Berliner, and she had all the strong characteristics of a native of Berlin. She was proud of her native city—and proud of its history. She knew its past as well as she knew its present. She could make its ancient days, its famous æsthetic tea-parties, its famous salons, its famous wits and exquisite dames pass before you as if you yourself were partakers of the stormy, varied life of the early days of the century. You heard the echoes of *bon mots* uttered by lips that had long been silent, and you could see the faces of those who belonged to a long forgotten time. As she spoke you could fancy yourself in the Berlin of Frederick William the Third —you went down to the Opera House and made application for a ticket to theatre and opera, and on inquiry being made as to your respectability, you were granted your ticket without money and without price. You could hear the tête-à-tête of that famous preacher Schleiermacher with that wondrous being Henriette Herz, and, as the little half-hunchbacked man parted with his friend, you could see her place the little lantern in his button-hole that he might see to find his way homewards through the unlighted streets of what was then little more than a provincial village.

FRAU DR. HEMPEL

In October, 1903, Frau Dr. Hempel wrote me a letter in answer to an inquiry of mine with regard to the best modern German novels for an American lady to read:

RESPECTED PASTOR:—The recognised classical romances of the period immediately preceding the present one are:—

By Freytag: "Soll und Haben [Debit and Credit]," "Die Verlorene Handschrift [The Lost Manuscript]." By Victor von Scheffel: "Ekkehard." If the lady does not already know these she should at least read one of the three. I like "The Lost Manuscript" best.

There is a very superior novel by Louise von François, "The Last Lady of Reckenburg." It appeared in 1871, and therefore is not of the latest school; still it is one of the very best we have.

Paul Heyse is well known, his novels (short stories) are better than his long romances, and his earlier novels are better than his more recent ones.

Of newer authors: Wildenbruch, with a very good tale, "Sister Souls" (very interesting, and well worth possessing, though not exactly classical), and Adolf Wilbrandt, with a wondrously beautiful story, "Hildegard Mahlmann" (not classically finished, but so full of beauty).

Then I would advise her to buy something of Marie Ebner-Eschenbach. She has written several novels, not great romances: Village and Castle Stories, or Three Novels (short stories), "Overberg," "The Rival," "The Begging Letters," or "The Pernicious [Hurtful]," "The Lyke Wake."

Gottfried Keller is now recognised as a classical writer of the highest rank, but not every one understands or likes

him. The novel, "The Village Romeo and Juliet," is a masterpiece.

Rosegger with his Tyrolese Village Tales, "The Forest Schoolmaster," "The Forest Home," "Heidepeter's Gabriel."

The very latest romance: By Helen Böhlau, "The Signal Station," is a masterpiece, but must be thoroughly understood, otherwise . . . Theodore Fontane has also written wonderful works: "Errors and Tangles," "Effie Briest." These should not, however, be read by those who only half comprehend them. When people say "I understand the sense, but not every word," then it is better to leave Fontane alone.

A very good romance, interesting and thoroughly worth the reading, is by Ossip Schubin, "Asbein." We have delightful short stories by Theodore Storm and by H. Seidel.

It is very difficult, my dear Pastor, to give definite advice when one does not know the personality, the intellectual tastes, the mental development, and how much knowledge of the German language is possessed. Fontane, Böhlau, etc., are not for everybody.

Frenssen's widely read "Jörn Uhl" shows great talent, has much that is beautiful, but a classically finished work it is not to be called. With my best compliments, yours,

META HEMPEL.

Through the kindness of her daughter I have been allowed to look over the notes of her lecture on Old Berlin, and I take leave to reproduce them here, being assured that they will recall to those who were privileged to hear her, the gestures, the humorous glances with which she emphasised some of her stories, and the remarkable shrugging of her shoulders and old-fashioned courtesies with which she

lighted up and illustrated her topic. The reader must remember that this is little more than a bare skeleton outline, which she filled up with the breath of her genius, so that Old Berlin lived and moved and had its being before your eyes.

CHAPTER XIX

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE ON OLD BERLIN BY FRAU META HEMPEL

OLD BERLIN—narrow, harmless, light-hearted, witty, without any sense of grave responsibilities or world-wide plans—which could be stirred to its very depths by the sudden trial of a public singer or some bit of stage scandal—is no more. "Berlin has become a metropolis," is repeated everywhere in a tone of pride, followed generally by a sigh, and "there are hardly any Berliners left in Berlin."

When we talk of Old Berlin we mean simply the Berlin of Frederick William III. Perhaps you will allow me to say a few words about him. You know that he began his reign in 1797, after having in 1793 married the beautiful Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died in 1810. The King survived her thirty years and died in 1840. He was essentially a narrow character, not great enough for the great historical period through which he passed, but which he never comprehended. He was a man who had an instinctive aversion for everything that was uncommon. Genius was something he could neither understand nor appreciate. Good honest mediocrity—that was his sphere; therefore he was a good husband and a good father. He wrought hard and most conscientiously for the good of his people, and he

earned and retained their loyal love in spite of many harsh and cruel measures, which, if he did not originate, he at least sanctioned.

Of course, I cannot speak of the great events of the times—the Napoleonic wars, the war for liberty, and all the deeds of bravery and the outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm that accompanied them; but I will say a few words, if you will allow me, of the social and political aspects of things before and after the wars. Of political life, as we understand it, there was none. The King reigned absolute, he and his ministers framed the laws, his officials carried out faithfully and conscientiously the orders issued, and the people (the *Volk*) were blind, dumb creatures, who had to be led. May I remind you of the famous proclamation after the battle of Jena, in 1806, where, fighting against Napoleon, thousands of strong men shed their blood for their country? "The King has lost a battle. Now a citizen's first duty is to be quiet."

It will sound very strange to American ears to hear that Old Berlin possessed only two newspapers, to which a few years afterwards a third was added, and these newspapers had very little to say of politics. Gossip, criticism of actors and actresses, or of some new book—that was all. To be sure the war for liberty did rouse the nation. For the first time the *Volk* did help to make history, and actively to shape the destiny of their country. When the war was over they were ready to go on in the same way. Full of good will, loyalty, and patriotic en-

thusiasm, they thought they would at least learn to govern themselves—learn to be no longer what Schiller called "the eternal blind." But this was just what the King could not understand. He meant them to go back to their obscure, narrow lives, although he had promised them a constitutional government. In this he was strengthened and supported by his counsellors and especially by the Austrian Minister Metternich. So it came to pass that the period immediately succeeding the *Freiheitskrieg* was the era of our deepest political abasement, when we were dominated by Austria.

There was in Germany—chiefly among the professors of the universities and the students, and, I may say, including all the educated classes—a patriotic movement, or rather the enthusiastic dream (*Schwärmerei,* as we Germans say) of a united Germany. Speeches were made, songs were sung, very ideal and inspiring, and very unpolitical. The government unfortunately chose to suspect a widespread conspiracy against all monarchical rule, and began the extreme measures against every demonstration of political opinion which we comprise under the name of "Demagogenverfolgung." Men like Arndt, who had inspired the nation with his patriotic songs, were deprived of their offices. Hundreds of young students were sent to prison, sometimes for many years. Ludwig Jahn was taken from the deathbed of his child and sent to prison in chains. Jahn, you know, was Turnvater Jahn—one of the truest patriots we ever had. He had filled the souls of the

youth of Berlin with love and enthusiasm for their King and their country, and with an undying hatred of Napoleon and everything French. He had drilled them and trained their bodies to endure hardships and privation. You know it was he who introduced gymnastics—*Turnen,* as he called it. He would have scorned to use any but German words, so German was he.

Although these measures were condemned, and many a sharp word was dropped against them in secret, the Berliners blamed the ministers more than the King. If the King did not allow them to mingle in politics, they tried to make themselves happy without them, and took refuge in art and literature. In this region of culture, we must say, Berlin stood high. The new university flourished. Men like the two brothers Humboldt, the philosophers Hegel and Schleiermacher succeeded in making the students work. The professors often delivered popular lectures, and soon every educated man and woman took an interest in everything that went on in the scientific world.

Fine arts, too, were cultivated. Schinkel, the great architect, who built the Opera House, the Guard House, and the Museums, had influence extending even to the private buildings. Schadow, Rauch, and Tieck—the sculptors—were adorning our bridges and streets with the statues of Blücher and Scharnhorst.

Music also had a large place in the heart of Old Berlin. Opera reigned supreme. With what gladness

Spontini triumphed! Then came Weber's "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe." Zelter, Goethe's friend, founded and directed the Sing-Akademie. Every one learned to play the piano. Thank God, there was some good music again!

Dramatic art was specially patronised, and the theatres flourished. The royal theatre, under the King's patronage, took high rank. The King chose the pieces to be played. He knew the actors and actresses. In his support of the theatre, he was very economical. Often long negotiations were necessary before an actress could have a new costume. A simple style of living, of which the King gave an excellent example, was the order of the day. Although many were rich and lived in luxury, yet there was a marked improvement in comparison with the great extravagance under Frederick William II. Of course the whole nation was poor. The wars had ruined many a family. The citizens wrought hard and took their pleasures simply.

In Old Berlin money was scarce and the people adapted themselves to the hard times. The pleasures of the citizens consisted in walking on Sunday in the green fields, or through the Thiergarten. Family by family they enjoyed themselves in this simple way. The parents were accompanied by all their children down to the baby, whom papa carried in his arms or drew along in a little wagon. The men smoked long pipes over a yard long. They would adjourn to a tavern or *Lokal* where *Weisses* [Berlin's favourite beverage, white beer] was handed round to serve

the whole family, or they regaled themselves with unnumbered cups of coffee.

In Old Berlin the officials formed a coterie by themselves. Many of them were in straitened circumstances, yet they were obliged to keep up appearances and to give two or three big parties or æsthetic tea-evenings. Quite separate from these were the Court and the nobles. Only artists and learned men of high reputation formed a link of connection between these different orders of society and were welcome everywhere. Some of their houses became centres of intellectual life, and Berlin began to have what it did not have before or after, what the French call *salons*. The most famous of these were presided over by three ladies: Rahel Levin, 1771-1833; Henriette Herz, 1764-1847; and Bettina Brentano.

Rahel Levin married Varnhagen von Ense in 1814, he being fourteen years her junior. In 1816 he was made ambassador to Carlsruhe. In 1819 they came back to Berlin and took up their residence in the Französischestrasse, No. 20. Rahel was short of stature, and rather stout; she wore fluttering ringlets, dressed negligently, but had wonderful dark blue eyes. Her quick birdlike motions set her apart; also her manner of constantly playing with her eyeglasses. She was kind, helpful, nervous, eccentric, enthusiastic for everything good and beautiful. She had a heart full of love, and of longing to be loved. She was the confidante in many a love affair.

Her salon gathered together all the celebrated

people, among them Prince Louis Ferdinand, whom she is said to have loved passionately, the brothers Schlegel, and many others. Her conversation was brilliant and interesting, original, witty, sparkling, and bristling with fireworks. She was often paradoxical, but above all enthusiastic. Men raved over her as an angel, with surpassing heavenly beauty. She was possessed of stupendous power of entrancing them of which she was conscious, for she said: "I am the human magnet; all the human atoms fly to me." She had not only the courage to be original, but felt the obligation. When she sat at the head of her tea-table, everybody listened. She was devoted to the King and was fond of telling stories about him.

Alexander von Humboldt was often in her salon. He used to come and utter a few witty words. He was quite the courtier. We must admit he did not really like Berlin. He preferred Paris, and often complained that life here was tedious, flat, and humdrum.

Henriette Herz, 1764-1847, was beautiful, statuesque, with wonderful eyes, and a restful, gentle manner. She spoke little, but what she said was clear, mature, intellectual, well thought out. Schleiermacher, the celebrated theologian, was her friend, though not her lover. He married another, but Henriette was his friend and daily confidante. Every day he went to her house in the Thiergarten and back along Unter-den-Linden with a little lantern dangling from the button of his great-coat. The Berliners laughed when they saw the beautiful, stately woman

walking with the little deformed man. When her husband, Hofrat Herz, died, she educated young girls, and later had a pension from Frederick William IV.

L. Börne was madly in love with her. Dohna would have married her. In a word, the world was at her feet.

Bettina Brentano was much more like Rahel. She was a lively, eccentric will-o'-the-wisp. She had a heart full of love, adoring Goethe. She went to visit him after having been in correspondence with him. In Frankfort she had, as a child, paid a daily visit to Goethe's mother and heard all the stories of his childhood. She repeated them to Goethe and thus became a very important help to his "Dichtung und Wahrheit." There was no love affair between them. Goethe greatly appreciated her brilliancy, her intellectual freshness, but she offended Goethe's wife, after which Goethe never received her again. In 1811 she married Achim von Arnim, the friend of her brother. After her husband's death in 1835, her literary activity urged her to publish her books.

Professor Grimm calls her a victorious nature, never repining, never looking back, always forward, living in the present and striving on. Kind and helpful, she brought out what was good and great in every one—and seemed to raise every one to a higher sphere.

Another hospitable house was that of the rich Jewish banker Beer, with his three sons: Michail Beer, the author; Meyer Beer, the composer; and William Beer, the astronomer.

CHAPTER XX

THE SALONS OF OLD BERLIN

THE city of Berlin, which has now upwards of two million inhabitants, had, at the accession of Frederick the Great, only 90,000. At the close of his reign it had risen to 160,000. It was a walled town with twelve gates.

It was then a very comfortable place to live in, and was characterised by great simplicity of manners. The spirit of caste was, however, very strongly marked. The Court circles were as exclusive as if they, like the city itself, were surrounded by strong walls. The official classes formed another circle; the learned, another; yet there was hardly anything that could be called intellectual society, and certainly as yet nothing that could for a moment be named in the same breath with the salons of Paris. Jews were scarcely tolerated. There were only two gates at which they might go out and in. They had as yet no civil rights, and were subjected to many grievous restrictions and financial burdens. It is true that Frederick the Great, whose indifference to all religions rendered him tolerant to all, lightened their burdens, yet even under his régime their condition was far from endurable. They could not dwell in a corner house. They were forced to purchase the wild boars killed at the royal hunt. On their marriage they were com-

pelled to buy a certain amount of porcelain from the newly established royal porcelain manufactory, nor were they allowed to choose the articles of porcelain, and so Moses Mendelssohn received twenty porcelain monkeys of life size, some of which remain in the possession of the Mendelssohn family to this day.

Nearly every trade was shut against them. No Jew could open a dry goods store or a grocery. No Jew could engage in any manufactory. They were only allowed to deal in old clothes, to peddle small wares, and to lend money on usury. No profession was open to them except the practice of medicine, in which many of them became very eminent.

They were shut out from society, from all offices of state, and could exert no influence. Mockery and insult could be heaped on them publicly, and yet they had no redress. Despised and tormented, they clave to their own language, to their own traditions, and to their religion. Their rabbis frowned upon all modern enlightenment, and forbade every trace of culture. Every departure from their accustomed paths, moral or immoral, they stamped as sacrilege. To learn German, to speak German, or to read a German book was heresy.

Such was the condition of things when Moses Mendelssohn, who was born at Dessau in 1729, came at the age of fourteen to Berlin. He entered by the Rosenthaler Gate, the only gate through which a Jew could pass. He was poor as poverty itself. Twice a week he had dinner at the house of Rabbi Frankel, whom he had followed from Dessau. For the rest

of the week he had only bread, and each day's allowance was measured out and marked. Should he overstep the boundary line of his day's allowance, a day's hunger must inevitably follow. In this poverty-stricken Jew their dwelt a powerful intellect, a daring and courageous heart, an indomitable will, and a heroic soul. Neither the scorn of the Gentile nor the anathema of the synagogue could daunt his spirit. He was destined to be, like the great lawgiver whose name he bore, an innovator, a pathfinder, and one of the greatest benefactors of his race.

First of all he broke through the trammels of his narrow surroundings by learning German. In 1750 he became tutor in the family of Bernhard, a dealer in silk. Later he acted for years as bookkeeper, by and by attained to the dignity of partner, and finally founded the great banking house known the world over.

He laboured for the establishment of a Jewish school where German was the language employed in all the instruction. Then he translated the Pentateuch into German, with Hebrew annotations. He encouraged the study of philosophy among all the Hebrew youths he could influence. He devoted his leisure hours to the prosecution of literary work, and that with such success that he obtained in 1763 the prize for an essay on Evidence in Speculative Science in a competition in which no less a personage than Immanuel Kant had taken part. He formed a warm friendship with Lessing, and it is well known that he is the original of Nathan the Wise in Lessing's

MOSES MENDELSSOHN

famous drama, which itself marks a new milestone in human progress. It is the first work in which a Hebrew is shown in a favourable light.

Moses Mendelssohn, however, rendered even greater services, not only to his compatriots, but to Berlin, to Prussia, and to the world in general, by his efforts for the higher education of women. To give practical effect to his views, he started a reading circle in his own home. The Jewesses were very eager to second his undertaking, and they were enthusiastic in the study of belles-lettres. At first dramatic works were read, and afterwards even plays were given in the houses of the rich Jews. Little Henriette Herz, of whom we may have much to say later on, first saw a play in the home of a Jewish household when she was nine years of age. The new German literature springing into life created fresh enthusiasm. Then French came into vogue. It was the universal language of the polite world. The daughters of Jewry had other grounds for their study of that language. It enabled them to converse with the Court cavaliers and the handsome officers who sought, by their attention to the daughters, to repay the loans they had borrowed from their fathers; nay more, French was studied because it opened the new French literature, and the freer ideals of the French romantic school found a congenial soil in the hearts of the Hebrew damsels. "We were all," says one, "consumed with a desire to be heroines of romance." Above all others in this romantic sentimental school stood the gifted Dorothea Mendels-

sohn. In knowledge and intellectual power she overtopped them all.

The knowledge of Italian also became the fashion, and the culture of Berlin Jewish women was thereby greatly heightened.

The home of Moses Mendelssohn had by this time become widely known. No foreigner of distinction came to Berlin without presenting himself to this Hebrew who had come in such poverty within its walls. Courtiers, diplomats, scholars thronged his salons. He had risen to such eminence as no member of his race had hitherto attained, and all this by the power of his great and striking personality. His bodily presence afforded him no advantage. He was short and stout, with one shoulder higher than the other, and in conversation he stammered, but the clever intellectual head compensated for everything. "Bodily comeliness," he was once heard to say, "is a letter commendatory in intercourse with men, but it is no more than that." But Mendelssohn's mild ways and power of making and keeping friends were most remarkable. He was happily married with Fromut Guggenheim, who survived him many years. Surrounded as he was with love, honour, troops of friends, it was rarely that any rudeness was offered to him. On one occasion, however, it is related that an empty-headed young lieutenant insolently said to him, "With what do you trade?" to which, quick as a flash, came the answer, "With what, it seems, you greatly need. With brains, sir."

A story similar to this was current in Berlin in

the days when the late Emperor Frederick was Crown Prince. He was standing by at a Court function when an officer accosted the daughter of a rich merchant, and, in a supercilious tone, asked her in a loud voice, "With what does your father trade?" She answered, "With brains, sir," on hearing which Crown Prince Frederick drew near to her and said, "And I am glad to find that his daughter has inherited the same."

Mendelssohn's religious standpoint may be defined best in his own words. "There is," he said, "let the religion be what it will, but one God, one ethics, one truth, and one felicity."

As we have said, he was a pathfinder, an innovator, and a reformer. Therefore the sound of angry voices, malignant with envy and jealousy, stormed round about him. One of his daughters wrote of him, "My father lived firmly according to the law of his creed, but had the mildness and charity of Christianity in his heart, and was tolerant towards all who acted differently in this regard." The madness of theological controversy howled at him and hounded him. His fate was the fate of the innovator, and that mild heart of his, like Melanchthon's, was pierced and wounded. Burdened with the misrepresentations to which he was subjected, sighing for release from the fury of controversy, he sickened and died on the 4th of January, 1786, and thus he passed to

Where beyond their voices there is peace.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SALON OF HENRIETTE HERZ

WHEN Moses Mendelssohn founded his reading circles, Henriette Herz was one of the earliest and heartiest of his supporters. She was the daughter of Dr. Lamos, a Portuguese Jew who had sought refuge in Berlin, and she was born here on September 5, 1764, and here she died full of years and honours on the 22d of October, 1847.

She must have been beautiful even in her childhood, for she remembers that at an entertainment given for a benevolent object in the house of a rich Berliner she was singled out for presentation to the sister of Frederick the Great. Moreover, even in her early years she must have united great self-possession with force of character most unusual in a child. The Jewish Consistory, hearing of the dramatic readings and representations in Hebrew circles, had issued an edict of anathema against them. Henriette had been chosen to fill some little rôle, and the dress she was to wear for the occasion was already prepared. The little maiden looked forward with no slight interest to this début of hers. She herself confesses that she had acquired no small degree of vanity from the attentions she had received, and from her anticipated triumph. When the Jewish ban was issued against these private stage plays, it seemed

as if nothing were left but submission. Even Moses Mendelssohn and his associates did not seem to have courage enough to stem the tide of opposition. To the little maid was reserved the task "of bearding the lion in his den, the rabbis in their hall." Without consulting any one, Henriette entered the place where the Jewish Consistory was in session. With a daring heart she stepped close up to the railing that enclosed the learned Doctors of the Law. Noticing the intrusion of the child, one came to the rail to question her. "What do you wish here, little daughter?" "I came," said she, "to say that I thought grave and reverend doctors had more important matters to attend to than to interfere in the plays of children." It was a bold word, and therefore a successful word. The interdict was removed, and a little child had accomplished what those of riper years were too fearful to attempt. We can well picture to ourselves the scene, for does it not, in a far-off way, remind us of that wondrous Child who astonished the doctors by His questions and answers?

In Jewish households the will of the father was law. No member of the family dreamed of questioning his authority, much less of resisting. He was the despotic chieftain, patriarch, and priest in one. Hence the choice of a calling for a son, or the disposal of a daughter's hand in marriage, rested with him alone. The son was placed in a banking or business house, and the daughter was duly informed that on such a day she should be betrothed to such an one; and all this without the slightest consideration

as to the liking or disliking of the young people for each other. The parents had so arranged for the best interests of their children. What more could be done, what more could be said? The decision was made. There could be no appeal. The commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," was interpreted in its widest sweep. The day had not dawned in modern Jewry when joy was duty and love was law.

According, therefore, to the traditions of her race, Henriette was betrothed in her fourteenth year to Court Councillor Dr. Herz, and the marriage took place on the 1st December, 1779. Her husband was a man twice her age, a celebrated physician of high intellectual qualities and of noble character. Four and twenty years of wedded life were granted them, and they were by no means unhappy years. The heart of her husband trusted her always, and she had unbounded respect and sincere attachment for him. She had a warm heart that longed for love and for the outward demonstration of love. When, however, she sought to shower caresses upon him, he repelled them and called them childish. Accordingly the feelings between them never ripened into the love of which she was capable. She said it was not the true marriage of souls that loved each other with a deathless love, but it was a beautiful relationship notwithstanding.

She had already attained to so high a stature that she greatly exceeded the average height of her sex. Among the ladies of Berlin, Queen Louise alone

HENRIETTE HERZ

excelled her in this regard. Even to old age she was well proportioned and had a most agreeable figure. Did she, at the first glance, give you an overpowering idea of great stature, so that in Berlin the people called her "the Tragic Muse," a closer look at her face revealed to you a type of the purest and mildest womanly beauty. Seldom has nature produced a profile which, in such measure as hers, so nearly approached the highest beauty of Greek art. The straight lines in which the nose set itself towards her chin were classic and noticeable even down to old age. Not less astonishing was the pure oval of her face. The little mouth with its row of teeth like pearls, shut in by the full and finely chiselled lips, had its loveliness enhanced by the charm of her smile. The glance of her dark eyes, arched by lovely black eyebrows, lighted up her face in mild radiance, which was increased by the delicacy of her colouring, and made more effective again by great masses of raven hair. What ladies condemned, viz., that the head was small in relation to other parts of her body, artists praised as being in wondrous agreement with the canonical proportions of the classical era of Greek sculpture. She was indeed the touchstone of womanly grace and beauty. Nor was she at all unconscious of her charms.

Whilst she was in the very flower of her marvellous beauty, she heard that a certain Russian count and countess had arrived at one of the hotels. Men and women alike raved about the beauty of the countess, who was a Circassian. Henriette, who tells us she

was by no means void of vanity, was very eager to see this beauty over whose fame the whole city was so greatly excited. She gave herself the satisfaction of visiting the beautiful stranger, with whose loveliness she was so enamoured that she said, "If I had been Paris, I would have given to the beautiful Countess the golden apple."

The natural consequences of her great beauty appeared in the multitude of young men, and sometimes of men by no means young, who fell deeply in love with her. In a section of her youthful reminiscences she alludes with great fineness of feeling and with unusual frankness to her experiences. This passage bears the date 1st December, 1817: "What a significant day for me. My marriage day. God has always shown great favour to me. My life, on the whole, has been a happy one, and I would not even forego the pain which the love of many men, love of every kind, occasioned me. My life has been rich in many blessings which this day brought to me. Genuine fear of God may have been late in awakening in me, but, thanks be to God, it has truly come. Immorally I have never lived, even when youth might have caused me to slip. Tender and true have I ever been. The love of my fellowmen was always much to me; now youth and beauty have fled, the liveliness of my spirit is subdued; now that the world no more crowds round me, I feel doubly that I cannot be happy without this love. Often, indeed, faith in God, reliance on Him, is of more value to me than all that mankind can yield me. Immedi-

ately, however, the longing for love becomes mighty within me, I long for those upon whom I can lean with the utmost confidence."

Speaking of one of the many who, in her early married life, sought passionately to make love to her, she writes, "His feeling for me had never risen to passion had I been more reserved. Never can such a relation between a man and a woman, least of all that which one can call paying court, take place unless the woman allows it in some degree, or allows that to occur which she should not permit. No matter in how delicate, intellectual a manner a man makes approach to a woman, she has it in her own power to keep him from her. If he sees a truly earnest intention, he will keep a respectful distance. The rising inclination will be nipped in the bud, yea, even glowing flames of passion will be smothered. In this confession I have pronounced sentence upon myself. My vanity alone was to blame that so many men of all sorts and conditions made love to me, yea, were inflamed with strong passions towards me."

First of all came an old Scotsman whom her husband engaged to teach her English. An old Scotsman in Berlin! Had he been out in the rebellion of 1745, or had he followed the Keiths as secretary, and perhaps one day, with the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum,* had suddenly grown choleric towards the Marshal and left his service? Or was he left stranded and almost penniless on the death of James, Marshal Keith, or was he merely touched with that wandering spirit that drives so many Scots

out of Scotland? Be his story what it may, he was seeking to earn his bread by giving English lessons, and fortune suddenly smiles on him, and he is installed in the house of Hofrat Herz as teacher of English to the young and beautiful Henriette. The beauty of the fair young Jewess beguiles him, and in an evil hour he seeks to betray his trust and make love to the young wife. Alas, his good fortune goes flying, and he is left lamenting his folly.

Then there comes on the scene one Ewart, an attaché of the British embassy who afterwards rose to a distinguished position in the diplomatic service of his country. He came morning, noon, and night. He was so completely distracted that one day he forgot himself so far as to kneel before her just as her husband came upon the scene, and the tragi-comedy naturally took end.

Again Mirabeau comes into her life, introduced to her by her own husband. The impressions he left upon her were so vivid that she writes, long years after his death, "Mirabeau's countenance floats plainly before my eyes, although so many years have passed since I saw him. For it was hard to forget, even when you had seen him but once; although, on the other hand, it struck you anew because of his great and singular ugliness. His pockmarks were the least part of his deformities, although his whole countenance was entirely furrowed by them; moreover, every part of his face was drawn out in a colossal way in breadth. The broadest nose, the widest mouth you could imagine, with the thickest, puffiest

lips. At the time of his residence in Berlin he was nearing his fortieth year, and if his whole appearance betokened great, yea, even remarkable strength, the debaucheries of his youth had also left their marks upon his countenance.

" But you forgot everything when he spoke. For he spoke with such charm as I have heard in none other, and never has such an elegance of speech in moments of passion (and he fell into these on the most trivial pretext) come under my notice. Unfortunately I can remember nothing of the matter of his conversation with me, because it was his whole appearance that engrossed my attention. But I know that when he some years later proved himself one of the greatest heroes of the French Revolution, nothing that one read or heard concerning the powerful influence of his orations created the least astonishment. Furthermore, he enjoyed, even at the time of his residence in Berlin, a significant reputation. He had caused himself, both for good and evil, to be much discussed. It was known also that all the women he sought to win he had been able to win for himself, his own wedded wife alone excepted. It says much for the confidence my husband reposed in me that he introduced me, young and beautiful as I was, to this dangerous man. For he it was who did it. A Baron Nolde of Courland had presented him to Dr. Herz. Because my husband spoke French with such difficulty, he turned him over to me." So she passed through the fierce fires of temptation without the least trace of fire upon her garments.

For with all her vanity, she was a high-minded and noble woman.

In 1794 began that remarkable platonic friendship with Schleiermacher which endured through the long period of forty years. He was introduced to Hofrat Herz and Henriette in 1794 by Count Alexander Dohna, the same who in the early days of her widowhood, pleaded, but all in vain, for her hand. Two years went by before the friendship passed the stage of mere acquaintanceship. In 1796 Schleiermacher became preacher at the Charité, the great hospital of Berlin. It then stood almost in the country, and the way to his residence led through unpaved streets. He came every evening to visit them in their residence in Neue Friedrichstrasse, near the Königstrasse. On winter evenings his way to his home was full of difficulties—some of the streets were void of lights—and so Hofrat Herz had a little lamp made that fastened to one of his buttonholes with a hook, and thus his way home was facilitated for him.

He was then in his twenty-seventh year and in the formative period of his ministerial life. It was an age of rationalism. The "Wolfenbüttel Fragments" had exerted a mighty influence, and Christianity and culture appeared to be separated from each other by an impassable gulf. It was what is called the era of enlightenment. The romantic school of literature was in the zenith of its fame. The reading circles instituted by Moses Mendelssohn had been influential in producing a circle of highly cultivated and learned Jewesses, round whom the whole roman-

tic school revolved. The Christians who attached themselves to these circles were, as both Henriette and Rahel tell us, in reality deists. Schleiermacher was a young clergyman with dormant powers, of which as yet he hardly dreamed. It was a great advantage not only to him but to all Christendom that he was received into this circle, where his intellectual powers obtained the wonderful stimulus they needed. The learning of Hofrat Herz delighted him, but he was still more influenced by Henriette. Mistress of many languages, her mental faculties were almost as great as her beauty was fascinating. The relationship between them was of a purely platonic character, and though they spoke in the most unrestrained manner and unfolded to each other the innermost workings of their souls, no thought of love intruded. In the frankest manner in the early days of Henriette's widowhood she said to him, "I could never be your wife."—"And I," said Schleiermacher, "could never be your husband." This was the more remarkable, because Schleiermacher had a great susceptibility to the tender passion. He had almost wrecked his ministerial usefulness by falling deeply in love with Eleanore Grimm, the wife of a Berlin clergyman. Now his friendship with Henriette Herz, his daily walks with her in public, and his daily correspondence with her when he was absent from the city, gave rise to grave anxieties in religious circles. The Berliner's wit, which, though good-natured, has always something caustic in it, gratified itself in caricatures of the tall, beautiful

"Tragic Muse," and the diminutive, thin, and almost deformed young preacher. The folding parasol had but lately came into fashion, and she was represented as being hinged like the handle of the parasol and thus able to bend over to converse with the dwarfish preacher. Or again, she carried a transparent hand satchel in which you could see Schleiermacher. None laughed more heartily over the caricatures than they did. Thus their conduct, though bold, yet innocent, was, to say the least, imprudent, and we would say that surely the pastor forgot that warning word, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Moreover, some of the passages in his letters relate to matters which we should judge to verge on the indelicate. We must, however, remember that plainer speaking on such matters was more the custom a century ago than it is today. If we should call such passages immodest, I fear that that pure matron Henriette, should she return to earth and hear our accusation against Schleiermacher, would be inclined to call us prudish.

We can see how Schleiermacher responded to Henriette's stimulating power in a letter he writes from Stolpe, where he acted as Court preacher. "Ah, my dear, be good to me and write constantly," he says. "That only can preserve my life, which cannot prosper in solitude. Verily, I am the most dependent and least able to stand alone of all creatures upon the earth. I doubt often whether I am truly a person. I stretch out all my roots and leaves after love. I must possess it continually, and rarely can I taste it in full measure. At such times I am both dry and

withered. Such is my inmost nature. There is no other substitute for it, and I want none."

When she wrote to him that she was of no use in the world, he answered, " Truly there is no greater instrument of influence than the soul. Do not you exercise an influence thus? O, thou fruitful, thou most influential, a true Ceres art thou for our innermost nature, and thou dost exert such power as thou canst not measure on all activity in the outer world, which is the only region after all where man loses himself in his work."

There is little doubt that Henriette Herz was greatly helpful to Schleiermacher in a twofold manner. Her noble womanhood was powerful in enabling him, by the help of his own sound moral nature, his deep religiousness, and his masculine intellect, to emancipate himself entirely from the perilous influences of the romantic school. When we read his confidential letters on " Lucinde," that apotheosis of the sensuous which his friend Schlegel wrote, we see Schleiermacher at his worst. When we read his discourses on religion, written under her superintending care, we see him shaking off the evil tendencies of the romantic school. When we see him wedded to the widow of his friend Willich in 1811, we behold him entering a safe haven, where the errors and weaknesses of a transient phase of his mental and social history fall from him—and we are inclined to say:

> A sea of passion struck him,
> But the deep ate his shadow merely.

Romanticism unlocked for him the divine treasure-house of life and truth which is stored in the feelings and intuitions of the human soul. It enriched his imagination and his life, too, with ideals, ancient and modern, which gave elevation, depth, and colour to all his thought.

His bust, which stands in front of the Trinity Church in Berlin—the scene of his long ministry—gives us a striking impression of his great personality. He was of small stature, a little deformed, yet hardly enough to disfigure him; all his movements were animated, and his features in the highest degree expressive; a certain keenness in his glance produced perhaps a repellent effect; indeed he seemed to see through every one; his face was rather long, all his features sharply cut, the lips firmly closed, the chin projecting, the eyes animated and flashing, his look always serious, collected, thoughtful.

The fundamental principle of all his religious thought is that the religious feeling, the sense of absolute dependence on God as communicated by Jesus Christ through the church, is the source and law of dogmatic theology. The caricaturists of Berlin could not refrain from having their good-natured thrust at this central idea of Schleiermacher's theology, and so they portrayed a dog looking up with beseeching eyes at its master, and placed this inscription upon it: "Schleiermacher's ideal Christian."

Out of the shadows of his early Berlin life he passed into the sunshine of his beneficent ministry.

His path through that quarter of a century in Trinity Church was "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He carried the rich spoils of the romantic school influence with him, and it is not too much to say that his "Discourses on Religion" is an epoch-making book, and that no German theologian since the days of Luther has exerted such an influence, not only on the religious thought of Germany, but of the world. Schleiermacher, Ritschl, Harnack—such is the wonderful succession. Therefore must we not forget our indebtedness through Schleiermacher to that wonderful woman, Henriette Herz.

Never was there a man whose spirit exercised such an influence over his body. So was it to the last, and the description his widow gives us is the most sublime picture of a living, conscious, strongly intellectual great man at peace with himself. "So pass, then, from us, thou man of God; shadows gathered round thine early manhood, but the years of thy manly prime and of thy declining age were years of fruitful labour in God's great harvest field, and of blessing to many generations. Many besides old Bismarck, whom thou didst confirm, will arise to call thee blessed."

The number of friends that gathered in the reading circles which met in the houses of Bauer, the Castellan of the Palace, of Moses Mendelssohn, and of Hofrat Herz was constantly on the increase. Notable recruits were gained from those who were attracted to the lectures of Dr. Herz. The younger brother

of the King, with the Crown Prince, came; also the brothers Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt from the castle at Tegel, whence they dated their letters as written from Castle Wearisome; their tutor Delbrück was also among the attendants, as well as a great multitude of the most promising young men of that era. A visit to the house of Henriette Herz introduces us to almost all the great men and noble women of the early period of the nineteenth century. Graf Bernstorff, Graf Dohna, Prince Louis Ferdinand, Mirabeau, Madame de Staël, Schleiermacher, the brothers Schlegel, Dorothea and Henriette Mendelssohn, Goethe and Schiller, Chamisso, Heine, and many others are at successive periods to be met with there.

Henriette writes, "At first it was only the younger of the nobles who came to us. The intellect, however, is a great leveller, and love, which did not always refrain from intruding among us, often brought pride down to humility. The intellectually gifted lady relatives of the young nobles soon accompanied them to our gatherings. The more liberal-minded men of riper years followed in due time, when they had discovered the intellectual character of the company that gathered together. I believe it is not too much to say that no man or woman who was in any way distinguished failed, sooner or later, to find their way to us. Even the barriers of the King's house were not strong enough, for the genial Prince Louis Ferdinand himself moved freely among us."

In her book of reminiscences she has given us many a precious miniature word-portrait of these notabilities.

Of Schiller and Goethe she thus speaks, "Schiller must have made on most men a more agreeable impression than Goethe. Outward appearance, of course, spoke more for the latter. When admirers surrounded Goethe he received their homage as his due, and only answered with a 'Yes,' or 'So?' or 'That I can well believe.'

"Schiller was more responsive. Even his outward appearance was at least out of the common. He was high of stature. The profile of the upper part of his face was very noble, though his pallor and his red hair marred the impression he made. When he became animated in the course of conversation, however, a slight colour overspread his cheeks and increased the glance of his blue eyes, and then it was impossible to find any fault with his outward appearance.

"Goethe was of most imposing presence. I would have recognised him even if I had never seen his portrait. Above all, his beautiful brown eyes singled him out at once from all others, and revealed the great man. On schools of art I did not agree with him, but I did not dare to express my opinion. On landscape painting he gave utterance to the most brilliant thoughts. The poet, the critic, the close observer of nature, and the practical artist were all in this one person. It is well known that he himself was a master in sketching a landscape."

Jean Paul Richter came to Berlin in 1800 and took a very humble lodging in Neue Friedrichstrasse. The most distinguished ladies in the city singled him out with marked attentions. He liked Berlin society —especially the mingling of all ranks and classes here, so different from what he found in Saxony. Somehow or other, however, he formed a very unfavourable impression of the moral tone. "Marriage ties count for nothing here," he said. How much truth there was in this broad statement, we may examine hereafter. Certainly there was much discussion as to the new views promulgated by Rousseau, and many who frequented the reading circles were strong advocates of free love.

Richter, in one of his letters, speaks of his friends Herr and Frau Hofrat Herz as "The celebrated . . . Herz and his very learned wife. . . . Among the remarkable ladies of Berlin, Hofrätin Herz ranks high. She was very amiable, without excess of courtesy or ostentation, and learned without pedantry. She spoke several languages, and was a very remarkable woman."

"Jean Paul," says Henriette, "was simple and clear in speech and let others speak more than he did. Queen Louise and her sister paid him marked attention and showed him through Sans-Souci. The Queen's ecstasy over him was so great that one day the King turned on her and said, 'Now it is high time to stop this great splutter about Jean Paul.' Schleiermacher, so classic in his style, could not abide Richter's looseness of form. To a lady friend he

wrote so unfavourable a criticism of Jean Paul that the next time I saw Schleiermacher I told him his letter was unworthy of him—that it was an expectoration.

" Eighteen years later I saw Richter in Bayreuth. He had grown fat and beery. His eye, which, though small, had a remarkable glance, now seemed smaller. He had become assimilated to the humdrum of a little town, but enough of the old Richter was left, and it flashed out so brilliantly at times that we greatly enjoyed ourselves."

Madame de Staël was a visitor to Berlin, where she was collecting materials for her work on Germany, and she was a frequent guest in Henriette Herz's circle. " It is impossible to think of livelier or more intellectual entertainment than she furnished. She delighted you with her utterances, and fired questions at you with lightning speed. Her insatiable thirst for knowledge gave her no rest. Half ironically Prince August asked her whether she had mastered all of Fichte's philosophy. She answered, ' I am at least getting on.' Schiller said to me, ' I admire her wonderful cleverness, but she lacks that which is truly womanly.' In Jena she dwelt in a haunted house. When Schiller heard of it, he said, ' If the spirit appears to her, it will have a comrade of Satan's to contend with.' "

ROME

The Humboldts were, from first to last, Henriette Herz's devoted friends. She had, after the death of her mother, embraced the Christian faith and was baptised and confirmed. Schleiermacher was extremely desirous that she should make her profession in Trinity Church in Berlin. The long friendship between them seemed to mark him out as the fit and proper person—the most distinguished German representative—to receive her into the fold. Regard, however, for her Jewish friends, and fine delicacy of feeling prompted her to pass over from the old faith to the new with as little ostentatious parade as possible. She was so prominent a personage that such a step as she took now with her whole heart could not fail to inflict a severe blow on Judaism. Therefore we cannot but admire her retirement to the village of Zossen to the home of her friend, Superintendent Dr. Wolf, with whose wife she was most intimate. She passed six weeks of further religious instruction in this pious home, and in June, 1817, was received into the Christian Church. She immediately entered on her journey to Rome, where Wilhelm von Humboldt and his wife Caroline were established in the German embassy. For a year and a half she enjoyed much kindness and unbounded hospitality at the hands of these, her devoted friends. Her old companion of early days, Dorothea Mendelssohn, now the wife of Friedrich von Schlegel, came most unexpectedly thither to visit the painter Philip Veit, one

of her sons by her first husband. Through him they had frequent opportunities of meeting the artists in the Eternal City. Thorwaldsen, who was in the height of his fame, often condescended to be their guide and cicerone. Niebuhr and Bunsen led their footsteps through the interesting remains and to the classic spots of ancient Rome. Thorwaldsen had almost forgotten his own mother-tongue and had not perfectly acquired any other, at least not so as to express himself with ease and grace. "Often I looked at his lordly head, the wonderful glance of his blue eye, and I thought how magnificently he would speak if he only dominated any language sufficiently to speak at all. What, however, he was able to express bore witness to the excellence of his healthy judgment and his great ability." She had much pleasant intercourse with Peter Cornelius and Prince Louis of Bavaria; she made the acquaintance of Canova, and says that he possessed "beautiful manners and much loveliness. Like all Italians he was astonished that any one should speak another language than his own, and he could not refrain from showing his surprise when you gave utterance to an intelligent or clever speech. I found that when Italians did not exactly know strange countries, they regarded the inhabitants of the same as more or less barbarians."

Canova visited her very soon after her arrival. She says, "When he came a second time, my companion and I had just crowned Thorwaldsen's relief, 'The Night,' which hung in my room, with a wreath of evergreen. Canova was the first person who saw

it thus wreathed, but he never came to us again, though I visited him more than once in his studio. I learned afterwards that he was very jealous of Thorwaldsen."

"Next to the Germans, the English drew attention to themselves in Rome," she goes on. "The ladies were wonderfully attired, and the tourist garments of the men were extremely *outré*. They took offence at everything that was not English—and the expression 'arrogant as an Englishman' became proverbial. They made themselves very disagreeable, very greatly disliked, and were the target of Roman disdain. The lady who accompanied me on my journey and myself on one occasion drove masked along the Corso, and the gentlemen who attended us threw some confetti at an Englishman, as the custom is at Carnival time. The Englishman turned and struck the lady at my side with his walking-cane. I suppose he had not read anything of the custom in his guide-book. I was very indignant at the brutality of the man, but my lady friend had her revenge. She wrote a note, signed 'a well-wisher,' in which she informed him that his life was in danger from his rudeness to a lady. Completely masked, she handed it to him next day on the street, and that was the last we saw of him in Rome."

With both Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt Henriette continued on the most friendly terms. Unfortunately Alexander von Humboldt not only regarded Schloss Tegel as Castle Tiresome, but he has left behind him the most cruel criticism of Berlin on

record: "I cannot cease to rail against the bigotry without religion, the æstheticism without culture, and the philosophy without common-sense which I find dominant on the banks of the Spree."

When Henriette Herz had advanced in years and had been so benevolent that she was reduced to poverty, it was Alexander von Humboldt who pleaded her cause to Friedrich Wilhelm IV. Humboldt enlarged upon her devotion to the sick and wounded and plague-stricken in times of distress, and related the story of how, contrary to her usual custom, this lady had gone to hear the military music played on Sundays in the park at Charlottenburg. She had broken her rule because on the morrow the King and Queen were about to leave the city almost as fugitives before the victorious French, and how, as she stood, Queen Louise passed by, and though she had never been presented to her, said, "Adieu, Madame Herz," with a pathos that touched Henriette to the soul, and that she cherished to her dying day.

The King readily granted Humboldt's petition, only he gave double the amount asked for, and so smoothed the pathway of this noble woman to life's ending. What had she not experienced, what that was worth seeing had she not seen, what that was worth knowing had she not known, what works of benevolence had she not wrought, what had she not achieved in her own benignant personality! It is not too much to say of her that she was the foundress of modern intellectual society in Berlin, and, though born a Jewess, adorned the Christian

faith with good works as with a garment. It is not too much to say that she was the first to see how important it was for German students, exposed to the temptations of a great foreign city, to have a national church of their own faith, and thus she virtually called into being the German Evangelical Church in Rome, which has been the means of untold blessing to successive generations of German artists. Among German women she is as notable as Schiller is among men. In her old age Henriette was one day in a reminiscent mood and she gave utterance to the following interesting review of her life: "I had little inclination to mingle in politics, but the events of my early life fired my ardour—I might say electrified me. I have lived through three marvellous epochs of history: 1. The American War; 2. The French Revolution; 3. The German War of Independence.

"I was only nineteen years of age, but had been married four years when the recognition of the independence of the United States by England was acknowledged at the Peace of Paris. In the house of my father, and still more in my own home, where a coterie of distinguished men always gathered, the war between Great Britain and the Colonies was one of the chief topics of discussion throughout its whole duration. I believe that not a single person—at least I can recollect no one—took the side of England. It was chiefly the claim of equal rights with the English on the part of the Colonists that enlisted our sympathy, both in the peaceful struggles and afterwards,

when war was declared. For their independence our sympathy was much less keen. I can emphatically testify that the idea of full equality before the law, of equal political rights and privileges exercised a mighty dominion over us. Even the young Prussian nobles, notwithstanding the exceptional privileges accorded them in Prussia, espoused their cause. I remember how the hiring out of the Hessians and Brunswickers was regarded by every one as a burning disgrace to Germany. For us, I remember, the whole struggle incarnated itself in the mild, courageous, foreseeing, cautious, valiant, and determined Washington. How we rejoiced as we heard that the chief armourer of Solingen sent to Washington a sword with this inscription:

Washington, defender of Liberty, destroyer of Tyranny, courageous and determined hero, receive from the hands of my son this sword, I pray thee. Richard Arlgt, Sclingen.*

Thus as the shadows darken at eventide for this woman, so full of years, so full of honour, it is pleasing for us to feel that she was in such sympathy with the country beyond the sea that we so fondly call our own.

* The sword is still at Mount Vernon—a noble example of German workmanship.

CHAPTER XXII

SALON OF RAHEL

In Jägerstrasse, Berlin, at the corner of the Gens d'Armes Platz (or was it really the Gänse Markt or Goose Market in olden time?), stands to this day the Seehandlung, that celebrated mercantile and banking institution founded by Frederick the Great. Whosoever, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, looked from the windows of this building diagonally opposite would see the simple home of Levin Markus or Markus Levin (we know not which is correct, for among Hebrews names were not so distinctly marked as among Christians). As he looked at the entrance of this house he might be under the illusion that he had before his eyes the home of one of the high-born members of Berlin society. Brilliant officers, courtiers, diplomats, literary and learned men whose fame was world-wide, went in and out. Count Bernstorff; Count Dohna; Major von Gualtieri, the quaint adjutant of Friedrich Wilhelm III; the handsome Count Alexander von Tilly, who had in his youth, before the French emigration, been a page at the Court of Marie Antoinette; the gray-haired Prince von Ligne, a European celebrity, the companion and favourite of the greatest rulers of Europe, were, as often as they came to Berlin, visitors at this house. Thither gal-

loped on horseback the genial, brilliant, and knightly Prince Louis Ferdinand, in whom dwelt the fiery spirit of his uncle, Frederick the Great. In youthful high spirits he would throw his bridle reins to his equerry, and hasten, his spurs clattering all the way, upstairs. Far below such brilliant personages in outward rank, but far outstripping them in intellectual gifts, came two men who were destined to be mighty supports of Prussian and German diplomacy—Friedrich Gentz and Wilhelm von Humboldt —Gentz already widely known because of his political treatises, and Humboldt highly regarded as the devoted friend of both Goethe and Schiller.

Intelligence, wit, and beauty were the letters of introduction to this renowned circle. Hither came the two brothers Schlegel, Schleiermacher, the two brothers Tieck, the genial Hans Genelli with his noble Roman head, and the poet Brinckman. Here were gathered the most talented and beautiful of the fair sex—Henriette Herz, the sisters Mayer, the Countess von Schlabendorff, the ravishing Josephine von Pacha, Dorothea and Henriette Mendelssohn, and Frau von Eybenberg.

The soul of this company was Rahel Levin, the daughter of the house. She was short and rather stout, with little beauty to boast of, the nose long and well formed, bright blond hair, and eyebrows over arching blue eyes that glistened, a graceful mouth, a fine head that betokened high intelligence, and a chin that indicated decision of character. If her outward beauty was hardly noticeable, and her

outward attraction but slight, her wit, her intelligence, her charm, the kindness of her heart, and the beauty of her soul were overpowering and resistless. "I am the human magnet," she once said, half in jest, but all in earnest. "All the human atoms fly to me."

She was born Whitmonday (19th or 20th May), 1771, and she was married to Varnhagen von Ense,—who was fourteen years her junior,—in 1814, and she died, not quite sixty-two years of age, on the 7th of March, 1833.

She had, as she tells us, an unhappy youth. Sicklier could no one be, nearer to insanity could no one be than she was. At length, however, love came to her heart—love for Count Carl von Finckenstein. She loved him passionately as only a great nature like hers could love. He was a man of handsome presence, but weak character. The opposition of his family to the marriage of a Prussian nobleman with a Jewess proved too much for the weakling, though he was devotedly attached to Rahel. Finally he threw the responsibility of deciding whether the engagement should be crowned by marriage or broken off on Rahel—and with a great heartbreak she gave him his freedom. Henriette Mendelssohn says of him, "His heart is like a child's toy watch. It has the dial plate with all the figures, but it does not go."

A few years later a second love affair followed. She became engaged to the Spanish Don Raphael d'Urguigo, Secretary of Legation at Berlin. He was remarkably handsome, but an uncultured child of nature without the slightest idea of Rahel's great-

RAHEL LEVIN

ness. He never dreamed of the necessity her nature felt to mingle with literary men. Every witty and pleasant word, every look she gave another was poison to him. He had, however, a magical, fascinating power over her. Jealousy, so characteristic of Southern natures, burned in his soul like a fire, and it was inevitable that his dismissal should speedily and decisively overtake him. In 1812 she recognised the truth of what her friends had often told her, that both these men were only shadows to which her own imagination had given life and colour. But she was the unhappiest of the unhappy. "The past," she writes, "has no beauteous recollections, the present no trace of joy, and the future no bright hope." To read the wondrous love-letters that she wrote is as though we beheld the crater, with all the ashes, of an extinct volcano. But she was a brave and true woman, and she learned that trial carries also a blessing in itself, and that it is only the reverse side of the highest happiness. "I have learned to suffer, to drain the cup of suffering to its dregs. The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? All this is come upon me only that I might understand the sorrows of others and learn to dry the tears of others. The sorrows that came to me were not a punishment. I have learned that they were merely a purification. But truly I have been a great sufferer, though to make up for that I have been gifted with great talent. In the realm of suffering I am the greatest virtuoso." But as the first great sorrow came upon her, she thus expressed

herself, "It is harder to be forsaken of fortune than of nature. My soul is at a standstill. I feel as though I had no more faith in God. I cannot pray." But the clouds passed. Time healed the stricken heart, and sorrow yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Sunshine burst again over her noble soul.

She made, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a journey which half beguiled her griefs away, and stirred new life within her. Gifted with a keen intellect, her letters from Paris were filled with shrewd and accurate observations of men and things. Jean Paul says of one of her letters from the French capital, "With indescribable interest I have read one of her letters to a lady friend, but alas, with what pain! She treats life poetically, and therefore life treats her in a similar manner. She brings the high liberty of poesy into the region of the real, and wishes to find the poetic beauty she finds there in everyday life also. But the poetic sorrows translate themselves into the prose of life, and they are real sorrows. In the eye of the Muse even the Devil is beautiful, and the Fates. But the beauty dwells only within us; the Devil and the Fates outside of us, and therefore no mild illumination brightens them." Again he says, "I have a letter from her which is worth more than a hundred ordinary descriptions of travel. Nobody ever looked the French through and through and characterised their work so perfectly at the first glance. What eyes these of hers are, that see so sharply and clearly the whole truth. What a truthful but scathing sen-

tence is this of hers, 'How can a nation like the French, that gives itself up to vaudevilles, ever have music worthy of the name?'" In Paris she met many notables, among them Diderot, with whose daughter she became very intimate. We are indebted to a young French count, who brought to Rahel a letter of introduction from this lady, for the most vivid description of her Berlin salon: "I presented my letter duly to Mme. Rahel, and was at once made welcome. Rahel was neither tall nor beautiful, but finely and tenderly built. She made a most agreeable impression. She had just recovered from a long illness—it was in 1801—and this gave her appearance something that appealed to you. She had a pure and fresh colour and wonderfully expressive dark eyes. She seemed all unconscious of her magnetic power. Out of these eyes she cast a glance at me that went to my inmost soul, and to which I felt I dare present no bad conscience. It was a most searching glance. But I seemed to possess no further interest for her. The glance was only like a passing inquiry that did not seek an answer; yet it implied one, and seemed satisfied with the responsive look.

"Mlle. Levin seemed greatly attached to Mme. Vandrail, from whom I brought the letter commendatory. In a few words she said many good things of her friend, so that I saw Mme. Vandrail in a new light, and strange to say, I only thus learned her true nature when I was hundreds of miles away. She spoke a little to Brinckman, to which I did not listen, but made my observation of the other persons

who were present. On the sofa beside her sat a lady of great beauty, the Gräfin Einsiedel as I afterwards learned. She was silent, and appeared to take little interest in what a M. Abbé was saying to her. With his back towards them, Friedrich Schlegel was speaking to Rahel's brother, whose poetic name, Ludwig Robert, was the new legal name he adopted when he became a Christian. Both of these were already known to me. Schlegel I had met the day before, with his friend and defender Schleiermacher, at the home of Mme. Veit (Dorothea Mendelssohn). With Ludwig Robert I had become acquainted at the home of Mme. Fleck, a beautiful and charming woman who appeared to have fascinated the poet. He was quite delighted with some new chansons and little theatrical pieces I had brought with me from Paris, and he hoped to make some adaptations of these for the German stage.

"We were interrupted by the arrival of a little but most amiable lady. 'That is the Unzelmann,' Brinckman whispered in my ear. She had just come from Weimar, where she had had the good fortune to be much in the company of Goethe.

"Whilst Brinckman and Schlegel were occupied in listening most attentively to the Unzelmann, some gentlemen entered; among them were Majors von Schack and von Gualtieri. The latter at once took possession of the ladies.

"Now the conversation was carried on in groups. It was lively, spontaneous, brilliant, and informal. Meanwhile the company was enlarged by the arrival

of some ladies, to whom Brinckman played the courtier. They belonged to the house. One of these, the sister-in-law of Rahel, took upon herself the task of making the tea. She was a woman of very slender intellectual gifts. So much the more did I admire the painstaking way in which Rahel treated her, drew her into the general conversation, and made her insignificant remarks to sparkle as she commented on them. Brinckman, who returned to me, said, 'This remarkable woman has so much intellect, though she lays claim to nothing, that she brings out more good in others than they really possess. Besides, she has the greatest affection for all her family relations. In this she is thoroughly Oriental, and holds firmly in her heart of hearts her mother, brothers, and especially her little nieces.' The conversation now became very animated and ranged over a multitude of subjects, many persons taking part. I am unable to give a good account of the quick turns and sparkles of wit and humour that lit it up, nor will I attempt it. For a time it concerned the theatre; then Fleck, the player whose approaching death was feared; then Righdini, whose opera was the latest success; then the lectures of August Wilhelm Schlegel, which even the ladies attended. The boldest ideas, the deepest thoughts, the most brilliant *bon mots* and play of the imagination were here strung together on the slenderest thread. The outward form of the conversation was informal and easy; everything attached itself to the interest of the moment, of the person, of the subject that was mentioned. Many of the

allusions escaped me entirely; others in great part; but whenever Friedrich Schlegel expressed his opinion (painfully and awkwardly it must be confessed) with thoughts deep and earnest, moulded after his own strong individuality, one felt that no common metal was sent from the furnace of his mind, but one that was solid and precious. Schack described many persons who were of high rank in the great world in a very piquant manner. He interjected brief remarks of a most intimate nature, and the graceful, witty turns with which he adorned the story of his varied experience in the world-wide stream of life were inimitable and indescribable. The whole company joined in the discussions of the affairs of the day most naturally, and no one was obtrusive. They all appeared as eager to listen as to speak. Most remarkable of all, the soul of the salon was Mlle. Levin herself. With what freedom and grace, with what subtle tact she would seek to spur on those about her, to brighten them, to inspire them. It was impossible to withstand her good humour. And what did she not say? I felt myself whirled about as in an eddy, and could hardly distinguish what, in her wonderful quips, sharp irony and far-glancing wit, was deep thinking and good sense, or the playful caprice and badinage of the moment. I heard her utter wonderful aphorisms, veritable inspirations, often framed in a few words that darted like lightning through the atmosphere of the company, and sought out the uttermost recesses of their hearts, to be shrined there forever. About Goethe she spoke

words of admiration such as far exceed anything I have heard from the lips of the most learned and eloquent orators."

Such as this French nobleman describes her was Rahel Levin, the first great and modern woman in the life of German culture—a woman who, in the words of Count Custrin, had the intellect of a philosopher and a heart like the Apostle John's. How that great loving heart of hers could enter into the sorrows of others we learn from an entry in her journal, 26th of December, 1809: "Now for the first time Josephine's fate comes home to me. Children of her first marriage, when she stood as one of the people, as in a dream see themselves become kings. Protected by almost limitless might, the most trivial cares driven from them, standing immediately under the power of Heaven, all the earthly Olympus, like flattering servants, do them obeisance. Kings' daughters bowed down to belong to their Court, and held at a good distance from them; only by grace and favour called about them. Made secure by victories won and nations defeated; then thrown out as from a dream. The husband, the son, the daughters remain crowned royalties. The fabulous good fortune of her children must if anything deepen her humiliation and her degradation. A little princess, daughter of a lordling, can bear a son who ascends the throne of France. How the people will shout, will flatter, will rejoice over him! The thunder of the cannon that announces his birth is the death-knell of her earthly joy."

Rahel, like Henriette Herz, has given us many miniature word portraits of her friends, and it is interesting to compare and contrast them with those of Henriette.

Of Mirabeau, who was one of her three great immortals, she writes: "When Mirabeau was in Berlin I saw him often in Court dress. He had the appearance of one of the courtiers of his nation; in simple attire, his Prince Albert coat or Court uniform greatly resembled in its cut the English fashion of gentlemen's clothing; he wore a highly curled and powdered forelock, bag wig, shoes and stockings, his clothing always suitable, without gold or silver embroidery. He had dark eyes full of life, which, because of his strong eyebrows, glowed mildly; was strongly pock-pitted, a broad but not fat figure; he had the appearance of one who had lived much and with many; he had many more bodily gestures than those of his class usually have; but then, he had nothing restrained about him; he showed himself in the commonest and most trivial movements of his personage as very industrious and as one who examines everything himself, acquaints himself with it, and goes down to the root of the matter; so he employs his lorgnette, and, I may say, his whole being. He visited the German comedies behind the scenes, and daily carried his letters himself to the post, where I often saw him remain half or may be a whole hour, while a lady friend and his eight-year-old son waited for him in a carriage. My father pointed him out to me as 'only the Count Mirabeau.' I knew noth-

ing of him; and so much the more confidently do I trust my judgment of him then. He made an excellent impression on me, although he appeared to me old and neither elegant nor handsome—I was then a mere child, and loved only slender, fair-haired men. Further remembrance of him have I none, except that he seemed to me as one who had undergone much, and been a great fighter." Rahel, like Henriette Herz, followed his career with great interest, and rejoiced when, like a stormy petrel, he dominated the early years of the French Revolution. For her he was enthroned as one of the three great heroic souls. "Mirabeau is my great hero, because of the might of truth that rules over him; therefore is he sublime and blameless; this only is lovely." She always believed that the death of Mirabeau was the greatest calamity modern France experienced. It predestinated Robespierre and Napoleon; Austerlitz and Jena; but also Waterloo and Sedan.

BERLIN DURING THE FRENCH OCCUPATION

Those of us who live in this era of German unity, of Germany's military strength and glory, of its position as the greatest warlike nation of the earth, can form no imagination of Prussia's deep humiliation when, in 1807, Friedrich Wilhelm III and Queen Louise were forced to flee. Berlin was compelled to open its gates to Napoleon, and suffered the deep degradation of lying for eighteen months beneath his iron heel. Then it was, however, as it has always

been with Germany under Prussia's leadership, that its mighty spirit was stirred within it, and that it arose to hurl the invader from its sacred soil. From the universities, from the professors and students alike, there radiated a mighty patriotic fire, a quenchless longing for freedom that inspired the whole nation. The war songs of Körner and Arndt were the energising powers that caused an army of men determined to do or die to spring up as if out of the earth. Through all this period noble German women (and among them none more zealous than Henriette Herz and Rahel Levin) counted it high honour to animate the youthful volunteers, and to prove themselves ministering angels to the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Then first the smouldering fires of German patriotism rose so high within the soul of Rahel Levin—and she of the despised race of Jewry, a race that hardly enjoyed civil rights—that she awoke to the consciousness of her love for the Fatherland. She, too, was made to feel that she had a share in the glories of Frederick the Great, and that the nation that had inherited the splendid legacy he bequeathed could never be permanently held down. It must arise again and prove itself great.

When in war-time soldiers were billeted upon her she did not murmur. On the contrary she says, "Does my state defend and cherish me, so on my part must I perform and do what it deems right."

She had, as we know, many friends among the

nobility, yet she was one of those who never let the "candied tongue lick absurd pomp,"

> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> When thrift may follow fawning.

She who felt herself dowered with God's high gift of intellect had for herself so high a self-respect that she would mingle with them on terms of equality or not at all. She was scrupulously observant of the outward and proper forms of social intercourse. She believed that manners are minor morals, but subserviency her soul abhorred. So when a countess invited her in a very condescending way to visit her at such and such a time, apart from her days for receiving members of the Court, she said, "In her house I never set foot again. She must be even more courteous to me than she would be to a countess, just because I am not one."

I remember in my younger days in Paris hearing an old lady—*une grande dame*—who was a French baroness, say to her niece who had just ordered a dress at Redfern's at a cost of five hundred francs, "My dear, you will ruin your husband with your extravagance. I am a baroness, and this dress hardly cost me a hundred francs." Quick as a flash her American niece answered her, "And I cannot afford to be seen with a dress that cost one hundred francs. I must be twice as well dressed as you, aunt, just because I am not a baroness."

"To live, to love, to study, to be industrious, to

marry if it is ordained, to do every trifle well and with your whole heart, that is truly to have lived, and no one can hinder it." Such was Rahel's philosophy of life as enunciated in a letter to Alexander von Marwitz, who, in recognition of these golden, God-like words, as he calls them, adds a golden word of his own which we cannot refrain from quoting, " I make no complaint about the times; a great fool is he who does. To whom a lordly nature is given, all time is lordly."

One of her most devoted friends was Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. Of all the Prussian Princes nature did more for him than for any other. She gave him a healthy, handsome, and strong bodily frame and a clear intellect. He comprehended everything almost at a glance. No science, no art was strange to him. He could master any subject when it pleased him. The sphere of a salaried Prince, of a general in time of peace, was far too narrow for him. He had abilities of the highest order, and all the dauntless energy of Frederick the Great. In the Rhine campaign his fiery military spirit burst forth, and when he was roused he was more master of himself than ever. For him only the King's crown with its responsibilities and endless duty would have sufficed, and he would have shed all his youthful failings from him and been a most capable King. But because he did not possess regal power, he did not know what to do with his great talents, and so, his enemies said, he gave rein to his passions. Champagne by day, circles of beautiful women around

him, with music and hunting as interludes, ruled his life. He must be constantly busy. He had a passion for work and a strong will which would never give up. He was a great giver to the poor and needy, and men called him a spendthrift. "Oh, that I had a million a year," he would say, "that I might make every one around me happy!" In one battle he took a wounded soldier on his back and carried him through a shower of bullets to a place of safety. Thus he became the idol of the army. Medals were struck to commemorate this heroic deed. At the assault on Metz he was the first in the trenches, and at his call, "Follow me, children," into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell, would they have followed the gallant Prince. If Louis Ferdinand had been set in the right place, and if the times had been favourable, he would have done deeds that had made the name of Prussia famous forever. But time and circumstance were unfavourable to him. Condemned to idleness, his burning temperament set on fire his great bodily strength, which thus stormed itself out in an ill-regulated and passionate private life that gave him the name of a libertine, a drunkard, and a spendthrift. But in society he was a gifted spirit, given to all worthy science and art. Mathematics, philosophy, history and literature, he studied with enthusiasm. He was a great lover of art and music. He was no commonplace composer, and he played the piano with the grace and inspiration and perfection of a master musician. Fichte, Schleiermacher, Gentz, the Schlegels, and Schiller were his devoted friends.

As Prince Louis was speaking one day of Rahel he asked Brinckman if he thought she would cut any figure in a Paris salon. To this Brinckman replied: "Her genius would have attracted attention in Athens, even when Greece was in its glory."

He was a constant visitor both at the home of Henriette Herz and in the salon of Rahel Levin. Unlike many others of the romantic school, Rahel was a firm believer in the sacredness of marriage, yet she had too large a charity to shut her doors on Pauline Wiesel, with whom Prince Louis was infatuated—that most beautiful woman of whom Humboldt said he would go twenty miles for even a passing glimpse of her beauty. Louis Ferdinand formed a morganatic marriage with Henriette Fromm, and they had two children, to whom he was much attached. Wildenbruch, the poet and dramatist, who was lately carried to his grave amid the lamentations of the nation, was his grandson. In 1812 all his affairs were in a state of tangle—he had debts that reached the gigantic sum of a million thalers, and so, when he joined his troops and rode at the head of his men charging the enemy at Saalfeld, where he was really cut to pieces, it is believed that if he did not seek death, death was at least not unwelcome to him. Rahel uttered her great lament for him, "A great prince, my friend, the cousin of my King, the nephew of Frederick the Great, of recognised ability, the most manly figure of his time is fallen, is fallen." Nor did Henriette Herz refrain from joining in the chorus of sorrow. "He is fallen,

the manliest of princes, and the princeliest of men," was her tribute to his memory.

At last the sorrowful estate of Rahel was about to take end. In 1807 she had become acquainted with Varnhagen von Ense. He was a young man of twenty-two, and she fourteen years his senior. In the early years of their acquaintance he was irresolute, though he had great ability. Unstable as water, was her verdict concerning him. Now he was eagerly bent on studying medicine, next day he would be most enthusiastic about a literary profession, and again he would be a soldier. He was prodigal of both time and money. Under her marvellous influence his character became more decided, and sunshine seemed to glisten over her. Her sad days were passing by. From her experience she could write to a friend who was in the depths: "Everything can most unexpectedly change, that which is most unforeseen can happen; out of the utmost wretchedness good can come. I have long since come to believe this when misfortune overtakes me."

Varnhagen had a varied experience. He had seen much of men and things. In 1809 he joined the Austrian army and was wounded at the battle of Wagram. In 1810 he accompanied Prince Bentheim to Paris, where he continued his studies. At Paris, in 1812, he entered the diplomatic service of Prussia, and in 1814 accompanied Hardenberg to the Congress at Vienna.

Rahel's heart had sounded all the depths of human anguish. Like all those of the romantic school she

was much given to sentimentalism, and that only served to deepen her grief. But now she and Varnhagen drew nearer and nearer. Like Jacob for another Rachel, he served seven long years, and then she became a Christian and they were married in September, 1814. Rahel's nature overpowered him and he called himself her disciple and expositor. With what devotion he was attached to her! He admired her in a most extravagant degree. "I knew everything about her," he writes long years after, "that one person can know of another, and I speak with the strongest assurance when I say that a more innocent, pure, benevolent, pious, and chaste woman I have never known." Indeed, he went so far as to say that the three greatest personages of the Hebrew race in our New Testament era, are Christ, Spinoza, and Rahel! Years after her death, as Varnhagen looked over her letters of 1807-1811, he wrote: "When I read Rahel's letters to her friends in these years I am seized with the most painful feelings. Everything was going wrong with her. Shipwrecked, hopeless, she stood alone in the world, betrayed and deceived. Utter despair had seized upon her. She looked on her life as ended. She expected nothing from the world but a little sunshine and the sight of the green grass. This was the very time when our intimate acquaintance began. She never dreamed what was in store for her, and how the worst would turn to the best. Truly I could not make up to her for these past years, nor for the feelings of a heart into which the canker-worm had eaten. But new feelings

of affection now warmed her heart. By our union her life became, if not brilliant, at least free from care, sweetened with many enjoyments, pleasures, and activity, and many valued connections. . . . I believe every need and anxiety is only a sign of transition to relief and salvation. I believe death itself is nothing else. The night is "pit mirk," but the day is quite near. The dark mother womb, the dark earth, as Rahel said, is but the sleeping place that leads to a heavenly noon."

This was written five years after Rahel's death, but Varnhagen greatly undervalues himself. He was no ordinary man, but one born to complete Rahel's nature, to sweeten her life, to make it happy and bright.

That Varnhagen undervalued himself in comparison with Rahel, is evident from what Alexander von Humboldt says of him: "He was a master of conversation, carried on in a most agreeable voice. I submitted all my manuscript to his critical eye before I ventured to hand it over to the printer, and this to my great advantage."

Immediately after their marriage he was appointed Prussian Minister to Baden, and for five happy years they dwelt at Carlsruhe, the centre of a splendid circle. The Grand Duchess Stephanie, herself a highly cultivated, intellectual woman, appreciated and enjoyed the society of Rahel, and a warm and lasting friendship was formed between them.

Either Varnhagen mixed himself up in some intrigue that displeased Hardenberg, or some one

intrigued against him, so that in 1819 he was recalled from Carlsruhe, but he was offered the appointment of Minister to the United States at Washington. In those early days this was regarded as a terrible exile, and dreading the voyage for Rahel, he declined the appointment. If he had accepted, what a gain it would have been for Washington society to have had the first great German woman—as great a woman as Goethe was a man—within its gates! We can only speculate on her career and utter our regrets that she was not suffered to be an ornament of American society in that "era of good feeling," when James Monroe was President.

Now the devoted husband and wife returned to Berlin, took up their abode at Französischestrasse 20, where the Nürnberg Bazaar now stands, and the old circle of friends, with many new acquaintances added, gathered round them. Varnhagen became the greatest biographer of Germany and a general writer of memoirs. Above all he was the knightliest of husbands. His tenderness and chivalric courtesy towards Rahel became the target of Berlin wit, that could not entirely sympathise with his worship of his spouse. So, for example, Therese Devrient, who met the pair often at Leipzigerstrasse 3, the home of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, thus writes: "Often when we sat in the large garden pavilion of the Mendelssohns, cheerily talking with our needlework, the butler would announce Mr. and Mrs. Varnhagen. The door opening, Varnhagen, tall and handsome, would enter, his little, stout, wearily stepping wife

upon his arm. Between his finger-tips he carried a cushion. The butler, with two other cushions, marched before him and set an easy-chair in place. Varnhagen set his wife, who, as she approached, bowed to left and right, down in the chair, took the cushions from the butler, and set one beneath her feet and the others behind her shoulders. A loving glance from the great blue eyes rewarded his exertions. Then the admiring husband took up his station behind her, notebook in hand, that he might at once gather up her notable sayings. When conversation with others sometimes carried him out of hearing distance, and he heard laughter in her neighbourhood, he would hurry at once to the spot, and cry: 'What did she say? What did Rahel say?'" Truly Therese's description is grotesque, but at the same time very malicious.

We turn with greater pleasure to the witness of others; for example to Goethe's, of whom she was, as were all other choice spirits of that era, an idolatrous worshipper. "She is an extraordinary woman —a most beautiful soul," he wrote. "She is a wonderful thinker, and of the finest feeling all compact."

Gualtieri, the adjutant of the King, who plainly told the King that he esteemed nobility of intellect as giving higher rank than that of state nobility, and that he prided himself more on knowing Goethe than on having been presented at the highest courts of Europe, said that he esteemed his *entrée* to the salon of Rahel as higher honour than any King or Kaiser could bestow. One day he said to her: "You claim

no virtues, yet you have all virtues. All the world falls at your feet. You assume nothing, yet you compel all. Are you a fay, a puck, a saint, or a being from a higher sphere, who plays with us poor mortals?"

She was a great adviser in affairs of the heart. Even great women, like the Countess Schlabendorff, turned to Rahel in every time of trouble, and although she was so strong a character that in Berlin she stoutly defended the French Revolution, and in Paris loudly championed the royal cause, yet she was deeply sensitive to the love of Rahel. She leaned on her as a tender maiden would on a woman of large experience. She opened her heart to her as a devotee would to a father confessor.

Leopold Ranke, the historian, was one of her most valued new acquaintances, and she says: "One day Ranke said to me: 'I vow before God only to speak the truth about men, the truth about God, and to give only a true account of events. My history shall be as true and trustworthy as a lover of truth can make it."

Withal Rahel had a true estimate of herself. "I am one of the greatest critics of Germany," she said, and here is one of the verdicts she utters in testimony of her claim:

"De Staël has abundant intellect; but, alas, no soul that hears the music of the world!" Here is another: "Händel's music weeps, but the tears are tears of charity." "I am as individual as the greatest phenomenon on the earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet, does not in this regard surpass

me.—We are of the same elements, on the same plane, and we belong together. My life, as it is, was assigned me. I demand a special destiny. I can die of no contagious disease, like a straw among the gleanings, blighted by foul, pestilent air. I will die alone in my own individual sickness. That is my nature, my individuality, my ordained destiny."

Somehow or other, she, who was so often sick, was attracted to the writings of Angelus Silesius, that half-pantheistic, half-mystical poet, and she admired his hymns so greatly that she induced Varnhagen, in 1820, to edit a selection of them. In her later years one of those hymns was always in her hand. She had been dominated all her life by a dream she had in her seventh year. She dreamed that she saw God. His mantle covered the heaven, and she slept under it without anxious care. This constantly recurring dream coloured her waking thoughts and allied her to Angelus, but the hymn that was her constant companion, that was beneath her pillow in 1833, all through her last illness, was on her lips when she died:

If Jesus Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem were born
And not in thee, alas, *thou art eternally forlorn!*
Be sure, the cross on Golgotha can ne'er from sin set free
Unless, within Thy heart of hearts, it is enshrined by Thee.

I prithee, what can it avail, that Christ the Lord is risen
If thou art willing to abide a slave in death's dark prison?

APPENDIX

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN

EARLY on the morning of the 27th of October, 1894, we set sail from New York on the *S.S. Saale.* We had left behind a deeply attached church—the Central Presbyterian, in Detroit, which we had successfully served for nearly sixteen years. We left behind those who were nearest and dearest to us, and we left them with aching hearts and tearful eyes. We left behind us a community entirely devoted to us, and that could not believe it possible that we would not return to them in a year or two. We set out at the call of the American Church in Berlin—a church that as yet possessed no building of its own, and that had scarcely so much as an organisation, as we would reckon an organisation in America.

We went, nevertheless, with brave hearts, assuredly believing that God had called us, and yet, as we look back upon it, it seems as if we went out like Abraham, not knowing whither we went. We set out ignorant of the size of the congregation, and quite as ignorant of the salary to be given us. As we sailed out into New York Bay we looked wistfully at the land so dear to us, and I am not ashamed to say that big hot tears rolled down my cheeks, as well as those of the delightful companion of my wanderings.

On Tuesday morning, November 6th, we landed at Bremerhaven. The German consul at New York had given us a letter commendatory to the custom house authorities, and we were received with much consideration. However, in the discharge of duty, it was necessary that some pieces of our baggage should be opened. Our trunks he passed at once, but we had some very large packing-boxes which we told him contained chairs for the church. My wife had provided herself with a screw-driver, which she produced. The custom officer was greatly amused. It was the first time in his experience that any one had displayed such forethought and made such provision against eventualities. "Die gnädige Frau muss sehr praktisch sein."—"Your gracious lady must be very practical."

We made the journey to Bremen in a train that carried us leisurely. This was due to the great rainfall that had continued for three weeks, without intermission, until the Sunday before we landed. The long, low, thatched roofs of the farm buildings stood in the midst of flooded fields, and brooks were swollen. Rivers had overflowed their banks. Few cattle were to be seen in the fields, and all roads seemed almost impassable. As some one said to us, North Germany on its coast line is hardly anything but a mud bank anyway, and when the rains descend and the floods come, the land for miles becomes like a great sea of mud.

At Bremen we were entrained for Berlin, by way of Hanover, and we had not journeyed far before we

saw less and less of the effects of the rainstorms. Cattle were in the fields, farmers were driving their teams along the roads, and the farmhouses, still straw-thatched and picturesque, evidently belonged to prosperous and progressive agriculturists. We were unfortunately in the last coupé of the last car of our train. In America, with our great heavy Pullmans, this would have been no disadvantage. In this German land, however, where the cars are so much lighter, the motion was intolerable. We were rolled and jolted and jumbled together, and pommelled and pounded. Not even in a buckboard wagon over a corduroy road in Northern Michigan, or in the backwoods of Canada, did we ever endure such a bumpity-bump ride as we had that November day from Bremen to Hanover. We had thus learned by experience—that best of teachers, though, as Carlyle says, the fees are heavy—to eschew forever in our German journeys the last car on any train.

It was quite late on the 6th November, 1894, when we reached the Friedrichstrasse station at Berlin. Here we were met by Mr. Vance, who is now Professor of New Testament Literature at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, and Mr. Austin Hazen, who is now pastor of a Congregational church in New England. These devoted student workers in the church gave us a very hearty welcome and proved themselves most faithful friends and helpers. Mr. Vance took me next morning to call upon Mr. William Morris Griscom, the treasurer of the church. Mr. Griscom was perhaps the most ardent supporter the

church ever had. He is a man shrewd and far-seeing, with a character as strong, unbending, and noble as the giant oak of the forest. Nothing that concerned the church was too small for him to take hold of, and no sacrifice of time or money was too great for him to devote to the church which he loved with an ardent affection. Next to his own household he gave himself to the service of God's cause in Berlin. The heart of his pastor trusted in him at all times, and found in him a wise counsellor, and a friend faithful, tried, and true. Then we made the acquaintance of Professor Willoughby Dayton Miller, the only American professor in the University of Berlin. As a bacteriologist he was held to be only second to Koch. In his own region, the bacteriology of the mouth, he was *facile princeps*. He, too, proved himself to be true as steel, and faithful from first to last. Next came a very gracious lady, Mrs. Mary B. Willard of the Willard School for Girls. She is a woman of very unusual gifts and graces. She possesses the moral courage that will dare anything, counts nothing impossible to faith, and fears nothing in all the world. Nothing that concerned the church, or the well-being of her pastor or the wife of her pastor, did she count beyond the pale of her duty. Besides these, there was that poetic soul, Louis J. Magee, an electrician of great ability, and a man of exquisite literary taste. These four were the pillars of the church. Two of these, Professor Miller and Mr. Louis Magee, have entered into rest since their return to America. Mrs. Willard and Mr.

Griscom still remain, but they have both left us and are serving the Master, one in Bryn Mawr, and the other in New York. When these four left us, it was an unspeakable loss to the community and to the church. We can only give thanks to God that they were all left with us until we had borne together the burden and heat of the day, and worshipped together in the church building for which we had prayed and wrought so long. Without their help and kindly interest (for though, unfortunately, they did not always pull together, yet they never abated one jot of their devotion towards their toiling pastor), we should never have reached the desired haven.

On Saturday, November 11th, our ministry commenced in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, 34 Wilhelmstrasse. It is an excellent hall, capable of seating one thousand people. It is bright and cheerful, but it is situated in a back court. It was, therefore, by no means attractive. There we laboured under such disadvantage that the Berliners regarded our congregation as a mere mission. They could never understand why so rich a nation should be willing to see its church housed so meanly. When my friends visited us, they could not imagine why we had been willing to preach Christ's gospel in surroundings so different from those of the churches we had served at home. Not until they knew the humble character of the auditorium in which I preached, and the greatly reduced stipend I had been content to accept, did my Detroit congregation forgive me for leaving them. The circumstances of the Berlin Church were so

different from the description of the work as it had been portrayed, that I would have been justified in returning to a flock so affectionate as that in Detroit, which refused to call a pastor until I assured them that I was immovable. I had put my hand to the plough, and just because the flock was feeble, and the salary small, and the hired hall far from attractive to fashionable Americans, I felt I was needed. I could endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I was told afterwards that in my first sermon there a tone of homesickness was very evident. It may well have been so, for there was nothing very inspiring in my new environment. Yes, there was that splendid band of American students who rallied round me. Here were gathered the elect youth of our country. If an enemy of America desired to do us a great injury, he would have no better opportunity than he could have in Berlin, in seeking to corrupt the youth who are destined to be our leaders at home. The patriot who wishes to serve America can find no larger field, nor more fruitful opportunity of blessing our country, than by devising means and pouring out his wealth to provide such Christian attractions as will keep the fellowship-men of our universities and colleges in touch with practical and vital Christianity. You can do more to make or mar the future of America in Berlin than in any other place in the world. The American Church in Berlin is of more importance to America than any other church within or without the borders of our country.

We sincerely hope and pray that some day soon our fellow-countrymen will awaken to see its far-reaching influence.

As I descended from the pulpit on that November day I was introduced to the Honourable Theodore Runyon, Chancellor of New Jersey, who was then ambassador. He was present with all his household. He told me that when he arrived in Berlin, he was informed that the English Church was the only place where an ambassador speaking English could worship. A few weeks after his arrival, Bishop Fitzgerald of the Methodist Church, came to attend the conference of the German Methodist Church. He asked His Excellency, Mr. Runyon, about his church affiliations in Berlin. "Oh," said Mr. Runyon, "I attend, as my predecessor, Mr. Phelps, attended, the English Church." "Why, Mr. Runyon," said the good bishop, "I am astonished at you. What is the church of your own country?" "I saw the point," said Mr. Runyon, "and he made me feel that I had transgressed greatly, and had been renegade to my duty. However, I will change all that, and prove myself a good American." Mr. Runyon was as good as his word. Shortly after our arrival he gave a reception for Mrs. Dickie and myself, which was attended by the whole colony. Until the day of his death, January 27th, 1896, only his illness prevented him from occupying his place in the sanctuary. When the benediction had been given, and the few moments of silent prayer were over, the whole congregation was accustomed to remain seated until the ambassador

greeted the pastor. Then, and only then, did they begin to disperse.

Within a month of our arrival we commenced a second service, especially for students, in our own home. The church owned more than a hundred chairs, which were placed at our disposal. The furniture from four rooms was all removed, the chairs set in order, and on each chair lay a hymn-book. Mrs. Dickie, who possesses in no ordinary degree the grace of welcome, associated with herself Mr. Vance, Mr. Hazen, and Mr. Severance. Every one who attended was graciously received and conducted to a seat. For fifteen minutes a song service was held. I had been for eight years lecturer on Church History in McMillan Hall—the Presbyterian Association affiliated with the university at Ann Arbor. I therefore had a good stock of lectures on historical subjects. Every evening a theological student, or visiting pastor, followed the hymn-singing with a seven minutes' sermonette. Thereafter a brief devotional service separated the evangelistic address from the historical lecture. The subjects of the lectures included Wyclif, Huss, Melanchthon, Bugenhagen, Luther, Savonarola, Dante, Knox, and Zwingli; a series on the conversion of the nations; another on theology in the modern poets, etc. For nine years, until we entered the new church, these meetings were held from October to May. They were extremely acceptable, and our rooms were usually crowded. Sometimes as many as two hundred persons were accommodated. The informal character

of the gatherings enabled the students and visitors to become acquainted with each other, and the graciousness of the hostess diffused an atmosphere of home. Those who took part in these services will never forget the kindness Mrs. Dickie showed them, nor the help she rendered them when they were homesick exiles in Berlin. Nothing that we have instituted, since we were enabled to have a second service in the church, has compensated for the loss of these home conferences. When Mr. White was ambassador he was a frequent visitor, and the students esteemed it a great privilege that he was wont to remain for half an hour at the close of the service to have the opportunity of greeting these lonely young people.

My pulpit was often open to visiting pastors like Henry Van Dyke, Talmage, Grattan Guiness, Professor Stevens, etc., but the evening meetings in my home I reserved for myself. The power of this ministry in Berlin lay in this students' service.

Those nine years in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and in my home were happy years for us. We had an admirable and capable financier, and a liberal giver, in Mr. Griscom. The colony people took little interest, attended only by fits and starts, contributed rarely, and hardly interfered in the conduct of affairs. It was difficult to secure men willing to serve on the committee, and hard at times to bring together a quorum for a meeting. The pastor and the treasurer were left to carry the church on their own shoulders. The revenue and expenditure in those

years nearly balanced, and amounted to about ten thousand marks, or two thousand dollars.

Five days in the week the pastor had an office hour in his home from one till two o'clock. People came to ask *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.* Students desired advice as to the selection of professors, as to German families, where, in addition to comfortable home life, they might learn German; as to board and teachers of German, etc., etc. Sometimes as many as thirty persons would wait upon us at that hour. It was necessary that we should learn many things about the city, and we could not fail to become possessed of a whole treasury of knowledge regarding Berlin in particular, and the condition of continental life and travel, generally.

Three full years elapsed before it was deemed fitting to think of taking steps towards the building of a church. The fund that had been started in 1889, amounted, with interest that had accrued, to $45,000. This had been secured by the persistent efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Stuckenberg. Mrs. Stuckenberg had been influential in gaining for the movement very powerful friends. An American committee of ladies had been formed, which had Mrs. Stranahan, of Brooklyn, as its president, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland as its treasurer. A Boston committee had also been formed under the presidency of Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb, and with such names upon its roll as Dean Smith of Harvard, Joseph Cook, Dr. George A. Gordon, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and Rev. Alexander McKenzie.

The ladies' committee, under the energetic leadership of Mrs. Stranahan, and the gracious persuasiveness of Mrs. Cleveland, accomplished far more than the gentlemen's committee. It is very interesting to know that Mrs. Stranahan had never been in Berlin. Nevertheless, the cause of the American student abroad appealed to her so strongly that she entered into the movement with her whole soul. It was not to be wondered at that Mrs. Cleveland was devoted to the cause. She had been for a season a resident in the German capital. She had seen the crowds of American students who thronged the hall where public morning worship was held, and, having attended the evening conferences at the home of the pastor, she felt, as she expressed it, that "every American should help in a work that was so national and patriotic,"—that of providing a place of meeting for the elect youth of America during their period of voluntary exile.

Moreover, Mrs. Stuckenberg possessed a notable personality, and was endowed with no ordinary gifts of persuasive utterance. Her husband was a most diligent student and a distinguished author, but she far excelled him in gifts and graces that secured the interest of those blessed with riches. Whenever she was granted the opportunity of addressing an audience she won friends for her cause. Yet she found her mission in America, as she has told me, despite all the help afforded her by the various committees, to be extremely arduous. There were times when she met with rebuffs that were either so

emphatically expressed, or couched in such a manner that the iron of discouragement and distress entered her very soul.

The first duty was to find a suitable lot on which to build. Above all it must be in the right quarter of the city. It must be accessible, easily found, and possess connections by street railway and omnibus to every district where our fellow-countrymen reside. The location of a church is one of the most important conditions of success.

Well do I remember the bright Saturday afternoon when we discovered the vacant lot on Motzstrasse, close to Nollendorf Platz. It was large enough for our present purpose. It was in the very centre of the American colony. We learned afterwards that it was the lot which Colonel Siebert, our former treasurer, had set his heart upon as the ideal place for our church. The price was 140,000 marks. Architects whom we consulted declared that it was specially well suited for our purpose. After long and careful deliberation, taking into account the whole region round about, the connection by street-car, omnibus, and underground railroad, we resolved to instruct our lawyer to make investigation as to the title, and if everything was satisfactory, to close the bargain. He reported to us that everything was in order, and that only one difficulty stood in the way: it was necessary that a corporate body should represent the church and hold its property in trust. Count Andreas Bernstorff, one of the Emperor's chamberlains, advised us that it was perfectly possible for us

to have a special act of the Prussian Parliament which would secure for us corporate rights. The Moravian Brethren, the Mennonites, and the Baptist churches, had, in days gone by, been fortunate enough to secure such legal standing. When we approached the Prussian Government, however, we found that, by the Prussian law, no foreign religious body can hold property. Further, we learned that these churches that had secured legal standing were not incorporated as churches. In the eye of the law they are only dissenting bodies, and consequently could only be incorporated as societies. Moreover, they were German societies, and we were foreigners. The Prussian Government strained every possible point to meet us, but the difficulties in the way were too great to incorporate us even as a society. How could they yield to us such rights, and deny them to other churches, to dissenting Protestants and Catholics? The opposition they were sure to meet with in their Parliament from the social democrats especially, and from the Centre almost equally, was too pronounced, they judged, to permit them to expose themselves and us to almost certain disappointment and defeat. Thereupon our lawyer advised the formation of a commercial company called The American Union, under the limited liability act, the members of which should hold the property as trustees on behalf of, and under the absolute control of, the American Church. This course was also recommended to us by the Prussian Ministry. The Government assured us that whilst we could not be *de jure* recognised as a

church; yet, because we held virtually the same creed as the Prussian State Church, we should be regarded as a church *de facto,* and every privilege that was possible for them to grant and for us to enjoy, would be accorded us. It is a great pleasure as well as a duty to testify that not one word has failed of all the good that they spoke concerning us.

The company, or union, was duly and legally formed as The American Union (limited), with Mr. Louis Magee, Mr. Stephen H. McFadden, Mr. William M. Griscom, and Professor W. D. Miller as members. Subsequently Rev. J. F. Dickie took Mr. Magee's place, and in due time the deed was made out, the price was paid in full, and the American Church owned its most appropriate building site. The seller, Professor Richard von Kaufmann, donated what Scottish farmers call a " luck's penny "— one thousand marks as his subscription to the building fund. After all we had not lost much time, for the date of the transfer is October 21, 1898, a notable date in the history of the American Church.

The arrival of Honourable Andrew Dickson White, in 1897, as ambassador to Germany, had much to do in inspiring us to undertake the building of our church. Our first step was to get together from the members of the resident colony as large contributions as possible, that we might be able to assure friends in America that we had done all that was possible to help ourselves, and shown an earnest desire for a building of our own in a practical manner. The colony as it was in 1897, and for years before, could

really do no more than raise the modest sum of 10,000 marks, or $2,500, which sufficed to meet all expenses of the congregation. However, in the early winter, there were always many richer Americans at the hotels and boarding houses who were sojourning in Berlin for a season before setting out on an Italian journey or an Oriental trip. They were only birds of passage, and so were rarely interested in the church enough to give more than their Sunday collection. A large proportion of them never took the trouble to attend any of our services at all. This was true of many who at home are wont to worship regularly in their own church, and to be active workers in their parish. Very seldom could any of these be induced to contribute to our building fund. It was believed, however, that they would patronise a bazaar, and that thereby we should be able to increase the contents of our treasury better than in any other way. Accordingly the ladies of the colony were duly organised and set themselves to work six months before the date at which the bazaar should be held. Every means of interesting friends and former students was tried. Every effort of obtaining contributions from the merchants of Berlin, who felt themselves indebted to us and to our fellow-countrymen, was made, not without a large measure of success. The patronage of the American embassy and consulate, under which the bazaar was announced, was of inestimable value. We even ventured to make our wants known to Their Majesties the German Emperor and Empress, both of whom

responded with valuable gifts. The President of the United States, Mr. William McKinley, sent his autograph portrait. Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the first treasurer of the building fund, forwarded quite a few photographs of herself, each bearing her autograph.

The great ballroom of the Kaiserhof, in which the bazaar was held in the beginning of November, was hardly large enough for all the stalls of the ladies. Two hours before the time fixed for opening all seemed a chaos of disorder. Nevertheless, so deft and diligent were the hands of the American ladies, that at the appointed time everything was in its place, and everything was in excellent taste. Never had Berlin seen a bazaar arranged so well. Never had it seen one so attractive, and so tastefully decorated and set in order.

The bazaar continued for two days, was an unqualified success, and netted 10,000 marks. Subsequently the Emperor made inquiry about its success, and Mr. White was pleased to tell him that the pictures with his signature had sold for three hundred marks, that the one he had purchased for himself, and the other had become a treasured possession of the pastor. The portrait of the President brought one hundred marks, and those of Mrs. Cleveland, fifty marks each. At the close of the bazaar some gentlemen of the American Church Committee had, without consulting us, promised the young people that as soon as the bazaar closed a dance would follow. The instrumental band that had furnished

promenade music during the day, were quite willing to continue their services till midnight. Probably a hundred Germans, hearing in the Kaiserhof that by the payment of one mark entrance fee they would have an opportunity to take part in what was rumoured to be an American ball, had assembled. When the matter reached our ears, Mr. White, our ambassador, and Captain Allen, the military attaché, agreed with Mr. Louis J. Magee and myself that it would be extremely unusual that anything connected with the church should conclude with a dance. Dancing may possibly be fitting in proper time, proper place, and proper company. Accordingly I took it upon myself to have the Kaiserhof piano locked, and paying the leader of the band his account in full for the services rendered, I released them from further attendance, and they were not slow to gather their musical instruments together and wend their way homeward. Just before I went to discharge the debt we owed the band I laid a beautiful photograph of Mrs. Cleveland, for which I had paid fifty marks, upon the piano, but on my return it had disappeared, and of course no one had seen it. Some American, I doubt not, had secured it as a souvenir. I wonder if any qualms of conscience ever visit Americans regarding their fondness for souvenirs, and their questionable manner of securing them.

In the early part of December Mr. White said to me, " It seems to me you are lacking in faith. That is what ails all our good people in the American Church. Believe me, there is a man walking abroad

in America who is just waiting for some one to ask him and to put the matter in the right light before him, and he will build your church. Why don't you go and seek him? The good Book says, 'seek and ye shall find.'"

Animated by this advice of the ambassador, we started on the 1st of March, 1898, in search of this benefactor, whom Mr. White believed to be merely awaiting our arrival. We set out in good heart and hope. We had a beautiful and swift passage across the sea on board of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.* On our arrival everything seemed to be most auspicious, and we began to think that the securing of all that was necessary to build the church would be as easy as the proverbial "rolling off a log." Every one seemed interested, every one to whom we opened the subject spoke encouraging words. The letter commendatory, which Mr. White had so graciously given us, was a veritable "Open Sesame" to a hearty welcome, and good wishes were showered upon us everywhere. After a few days we remembered two good old proverbs. One of them says: "Good words are worth much and cost little," and the other: "Fair words butter no parsnips."

A few days after our arrival I purchased a blank book for the purpose of receiving written pledges, and I commenced my canvass. Having stated the object of my visit, and my desire to secure a subscription towards the fifty thousand dollars needed, I presented my little book. This brought us, as the Scotch saying is, to close grips. I had varied ex-

periences. Generally the person would say, "Oh, I am sure you will have no difficulty in securing all you need for so excellent an object, and you have my good wishes for your success, but I regret I cannot do anything just at present." This was repeated so often, and by so many who had been in Berlin, that we were reminded of the story, or legend, related in Frankfort-on-the-Main, about the beloved Hebrew rabbi for whom the congregation had built a new dwelling. Amongst other furnishings it contained a capacious stone wine-bin. The members of the congregation having furnished the house, resolved to have what we, in America, would call a donation party to fill the wine cistern. Each member pledged himself to bring a gallon jar of the white wine of a certain year, and to pour the contents of the jar into the prepared receptacle. The idea occurred to one man, that in such a quantity of wine a jar of water would never be noticed. The members came on the appointed evening, each bearing his precious treasure. A delightful entertainment in the nature of an American social was held in celebration of the event. It was like a surprise party. Those who came had provided meat and drink for the refreshment of the guests. Before they departed each one went in procession, and pouring his offering into the wine-bin, said good-night to the rabbi, and took his departure. When the rabbi and his good wife were left alone, it seemed only fitting that before they retired for the night, they should, as we would say, sample the precious contents. What was their astonishment to

find that the cistern contained only water! The happy thought that had occurred to one unfortunately had occurred to them all; and they who had dreamed of receiving a year's supply of wine were left lamenting, to infer that their parishioners had one and all evidently been converted to total abstinence, if not for themselves, yet at any rate for their minister. Even so in many cases where we had expected large contributions, we had to content ourselves with mere good wishes for our success.

We turned from these to seek out one who had been so impressed with our work that she had said: "Only wait till I get home. How I will stir up our people to give for this good cause. I have never seen such a work as you are doing here, and I will impress it upon our Session and our Mission Societies in such a way that you may be sure we will give you at least the one thousand dollars necessary to secure a pew in your church." Filled with hopes to this effect we made our call upon the good lady, only to find that she felt the claims at home were so great and so many, that she had not the heart to propose to add a new burden to the multitude of needs at their own door. I was reminded of the story of the old lady who, driving home when the temperature stood below zero, said to her coachman: "Just think what these poor people in the village are suffering to-night. Think especially of that family where the husband is sick, and I hear they lack fuel as well as bread. As soon as we reach home, John, you must take down a load of wood and a hamper of provisions." By and by

they reached home. The lady sat down before her bright fire in her warm drawing-room, and was greatly refreshed by her good cup of tea. She rang her bell, sent for her coachman, and said, "John, it will not be necessary to send the wood and provisions to that poor family in the village. I find the cold has considerably abated."

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and faith in the good cause we represented and in the liberality of our fellow-countrymen did not fail. After eight days of good hard work in soliciting, and seeing on an average ten persons daily, we found one who was ready to help. "How much ought I to give?" was the question put. I had little idea of the wealth of my good friend, but I told him that for one thousand dollars the name of an institution, a church, or an individual, could be placed upon a pew forever, without any assessment being levied. "I will give you a thousand dollars then," said he, "and you will call it, 'The University of Syracuse Pew.'" How my heart rejoiced, and how much I was heartened to continue, it is hardly possible for me to tell.

From the first moment of our arrival in America the country was surging with indignation over the terrible catastrophe that had befallen the *Maine*. Hence it soon became apparent that the war fever would assuredly have an unfavourable effect on business of all kinds. The demand, "Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," dominated the whole nation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was certainly a most interesting experience to witness the excited

state of our country, but alas, how it interfered with the mission on which I had been sent across the Atlantic! Nothing, it is said, is so timid as capital. It seeks its safe hiding place as mice run to their holes when the cat appears upon the scene, and stays there until it is assured all danger has passed away. No sooner did the war, which was inevitable, begin, than business seemed entirely suspended. In the great stores of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and the other cities we visited, the salesmen and saleswomen were standing idle. They outnumbered the customers by more than ten to one. The cry, "Remember the *Maine!*" crowded out every other cry, and drowned every voice of appeal like our own. We toiled on, however, and if we could not secure the gifts we longed for, we found opportunities of telling our story and relating our needs to men who at other times had been far too busy to spend their precious moments in hearing of the Berlin Church. For example, to cite one notable instance, during the week I spent in Chicago I had the ear of Mr. Marshall Field for at least half an hour every day. I had presented myself to him with the commendatory letter Mr. White had given me, and was heartily welcomed. After I had spoken of the object of my call, and told the story of our struggles, Mr. Field said, "You have come to me at a very inopportune time, but I will not forget the matter, and the first time I visit Berlin I will do something for you." Then we spoke of the matters of the day, especially of the war, and its disastrous effect upon business. Afterwards on topics of general litera-

ture, and I was surprised to find one whom I had deemed purely a remarkable man of business, alive to everything that related to art and literature. Every day during my stay in Chicago, I entered his office at 4.28 P.M., and found that he had made his daily round of inspection, and, as punctually as the clock, before 4.30 P.M. he appeared. His choice of topics was remarkable, but by and by I found that he received through the questions he asked a great deal more information than he gave. And yet in some of our conversation he spoke to me of private matters in such a confidential manner as I am sure he would not have done had I been a resident of Chicago, and not a voluntary exile across the sea. I found him the greatest master in the art of questioning I have ever met; and those who knew him well have told me that he had the faculty of enriching his mind at the expense of every one he met. He soon discovered the special topics on which the person present could yield him additional knowledge, and he generally secured what he wished to know before he parted with the opportunity that had come to him. Some years later, after his death, I happened to be in Chicago. At the same hour, 4.28 P.M., which he had told me was the end of his round of duties and the time of his return to his private office, I entered and sat down in the chair I used to occupy. The influence of the time and place made me feel most strongly how great a privilege mine had been to have come into such close and intimate relations with one whose rank as the greatest of American businessmen could only be disputed by

that other great genius of the business world, John Wanamaker. Mr. Field had said to me that I should one day see him in Berlin, and have him as an auditor in our church. Shortly after this conversation I saw a noble figure whom I took to be Mr. Field enter a few moments after the morning service had begun. As I descended from the pulpit I hastened to greet him. "What I have long looked for!" said I. "Mr. Field comes at last." "But I am not Marshall Field," said the gentleman. "Curiously enough, like him I was born at Conway and went to school with him. I have often been told that I bore a striking resemblance to him. I do not wonder, therefore, that you should have made the mistake." This gave me another proof of what I have often observed, that persons born in the same place, or inhabitants of the same part of a country, have often common characteristics of personal appearance which mark them out, and give them more or less resemblance to each other.

Another of Chicago's princes of finance told me that because of the war he was losing two thousand dollars a day, and consequently did not feel able to contribute then. He said, however, that if the war closed before ninety days went by, he would give me two thousand dollars. As may be remembered, the war came to an end in less than ninety days, but when I reminded my good friend of his promise, he felt very much offended. He had forgotten his promise, he said, if he had ever made it, and I was made to feel as if I was attempting to extort a subscription

by other than righteous means. My experience is that it is better to forget promises and pledges that are past, and begin with each individual as if the matter was presented for the first time. That is one of the lessons I soon learned, and I would impress it upon all who solicit. Reference to former interviews and promises for the future given at a former date, are evidently distasteful to men of business. With them, I found, to-day is king and yesterday a dead issue, dead and forgotten at least as far as their benevolences are concerned. In Newark I visited my good friend Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, now, alas, too soon taken away in the midst of his days, but not before he had achieved a great success and attained fame as an able pastor and preacher in New York. Kindly Scot as he was to the core, though a loyal citizen of America, he gave me excellent advice regarding my solicitations in Newark. There also dwelt Mrs. Runyon, the widow of that ambassador who had so heartily welcomed me to Berlin, and so loyally supported me by his presence at our services and by his unfailing kindness and appreciation. Through these two good friends I secured, on my first and on several of my subsequent visits, a sum large enough to secure a Newark pew. I can, however, never forget the gleam of sunshine that brightened my path as Mrs. John Ballantine on this my first visit, and at the height of the depression incident to war, took her pen in hand and gave me a check for five hundred dollars.

Professor Allen Severance of Cleveland, who had

been a student during the earlier years of my pastorate, befriended me most devotedly in his native town. He has laboured incessantly to give us help, and he has tried to persuade all the clergy of his acquaintance who have studied in Berlin, that just as they take up an annual collection for missions in China, India, Japan, and Africa, they should much more remember the American students' churches across the sea. Nevertheless, in spite of his good help, the large givers in Cleveland, with few exceptions, have never seemed to realise the importance of our work in Berlin.

The president of a large manufactory that has branches in every notable city, not only of America, but Europe, happened to visit Berlin at the time when Mr. Charles De Kay was returning from his post as consul-general in Berlin. At the farewell banquet in our city I was introduced to this president, who invited me, on my visit to America, in the interest of our church building, "to be sure not to fail to come to him." Accordingly, from my own town of Detroit, I set out with much confidence and with high expectations. I found the said gentleman in his office, and at once he invited me to accompany him through a great establishment that employs some thousands of skilled workmen, and reaps a large harvest from the business carried on in Berlin. I soon discovered, however, that his object in asking me thither was rather to impress me with the greatness of his undertaking than to listen and respond to the pressing needs of his young fellow-countrymen and country-

women in Europe. I confess to a feeling of disappointment, and I have no very pleasant recollections of his establishment, nor any very high regard for anything that pertains to one who undoubtedly raised expectations he did not fulfil. This town, which I will not name, is the only one I ever visited in which I did not secure a cent, and I expended ten dollars to visit it, and a whole day was really lost. I returned to Chicago, found a good friend in Mr. Norman Williams, who had spent a year at our University and had been very faithful as an usher. He had not much to give, but he gave with great cheerfulness, and the gift of such a student was well worth a hundredfold its value in the wealth that perishes.

My strenuous days in Chicago were suddenly ended by a telegram I received from Detroit informing me that if I should return thither on the following day General Alger's private car awaited me. We had been invited to Washington to attend the wedding of General Alger's daughter to Mr. Pike of Chicago. In Detroit we had Zach Chandler for our next neighbour, and General Alger's residence was close at hand. We had had the good fortune to be present at the weddings of his elder daughters, and it was very strange that we should have been in the country when such an auspicious event in the family of our beloved friend and neighbour occurred. Accordingly I did not hesitate to join Mrs. Dickie in Detroit, and with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sheldon and Major George Hopkins, we made the journey in the private car of the war minister to the Capital. It

was our first visit to Washington, and we rejoiced to have the opportunity of seeing it under such favourable auspices. General Alger met us at the station and cared for our comfort whilst we were in the city. We arrived on Saturday afternoon, and a few hours later a telegram was handed to the general which evidently caused him grievous sorrow. He handed it to us, and we read that two American ships of war had been sunk in an engagement with the Spanish fleet. After a time General Alger said to his sons, who were loudly bewailing the terrible loss, "Boys, that is war, and when we go to war we must not only expect such glorious victories as Dewey won, but also such dread experiences as this."

The papers next day were full of the sad news. We went to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where my old friend Rev. Dr. Radcliffe, who was our neighbour in Detroit, had been installed as pastor. We greatly enjoyed the service there, as we always enjoyed hearing our good friend's excellent discourses. Dr. Radcliffe had just finished his eloquent sermon when a telegraph messenger boy walked up the aisle to the amazement of all the worshippers, and reaching the pulpit, handed a telegram to Dr. Radcliffe. The pastor opened it and read as follows: "The news of an engagement between the Spanish and American fleets, in which two American men of war are alleged to have been sunk, is a canard. No such engagement has taken place." A thrill of joy passed through the great congregation, and "My Country, 'tis of Thee" was never sung

with greater heartiness. The night of weeping had been turned into the morning of joy.

At the close of the service we inquired where Abraham Lincoln's pew had been situated, and Mrs. Radcliffe, in whose pew we had been sitting, said, "This is his pew, and he always sat exactly where you sat this morning. Only his long legs stretched half out into the aisle." The pew, notwithstanding the changes and improvements made in the church, has never been altered, nor has even a coat of paint been allowed to cover the old black timber that marks the place where he sat and poured out the great burden of his mighty heart to God Almighty. Truly this was the House of God; truly this, for all Americans, is as the gate of heaven. Hallowed by its sacred associations with Abraham Lincoln we hope it will be left standing in its place to draw pilgrim feet for many generations.

We soon found that war-time was an inopportune time to prosecute our mission in the capital of our country. Though we saw Senator McMillan, Mrs. Hearst, Senator Allison, and I cannot now remember how many others whose wealth was unaffected by any vicissitudes, we met with the universal excuse: "I pray thee for this time have me excused." Therefore we gave ourselves up to the social enjoyments that were open to us.

At the White House, to which we were invited, we were received by the old coloured servant, who had been a standby for many years. He gave his autograph to all the ladies of our party, and was very

communicative regarding his long experience. "I was appointed by Mr. Lincoln," he said. "This hand was the last he shook as he left the house to go to the theatre." He was quite a character, and was filled with a sense of his own historic importance. He had, I suppose, told the story of what he said to Lincoln and what Lincoln had said to him when he put him into the carriage and shook hands with him for the last time, so often that he had come to believe not only the original essence of the story, which was true, but all the embellishments which had gradually been added.

We recall with pleasure the President, William McKinley, so modest, so self-possessed, so mild-mannered, carrying his burden with a quiet grace and manly dignity. Close beside him stood Senator Mark Hanna, "the King Maker," as he was called, and to whom I was said to have so marked a resemblance that even Mrs. Hanna spoke to me of it. I heard a curious story of a little girl who said to her mother, "Mother, if Mr. McKinley were to die, would Senator Mark Hanna still be President?" At the Alger wedding, Senator McMillan introduced me to His Excellency the German Ambassador von Holleben. "Your Excellency," said the senator, "tell the Emperor to look sharply after this man whom we have sent over to be pastor in Germany. He is well worth watching. We would not be at all displeased if the Emperor should expel him, because we think he should never have left us in Detroit." When we spent the evening before the wedding at the

White House, we had been told that Mrs. McKinley would not know us again the next day, but to our surprise she greeted us and called us by name. We were still more surprised when Mrs. Logan came and spoke to us. "Why, Mrs. Logan," said I, "it is nearly twenty years since you saw us in Detroit. How could you possibly remember us again?" "Dr. Dickie," she said, "if another twenty years were to pass before we met again I should walk up to you and, calling you by name, take up the conversation we had when last we met. I am happy in that faculty, which I suppose I have in common with a hotel clerk."

At the *déjeuner* that followed the Pike-Alger wedding the guests were seated at little tables, and our table companions were Senator Proctor, who sat next Mrs. Dickie, and Mrs. Radcliffe, who sat by my side. Senator Proctor was a ponderous gentleman of the old school with an old-world courtesy of manner and we never should have dreamed there was any ability or any social congeniality in the man had not Mrs. Radcliffe spoken to him of birds. Thereupon he brightened wonderfully. I suppose no one except John Burroughs could have discoursed on the subject with more interest than he did. The senator brightened and glowed and glistened as he spoke of the habits and features of the feathered tribe. He seemed as much at home with them as is a student with his books. No man is devoid of interest if you can only start him on his favourite theme.

It seemed to us as if a large colony of Detroiters

had settled in Washington. Not to speak of General Alger and his household, here we saw Senator and Mrs. McMillan, Dr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Justice Brown, Lieutenant and Mrs. Seyburn, General and Mrs. Ludlow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, and others. General and Mrs. Foster we counted as having kinship also with our city, inasmuch as their daughter, Mrs. Dulles, had come as the bride of Dr. Allen Macy Dulles to be our fellow citizen. The presence of so many old friends and fellow citizens rendered our first visit to the Capital memorable, and the hospitality they showered upon us made us feel as if we were welcomed home.

By means of such an introduction to Washington society, we sought on this, and on our subsequent visits, to awaken an interest in the work of our church in Berlin. In this we had an admirable ally in Colonel Siebert, who had acted for many years as treasurer of the Berlin Church, and who was now a resident of Washington and a member of the Church of the Covenant. Notwithstanding all these advantages, we were never able to secure much financial support. Senator McMillan had expressed the intention of endowing a pew for the students of Michigan. I proposed to him the giving of one thousand dollars to set apart a pew for the students of the Michigan university which is at Ann Arbor. He said, " Neither you nor I could afford to do this. All the other colleges of the State would be up in arms against us. We dare neither be sectional nor denominational. You belong to the State as well as I

do, and your friends, as well as mine, expect that both our interests should be just as broad as Michigan." He was right. He was a princely giver, and Michigan has never had a nobler resident within its boundaries. I cannot refrain from recalling the only occasion on which he addressed the Senate. It was his duty at the time of our first visit to Washington to present a petition from some of his constituents whose religious opinions were opposed to war at all times and in all circumstances. In that petition two things were displeasing to him. First, the universal condemnation of war, and especially of the Spanish-American war in terms which he deemed discourteous and unjust; second, the great emphasis laid on the cost of the war, which was denounced as a misappropriation of the public funds. He duly laid the petition on the table, but, it is said, with a gesture from which his contempt could not be concealed. As he did so he uttered these words," There are many things worse than a just war, and few things that are not better than the gold that perisheth, of which an old book says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil.'" Thus he presented the petition, but at the same time he delivered his soul. Unfortunately Senator McMillan died before he had carried out his good intention with regard to the church in Berlin, but we have always hoped that those he left behind will add this as another memorial of one who was indeed a "king of men."

As we have already said, the continuance of the war sadly interfered with all our efforts. Although

I spent ten hours a day at least, I could accomplish little more than making our needs known to those who were liberal givers, and so, after three months of devoted, arduous work, it was necessary to break off and return home. Yet some interesting experiences must be recalled. In every city the American flag floated from all the houses with one solitary exception. It became my duty, as well as my privilege, to pay a visit to President Magill of Swarthmore, the father-in-law of our ambassador, Mr. White. To my surprise not a flag was to be seen. I could not refrain from remarking it and asking whether this was an unpatriotic community. The president answered, "By no means. We love our country too well to have any pleasure in seeing it engaged in war. We believe there never was a righteous war. Wait, however, till peace comes, and the flag will be everywhere visible, and the joy of our community unbounded."

In Chicago I went on a beautiful Sunday morning, in company with Mr. N. H. Harris, the well-known banker, to hear Rev. John MacIntyre. The sermon to which I then listened was emphatically a war sermon, and the flag had invaded the pulpit. A most beautiful silken flag it was, and it covered the whole front of the pulpit. The splendid pulpit Bible rested upon it. I have forgotten much of the admirable discourse. One passage, however, still lodges in my memory. The day before I had read in the newspapers that ladies' associations were being formed all over the country for the purpose of boy-

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cotting all French millinery, because France sided with Spain and deprecated our action in the war. John MacIntyre, referring to this movement, said, "French milliners do not need to lose a moment's sleep over this spasmodic upheaval. It will prove to be only a tempest in a tea-pot. American ladies are nobly patriotic, but there is one point at which they invariably draw the line, and that is at their bonnets." It was a curious topic, and the manner of handling it was just as curious. It had the effect of raising a loud and long laugh in that morning congregation.

Just before I started for America, Mr. White in one of our conversations said to me, "If I were a preacher, one of my earliest sermons would be on the influence of literature. It is not enough to say of a youth, he reads much. The question is, what does he read? A man is made by the books he reads. A man's character may almost be determined by the newspapers he chooses. Books make or mar men. A bad book spreads more evil than an ungodly man. That yellow press of ours does untold harm. If I were a preacher I would strive to make the ears of all who heard me tingle, and I would seek to impress this so firmly on the minds of all these students of ours that they would avoid such evils as they would the plague." It is needless to say that I heartily agreed with him. I would no more take a yellow newspaper into my hands than I would a scorpion. One night, however, as I returned from dining with my friend, Rev. Dr. McComb,

now so widely known in connection with the Emmanuel Church of Boston and the religious medieval movement, I heard the newsboys calling out some important news regarding the meeting of the Spanish and American fleets in the Caribbean Sea, and straightway I bought and eagerly devoured the contents of a newspaper that is, perhaps, the yellowest of the yellow. On my return I visited Mr. White and told him the story of my downfall as one would to his father confessor. Mr. White said, "Now prepare that sermon, and set yourself up to the young people as a beacon of warning."

It is very ludicrous to think how much alarmed many people were about the defenceless condition of our Atlantic seaboard during the early days of the war. Few people would venture to rent summer homes on Long Island or on the Jersey Coast. Boston was said to be in nightly terror that it would have an unwelcome visit from the Spanish fleet. A New York journal had an admirable leader, which had this heading, "Boston in the Doldrums," in which the alarm of the citizens was set forth in just such terms as New Yorkers would use regarding what it is wont to call "Boasting Town." It ended by the assertion that Boston mothers and nursery governesses, when they heard the nightly prayers of the children, warned them most solemnly to be good children and go to sleep, "for the Spanish fleet will catch you if you don't watch out."

Another amusing incident was that told of the Hebrew dealer in speaking-parrots and other members

of the feathered tribe. His business, like all the rest, was at a standstill, when suddenly his neighbours were surprised as a gleam of fortune lighted at his door. He had sold all his stock of parrots at one hundred dollars a head. What was the secret of his success? "I taught them," said he, "to say, 'Hurrah for Dewey. Remember the *Maine.*' It took me but two weeks to teach them, and I am only sorry I did not have more."

Another story, authentic or coined by some clever scribe, told how in Richmond a clergyman met his coloured brother—perhaps it was the famous Jasper Roger, who held the doctrine, "The world do move." "Roger," said he, "did you hear the news? We have got the Philippines." Quick as a flash the coloured brother, who had evidently heard the name of Admiral Sampson, replied, "I'se none surprised at that, massa. Jes' as soon as I heard that de good Lord had lent us Samson I knew for sure we'd get them Philistines." Such are a few of the memorable incidents, which, appealing to our sense of humour, served to lighten the discouraging and arduous work of our first expedition. We went away full of confidence, and we returned to Berlin sadder and wiser, but still full of determination that in the name of the Lord we should yet some day be able to say to the people, "Arise and build!"

No sooner, therefore, were the effects of the war at an end than we prepared once more for a renewed effort. We sailed from Liverpool by the *Etruria* on an early day in February, 1899. We had as

fellow passengers Mr. Justice Brewer and Mr. Prevost, who had represented our country on the Venezuela Commission. Our Captain Craig bore a striking resemblance to General Grant, and was no less devoted to duty. I well remembered his father, who was station-master in the old Scottish town where I received my early education.

Such a voyage as we had from the day we left Queenstown is never to be forgotten. None of us ever expected to see land again. Of course we were never allowed to set foot on deck, for the waves continually broke over us, and the only breath of fresh air we had was obtained by sitting in the companion-way when the door was opened on the lea side. For days the only sight of the sea we had was from the little windows in the music or writing rooms on the upper deck. At times we saw stewards, who were carrying the roasts for our meals, suddenly caught by the waves that swept over the vessel; for self-preservation they were forced to relinquish our victuals. Glad they were to escape with their lives. The waves struck the ship's sides and the sound was as the discharge of cannon. How we pitied the sailors exposed to the howling tempests and the fearful cold. The ropes were thickly covered with ice. The decks were slippery and often almost impassable. Yet, drenched, cold, and exposed to such dangers, they did their duty right manfully. Of course we saw the captain but rarely, and the other officers were never at their places in the saloon. It seemed as if the hand of the Lord was against us.

Yet the Lord had much people on board that gallant ship.

After we had been buffeted for a whole week by the storm, during which period we saw neither sun nor stars, Sunday dawned bright and calm. How we rejoiced! How ardent were the prayers and thanksgivings at that Sunday service, and how glad we all were at the prospect of reaching New York on Monday morning. At six o'clock at night, however, the ship began to creak and plunge, and suddenly the captain said, addressing the engineer who was down below as if he were present, "Jamie, boy, Jamie, this will never dae!"

It was the last we saw of the captain until we reached port. On Monday morning I was finishing my breakfast, when all at once I saw the stewards running towards the deck, I heard the tramp of many feet above me, and I learned that at midnight we had run into a terrible snowstorm—and that the cause of all the excitement was our narrow escape from collision with the American man-of-war, the *Marblehead.* The captain told me afterwards that in an instant he had sighted the *Marblehead,* not more than a hundred yards in front of us, crossing our bows. He rang at once to the engineers to reverse the engines. Next instant rang full speed ahead. He saw that by reversing the engines collision was inevitable, but by going full speed and changing the vessel's course there was a fighting chance of escape. The captain of the *Marblehead* employed similar tactics, and the two vessels passed each other so closely

that Mr. Prevost said one of the men of the *Marblehead* caught the metal matchbox he threw to him. There was great joy and much anxiety at the same time among the passengers. I heard a New York buyer who was returning home say to some of his fellows, " Boys, this voyage is by no means over yet." The ship went zigzagging all day Monday at a pace we might fairly term " dead slow." We went perhaps two miles on our course towards Sandy Hook, and then it might be two miles in an opposite direction. The blizzard continued without abating any of its fury. The captain and officers stood to their posts like men. Poor Captain Craig came into port only to be taken to the hospital. His long exposure had brought on an attack of pneumonia, to which in a few weeks he succumbed. Each of us on board that ship felt that of him we might say, " He loved his duty and he gave himself for me."

For twenty-four hours we had been within twenty miles of Sandy Hook. Ship bells were heard on every side of us. When Tuesday came the blizzard had spent its fury; the sun was shining brightly. Three feet of frozen snow covered our decks. Hundreds of tons of ice lay in our frozen rigging. The ship had a strong list, and the illustrated papers showed what the *Etruria* was like as she passed up the bay. New York had not recovered from the great blizzard that had run out to sea and made us to suffer with her. Never were passengers landed whose hearts rejoiced more to greet those whom but a day before they had despaired of seeing again. No

street-cars were running. No railway trains had entered or left New York for a whole day; and, "as it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," the cabmen of New York had a rich harvest. Thus we reached New York more than two days late, and passed through what the papers declared to be the worst storm in fifty years. Before we left the ship two letters in particular were put into our hands—one from Mr. Bartlett of Chicago, with a warm welcome and some financial encouragement; the other from Mr. John Converse of Philadelphia, saying "I am in sympathy with the mission on which you have come, and you may count on me for two hundred and fifty dollars." We were greatly cheered by such welcome words. I could not understand why Mr. Converse, whom I had never seen, should send such a letter. When I called on him some weeks later, I asked how he came to be interested in our work. "Some months ago," he said, "I made a tour that covered Egypt, Turkey, Bosnia, and Austria. I reached Berlin on a Saturday night, and attended the service of the American Church on Sunday. After I had been some weeks without the privileges of an American church, you may imagine how much I enjoyed the service. If you only knew how much good it did me you would think I ought to give five hundred dollars instead of two hundred and fifty." "Well," I said, "Mr. Converse, you are at perfect liberty to make out your check for five hundred dollars." Generous giver as he is, he did.

I found on resuming the work of soliciting that

it was necessary to begin anew. I fondly dreamed that during my absence the cause of the American Church would be remembered, and that many good friends besides Mr. Converse would be more than ready to proffer gifts. However, I soon learned that out of sight is out of mind, and that the day I left America, the pressing claims of home charities crowded us out of the minds of even our best friends. Yet there were noble exceptions. Mr. Justice MacLean was a strong supporter and a practical and generous helper. Through his efforts the Yale pew was completed. Moreover, he strove to impress me with the fact that New York was one of the largest German cities in the world, and that the more German names I could secure on my subscription list so much more would Americans respond to our appeal. I regret to say I did not have much success among the 800,000 German residents of New York. Mrs. Woerishoffer, Mr. Charles A. Schieren, Mr. Schwab of the North German Lloyd, Mr. Boas, and Mr. Meyer of the Hamburg-American Line, and Dr. L. Klopsch, however, proved to be notable exceptions.

The Misses Olivia and Caroline Stokes gave us handsome subscriptions, though I never saw either of them, and their accompanying letter had these words in conclusion, " And we have so much pleasure in being able to help in so noble a cause." Such words as these fell like balm upon a spirit that endured daily twenty to thirty disappointing refusals. I recall how deeply I was wounded by what seemed

a very discourteous refusal from one whom we knew right well to be a most generous philanthropist. As I think the matter over I feel sure he suffered as much pain as I did, and that suffering deprived him of the power some men possess of saying no in such a way that you are almost better pleased than if they had given. Such a quality is extremely rare, and is the gift acquired only by a man of the highest mental gifts and broadest culture. Of all the men I have known, the late Mr. Morris Jessup was endowed with this quality in the highest degree.

One day I had a most agreeable surprise. It had been proposed that the Brick Church of New York should endow a pew. Dr. Henry Van Dyke suggested that I should ask twenty gentlemen to give fifty dollars each. I approached Mr. William E. Dodge and he readily agreed to be one. As I was about to return to Berlin and was collecting the subscriptions, I went to Mr. Dodge. He wrote out a check for me, and thanking him, I went to the bank to deposit it with the other checks I had received. As I looked at his I found that instead of fifty dollars the check was for five hundred dollars. I returned to his office and drew his attention to the mistake. With a smile he said, "There is no mistake. Do you think I would give so little to so important a work?" What a country ours would be if every person in it were baptised with the spirit and possessed of the character of this saintly son of saintly parents.

Early in April I was invited to visit Cornell Uni-

versity to preach in the chapel and to address the Students' Christian Association. I had great pleasure in my visit and, in addition to the services already mentioned, Rev. Dr. Elliot Griffis allowed me to take the evening service at the Congregational Church. I found many friends of the Berlin Church at these services. None were more intelligently interested than Professor and Mrs. Hewitt, whose home was "as a beauteous little German islet in the sea of American life." Mrs. Hewitt had collected from her friends a sum that amounted to two hundred and fifty-five dollars. They hinted to me that probably Governor Roswell Flower of New York might be persuaded to complete the round thousand needed for the endowment. On my return to New York I sought and obtained an interview with the governor at his banking house on Broadway. He had just finished his lunch, and was enjoying his cigar. He read Ambassador White's letter very attentively, and then he said, "I see Mr. White asks me to give five thousand dollars to help in the building of a church in Berlin. The last man Mr. White sent to me asked me for fifty thousand dollars, but I guess he did not get it." These words destroyed all my hopes. Still scanning Mr. White's letter he took his cigar in his hand and said, "If one thousand dollars will do you any good I will gladly give that." Then I said, "Governor, we only need seven hundred and forty-five to secure a pew for Cornell, for yesterday I received two hundred and fifty-five for this purpose from Mrs. Professor Hewitt." "Neverthe-

less," said he, "I will give one thousand dollars, and you may take the surplus and use it for general expenses. I imagine the church treasury is never overflowing." Then there came a pause and he said, "Where shall I send you the check and when do you want it?" I replied, "Governor, you are here in the bank and I am here. I am sure it will save you trouble and save me trouble if you finish the matter here and now." So he rang the bell, called for a check, filled it out, and gave it to me. I deposited it in the bank immediately, and the subscription was safely secured. The day after, Governor Flowers was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and died on the golf course in a moment. I have always rejoiced that I acted with such decision, and thus secured for Cornell students the pew associated with the name of Roswell Flower.

Whilst I was in some measure successful both in New York and Chicago, it became evident that business had not sufficiently improved to yield me the large funds needed. Yet I toiled incessantly, and at least aroused such interest in old friends, and afforded such information to the Christian community generally, as would bring the desired consummation when prosperity returned. With a sad heart I returned to my regular work in Berlin.

During the winter of 1899-1900 I was very busy. In no wise did I neglect my church work, yet in such hours of leisure as I could find I wrote a series of articles for the *Sunday-School Times,* and another for the New York *Observer* on the Passion Play. I

also translated the entire text of the play and published it in good time for the opening day on Whit-Sunday, 1900.

As soon as it was finished a party of Americans came to Berlin, and amongst the party were some who exerted a great influence in helping to build the American Church. One of those was Rev. Dr. Crosser of the Kenwood Evangelical Church, Chicago, and Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage was the other.

Dr. Talmage proved himself a friend indeed. I confess, with a feeling of shame, that I had a great prejudice against him. I had looked into some of his books, and read some of his sermons, and had come to the conclusion that he was a clerical charlatan. Acquaintance with the man soon convinced me that I had done him a great injustice. I found him exceedingly modest and most appreciative of the gifts of others. We became warm and devoted friends. A truer friend and kindlier brother would be hard indeed to find. I proved his friendship from the very first hour I met him to the day of his death, and my memory of him is sacred and precious. Moral, never judge a man till you truly know him.

He was good enough to preach for me in our church in Berlin. His sermon was one never to be forgotten; his text, "As his part is that goeth out into the battle, so shall his be that stayeth by the stuff." His sermon was, as the New York *Herald* put it, "a series of most eloquent and rapturous outbursts

mingled with a series of more eloquent pauses." As he finished, Mrs. Dickie went up and held out her hand, and said, " Dr. Talmage, give me that handful of goodly pearls you spoke of so graphically. I could see them and I have waited all my life to get them." In the evenings we spent together at the Hôtel Bristol, where he was staying, he said to me, " I know a man in New York who is able to put you on the right road to secure all the money you need to build the church. His name is Dr. Louis Klopsch of the *Christian Herald,* and he has raised more money for philanthropic and Christian purposes than any man in America."

Just a day before I started for America in 1900 a letter came to me from a retired professor of theology who, some ten years before, had been a member of our Berlin church committee. The letter was twelve or thirteen pages in length. The writer had visited the church during my absence in America in 1899, and seen the prosperity that had attended my ministry. There was ample recognition of this success, but he said he was convinced that it was impossible to build a church, and that I should abandon the enterprise. Even if a church building were provided for the colony, it would be out of the question to think that the sum necessary for the current expenses, which would be largely increased by the cost of lighting, heating, salary of a sexton, and the constant repairs, was beyond the ability of the colony and the students. He would therefore advise that an advertisement be placed in the religious papers of

America that all who had subscribed to the building fund and desired to have their gift refunded should apply to the treasurer, and the amount would be at once repaid to them. Very few, he thought, would ask for their money. Consequently the sixty thousand dollars which he estimated would remain to us, would form an endowment which would insure the permanency of our services.

I replied that the word impossible did not exist in my vocabulary, and that I was confident the church would be built and that the sum necessary for its current expenses "the Lord would provide." That closed the correspondence. Hitherto the Lord has helped us.

In the early days of December, 1900, I landed in New York, and at once began my renewed canvass. A few days after my arrival, Mr. John D. Rockefeller promised to give ten thousand dollars on condition that I would raise, before January, 1902, the remaining ten thousand dollars. Then Mr. Klopsch of the *Christian Herald* advised me to insert an advertisement in seven different religious journals—the *Churchman,* the *Outlook,* the New York *Observer,* the *Methodist Christian Advocate,* the Boston *Congregationalist,* and the *Christian Standard,* of Cincinnati. Together we composed the advertisement and submitted it to the advertising agent of the Wanamaker store and to Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field of the New York *Evangelist.* The advertisement was subsequently inserted in the *Evangelist* also. Dr. Klopsch and his good editors, Messrs. Sanderson

and Fairie, inserted articles from week to week in the editorial columns of the *Christian Herald,* and were throughout most kind, sympathetic, and helpful. It was their unanimous opinion that readers of these various journals would so readily respond that I would assuredly secure all we needed in three or, at most, four weeks from the day of issue. The advertisements appeared early in January, and I imagined that I would be kept busy acknowledging donations. We soon discovered, however, that it is one thing to make an appeal for starving humanity, be it in Russia, in China, Japan, or Finland, and quite another to appeal on behalf of American students in Berlin. The students in Berlin are the sons and daughters of America. They are the elect youth of the land. We may truly say that they can make or mar America. They come to us at the formative period of their history. They are poor when they are in Berlin, but they return to America to become professors, college presidents, judges, teachers in high schools, influential physicians, and men and women of light and leading in the various institutions and communities where their lot is cast. Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who preached his first sermon and began his ministry to save the American church in Berlin at a great crisis in its history in the winter of 1878-79, pleaded earnestly for the students. " It is immensely important," he said in a published letter addressed to me, " that the vital power of Christianity should be kept in touch with them during these critical years of preparation. As one who laboured in the day of

small things I rejoice sincerely to know of the later growth and the larger fruitfulness of the enterprise which meant so much to us twenty-five years ago. I am glad that it has flourished under your faithful care. The growth of the American colony has made the work far more important, far more essential to the welfare of our students. I earnestly hope that those who love both the Kingdom of God and the American republic will give generously all that is needed to maintain the American Church."

The whole letter, of which this is a part, appeared later as an advertisement in the *Presbyterian Assembly Herald* when Dr. Van Dyke was moderator, but the response, from a financial standpoint, was not very encouraging.

The hopes of Dr. Klopsch and his good editors were unfortunately not realised. We had gifts from all over the American continent and interesting letters accompanied some of them. The *Churchman* received the largest sum for the page advertisement in its issue, but a week afterwards Bishop Leonard of Ohio sent a letter to this journal virtually recommending that Episcopalians should not contribute to a work that was not under his superintendence as bishop in charge of the continental churches. Some leading lawyers in New York advised us that we could recover from the *Churchman* the sum paid for an advertisement they received in good faith, and having accepted the money, defeated the object for which a good round sum was given. We have always believed that the *Churchman* should either have refused

the advertisement or refunded the money paid, for which we did not receive equitable value.

Subsequently, Mr. George Foster Peabody, who was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, but subsequently became an Episcopalian, addressed a letter to me when I sent him an appeal. In his letter he charged me with a want of Christian frankness in not inserting in the advertisement in the *Churchman* a clause to say that the American Church in Berlin was not an Episcopal church. When I called his attention to the fact that it was expressly stated that it was a Union church "containing Christians of all denominations from Quakers to High Church Episcopalians," he graciously expressed his regrets, and made ample apology. As a matter of fact the advertisement was the same in all the different denominational journals. The Baptists never complained that the advertisement did not say, this is not a Baptist church, nor were like complaints received from Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, or Christians.

As the advertisements only returned about double the outlay, we consulted Dr. Klopsch as to the next step. He advised me to print the advertisement as a circular, and send it to all those who are mentioned in the red book that contains all the wealthy people of America. Thirty-five thousand circulars were printed accordingly. Accompanying the appeal was a slip for the subscription, and an envelope with my address at the St. Denis Hotel, New York. For six weeks Mrs. Dickie folded the circulars, put in the

slips and the return envelope, and placed them in the envelope ready for the address. It took at least ten hours daily to finish this work. I addressed them almost as rapidly as they were prepared, and we sent each circular off with a brief prayer that we might receive a generous response. In the middle of this laborious undertaking Dr. Klopsch suggested that I should hire a secretary at the rate of one dollar per day to address the envelopes. Accordingly, for a week we had the help of a young lady who did excellent work. However, I felt that it separated me from personal contact and personal prayerful interest in each appeal. Accordingly at the end of the week I dispensed with her services, solely for the above reason. We put a two-cent stamp on each circular letter because we knew that otherwise it would be treated as a printed circular, and not as a letter. In such cases we knew right well our appeals would find their way into the waste basket, unread and unheeded. The circulars proved more successful on the whole than the advertisements had been, and yielded us at least three times as much as their cost.

However, we had some amusing experiences and some strange replies. The most ludicrous was a long letter depicting the sorrowful plight of some poor sufferer at their own doors whose case would move the heart of a stone. It seemed strange to us that the writer, whose name was in the *Red Book* as a millionaire, could not, out of his abundance, relieve a case so distressing. However, as he had appealed

to me, I sent him five dollars by registered letter, and if I had not mislaid the letter, which I still possess, I should gladly have given publicity to his heart-rending appeal.

Some of them were scolding letters from people who were angry that an appeal from a Protestant church should have been sent to them. Others were full of the railings of atheists and infidels, who cared for none of these things. At times we were a little hurt by the abusive terms in which the letters were written, but a short interview with that generous and good soul, Dr. Klopsch, usually sufficed to bring back our equanimity.

All this publicity and the generous notice the daily papers gave to our mission helped us greatly. We felt that the large sums spent in printing were well spent, when we realised that in entering a business office we did not need to multiply words in explaining the object of our call. We had made many friends for our cause. Mr. George Perkins, of the New York Life, helped us greatly by collecting one thousand dollars from his fellow directors, including even Mr. McCall, who was a Catholic, but a broad-minded and generous man. Mr. George Wilson, of the Equitable, was also most generous and helpful. He enlisted our friends in the Central Presbyterian Church in New York, and though his pastor did not in any wise encourage the movement, secured for us a pew for their church. Mr. Queen Brown and Mr. Robert Ogden ably seconded his efforts on our behalf.

Time would fail to tell of all the good labours

and anxieties of the winter. No one can realise all we went through—the discouragement, the despondency, but also the persistent effort and the confidence I felt, hoping even against hope. It would be impossible to exaggerate the abundance of our labours, and it would be false modesty to refrain from expressing it thus. Night after night Mrs. Dickie would say, " It is evident the Lord does not wish the church in Berlin to be built. If He did He would not make it so hard." Night after night I gave her the assurance that I was sure it would be built, and was sure that this time we should secure all we needed. I know not how often I set down in figures the sum we had in the bank and the subscriptions yet to come in, before I saw my way clear to earn Mr. Rockefeller's ten thousand dollars.

Between the middle of February and the 1st of March our hearts rejoiced greatly. There came to us five hundred dollars from Mr. Robert Ballantine of Newark, five hundred dollars from Mr. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, and five hundred dollars from Mrs. William Carter and her daughter, also in Philadelphia. Then came a telegram from Mr. and Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry of Detroit, announcing their intention of giving the whole sum still needed —about seven hundred and fifty dollars—to complete the Detroit pew to be perpetually at the disposal of Mrs. Dickie, and to which she might welcome all Detroit friends. Even Mrs. Dickie commenced to have confidence in the success of our mission. Yet still day by day the tale of one thousand circulars

was sent out. "Three thousand dollars still needed," was the burden of the new appeal.

Early in March we had completed the full list of the thirty-five thousand names all over America which the famous *Red Book* contains. The cost of all this amounted to a large sum, and many of our friends, including Dr. Leander Chamberlain, put to us the question, "What will those who have already subscribed think of your using the money they gave for advertising purposes? They will deem this scheme of yours 'a band wagon enterprise.'" We duly submitted the query to Dr. Klopsch. He answered, "This is the method I have always pursued. In your case it has yielded five to one. If any merchant in New York could turn two thousand dollars into ten thousand, he would term it a good paying investment. Therefore you need not trouble yourself about justifying your methods before any company of business men or any chamber of commerce in the world." That, in my judgment, is a complete answer to any objection that could be urged against our mode of procedure.

In the month of April, 1901, after I had gathered together all the subscriptions, great and small, that had been pledged, I found that I had enough to enable me to claim Mr. Rockefeller's ten thousand dollars. As I was about to set out to his office for this purpose, I read over his written pledge. I had started very suddenly for America, and had omitted to visit the treasurer to see exactly the amount we had on hand. When I read Mr. Rockefeller's

pledge, I found that the amount which I seemed to have on hand was a sum of which I was not positively certain. Accordingly, as I was determined that no unrighteously acquired money should come into my hands, I went down to his office and told Mr. Gates I feared there was a mistake, and that I perhaps had, speaking from memory, overstated the sum we had in hand. Mr. Gates listened to my statement, but instead of suggesting to him that I would cable the treasurer, I gave him to understand that I would rather they would reconsider the matter. Accordingly Mr. Gates heard what I had to say, and next morning I received a letter to the effect that Mr. Rockefeller's subscription was cancelled.

That was enough to stagger the boldest heart. I duly reported the matter to Mr. White, our ambassador, and announced to our people in Berlin my great disappointment. I set every possible agency in motion to reach Mr. Rockefeller. I tried President Harper of Chicago; I tried Mr. Bradford of Montclair; I sought interviews with Mr. Rockefeller, whom I had frequently seen, but all in vain. Had I but cabled Mr. Griscom I would at once have been delivered out of the great tribulation that had come upon me.

Nothing remained but to gather together all I had received and return to Berlin. On my arrival Ambassador White, Consul-General Mason, and Mr. William Griscom, my three tried and trusty friends and counsellors, called upon me an hour after my arrival. Mr. White put into my hands the letter

Mr. Rockefeller had written him. "There you have it," said he, "a letter without head or horns." Mr. Rockefeller wanted to hear directly from Mr. White. Mr. White turned the matter over to Consul-General Mason and myself, and when we sent to Mr. Rockefeller the attested statement of the treasurer he duly sent his check for forty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-five marks, the full equivalent of his promised subscription. Thus the full amount necessary for the beginning of the building was in the treasury. Great was the joy throughout the whole American community in Berlin, and I rejoiced more than them all. I had at last accomplished what had long been deemed the impossible, and once more faith, seconded by abundant labour—yea, labour untold—was justified of her children.